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FAIRY-LURE

GERMAN AND SWEDISH FAIRY TALES

COLLECTED AND ADAPTED FROM

THE GERMAN

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"Swanhilde and other Fairy Tales."



ILLUSTRATED BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

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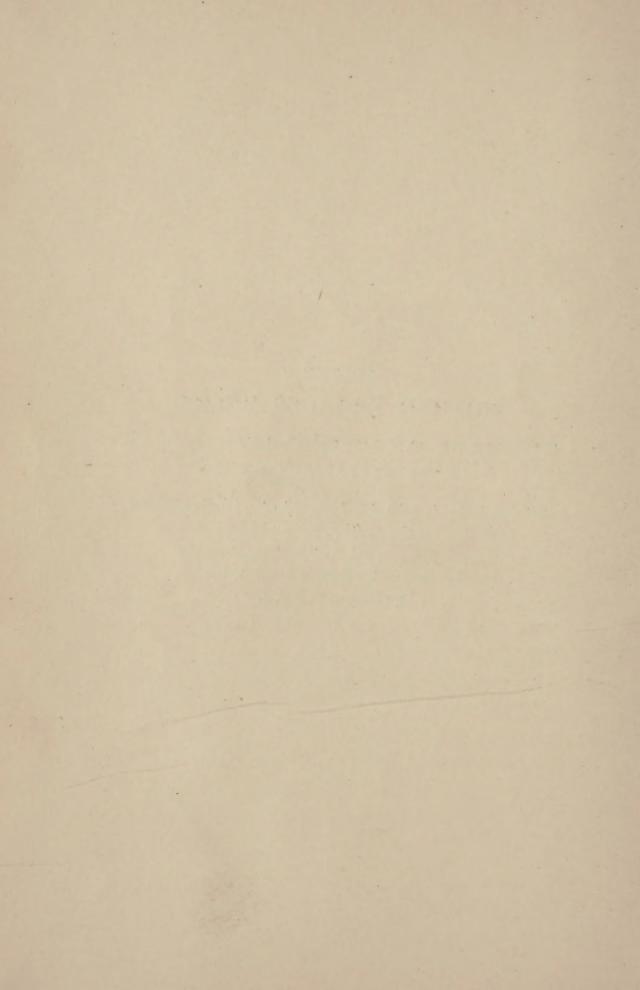
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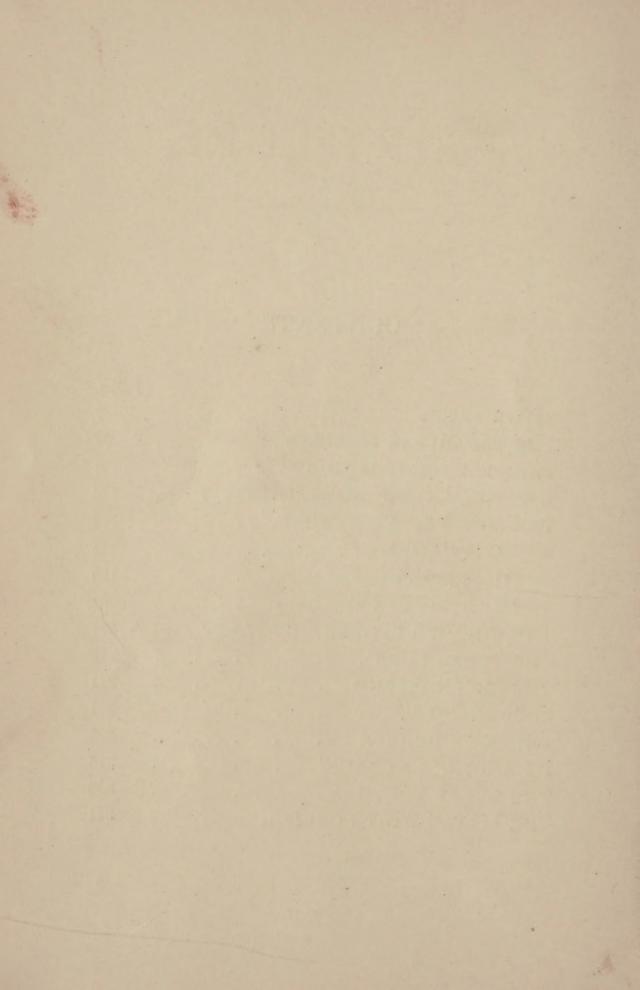
This volume is (by kind permission) affectionately inscribed by the author, as a slight token of esteem for one whom she has, from her earliest school-days, known, respected, and loved.





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FAIRY-LURE



In the days of Haroun al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad, there lived in Balsora a man named Benezar. He had accumulated wealth enough to enable him and his wife to live in comfort, and even luxury. He was fond of ease, and therefore pursued no occupation. When, after a time, a son was born to him he did not change his easy mode of life. Said he to his neighbor: "Why, at my time of life, should I labor and traffic that I may, perhaps, leave, after my death, for my son Said, a few thousand more gold pieces if the business were profitable, and if the contrary a few thousand less? 'Where two dine there is room for a third,' says the proverb; and if the boy turn out well he will have all he needs."

Benezar would have his son taught no profession, neither did he intend him to pursue any

trade. He, however, made his son Said, from his earliest youth, read, learn, and master all the wise and instructive books which he could procure for that purpose.

Said's deep learning and his great veneration for his elders was equaled by his strong arm and undaunted courage. At an early age Benezar had



him instructed in the use of arms; and, when still a youth, he was esteemed by young and old as a valiant fighter, while in the arts of riding and swimming his equal could not be found.

When Said had reached his eighteenth year, his father sent him to Mecca, to the Prophet's grave; there, in that holy place,

to offer up his prayers and perform his religious devotions as custom required. Before he started on this long journey his father sent for him. Benezar praised his son for his brave and conscientious conduct in past years, gave him good advice for the future, supplied him with money for the expenses of the journey, and then said:

"Now, a few words more, my son Said. I am a man who believes not every vulgar prejudice or superstition. I have, indeed, often listened gladly to tales of fairies and enchanters, because they passed away time pleasantly; but it never crossed my mind to believe, as do many ignorant men, that these fairies, or whatever they are, ever had any influence over the lives and actions of men. Your mother, however (she has now been dead twelve years), believed as steadfastly in them and in their power as in the Koran. She once told me in great confidence that she had both seen and spoken with a fairy. I laughed at the idea then; yet, I must admit that at your birth something rather surprising occurred.

"The whole day it had rained and thundered, and the heavens were so black that I could not see to read without the light of a lamp. At four o'clock in the afternoon I was told of your birth, and I hastened to your mother's apartment, to see and bless my first-born. There, to my surprise, I found all your mother's maids outside of her door, which was fastened on the inside. Upon inquiring the cause, they answered that no one might yet enter the room. Zemira, your mother, had sent them all from her apartment because she wished to be alone. I knocked at the door, but in vain. It remained fastened.

"While I still waited impatiently, the sky cleared so suddenly that I was quite startled. The strangest thing about it was that only the sky immediately above the city of Balsora was clear and bright. Elsewhere the heavens were

still black, and in the far distance the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled on for hours.

"While I was wondering at these strange phenomena, suddenly the door of your mother's room flew wide open. I bade the maids remain in the hall, and I entered the room alone, to see you, and to ask your mother why she had not admitted me sooner. As I crossed the threshold and closed the door behind me, I almost fainted, the room was filled with so strong a perfume of roses, carnations, and hyacinths. Your mother held you up for me to see, at the same time pointing to a silver whistle suspended from a long gold chain fastened around your neck. I had never before seen a chain composed of such fine links.

"'The good fairy of whom I once told you has been here,' said your mother, 'and has given this present to our son.'

"'Is it your great fairy that has also cleared away the sky so suddenly, and scattered all these roses and pinks about the room?' I asked, laughing incredulously. 'But she might have given him something better than this whistle, if she is a fairy; for instance, a chest of gold, some fine steeds, or the like.'

"Your mother implored me not to make game of the fairy; because, if offended, she might change her blessing which she had bestowed upon the boy into a curse. I humored my wife, and said no more. We never spoke again of these strange occurrences until six years afterwards, when your mother in her last illness lamented that although still so young she must soon die. Then she gave me the whistle, bidding me take care of it until you were twenty years of age. On your twentieth birthday I was to give it to you. She warned me not to let you leave the city until after that day; for until then the whistle must not come into your hands. She then died.

"Here is the gift," continued Benezar, as he brought forth from a case the silver whistle

attached to a long gold chain, "and I give it to you on your eighteenth birthday, instead of your twentieth; because you are about to take a long journey, and before you return I may, perchance, be at rest with my fathers.



I can see no sensible reason why you should remain at home two more years as your anxious mother wished. You are a wise and prudent youth, and wield your weapons as well as most men of twice your age; I can, therefore, declare you of age to-day, as well as when you are twenty. Now start on your journey, and may the Prophet protect you. But, whether good luck or misfortune attend you, according to the

will of Allah and his Prophet, through all, do not forget your father."

So spoke Benezar of Balsora before bidding farewell to his only son. Said bade his father good-by with all due affection and respect, hung the chain about his neck, stuck the whistle into his girdle, swung himself into the saddle, and rode off to the place where the members of the caravan, bound for Mecca, were to assemble.

In a short time about eighty camels and four hundred riders were arranged in marching order; and Said, with the caravan, rode out through the gate of Balsora, his birthplace, which he was destined not to see again for many years.

At first the novelty of such a journey and the many new objects which rose before him engrossed Said's attention. But as they neared the desert and the way grew lonelier and more deserted at every pace, then he began to think over many things; but especially over the parting words of Benezar, his father.

He drew the silver whistle from his girdle, examined it carefully, and at last put it to his mouth to try if its tones were loud and sweet. But, oh! it sounded not. He puffed out his cheeks, and blew with all his strength; but he could bring forth no sound. Provoked at finding the gift useless, he again stuck it into his girdle. His thoughts, however, soon turned to

the mysterious, last words of his mother. He had often heard of fairies, but he had never heard of any neighbor in Balsora ever having had intercourse with a supernatural being. Tales of such beings were generally dated years back, or related as having happened in some unknown land. So, he believed that in the age in which he was living such beings were no more; or else that they had ceased to visit man, and take an active interest in his fate. Yet, in spite of all his reasoning, Said had some stray faith in the existence of fairies on the earth. He could not shake from his mind the remembrance of the strange things that had happened at his birth, of which he had just heard through his father. Puzzled with these conflicting thoughts, the youth sat the whole day upon his horse as one in a dream, neither taking part in the conversation of his fellow travelers, nor heeding their mirth and laughter.

Said was a handsome youth; courage and spirit flashed from his eyes; his mouth and nose were shapely. Although so young, yet he had a certain dignity mingled with grace which is not often met with, even in much older men. The ease with which lightly yet firmly, he sat upon his horse, and his erect, manly form, drew to him the attention of the travelers.

One old man who rode by Said's side seemed

to be particularly drawn towards him, and sought through many questions to learn from the youth the history of his past life. Said, into whose mind the deepest reverence for old age had always been inculcated, answered modestly, yet with wit and prudence; so that the old man found great pleasure in his conversation. The youth's mind, however, was all the while revert-



ing to the one subject which at present puzzled him most. So, it came about that before long they began to speak of fairies, and Said at length asked his aged friend if he thought there were any such beings as good or bad fairies who could protect or injure mankind.

The old man stroked his long beard, shook his head thoughtfully, and answered, "It cannot be denied that many wonderful tales concerning them have

been reported, although I for my part have never to this day seen either a spiteful dwarf or a savage giant; a magician or a fairy."

The old man then related to Said so many wonderful stories in which supernatural beings figured that he grew quite giddy with confused thoughts. He felt sure that the extraordinary things which had happened at his birth, — the sudden change of the weather, and the profusion of roses and hyacinths scattered about the room,

— were signs of his great good luck in the future, and that he himself was under the special protection of some mighty, friendly fairy. The whistle, also, he thought could have been given to him for no less purpose than in case of need or danger to blow, and thus summon help from the fairy. He dreamed the whole night of magic castles, enchanted horses, genii, and the like; and truly in his sleep he lived in fairy-land. But, alas, on the very next day he was to learn how vain were all his dreams and air castles.

The caravan had traveled on comfortably for the greater part of the day when, suddenly, the travelers noticed some dark shadows at the further end of the desert. Some thought they must be sand-mounds, others said they were only clouds on the distant horizon, while some thought another caravan was approaching. But Said's old friend, who had often before taken long journeys, called out with a loud voice to the caravan that they must be on their guard, for the dark shadows were nothing less than a horde of Arabian robbers rapidly approaching them.

The men, thereupon, seized their weapons, the women and children and valuables were placed in the center of the procession, and all due preparations for the attack were made. The moving shadows grew more and more distinct as the forms came sweeping over the plain towards the

caravan. Nearer and nearer came the horde, and swiftly too. Scarcely had the men formed in line, with pointed spears, when, with the swiftness of the wind, the wild horde came rushing on, and closed on the caravan.

The men fought bravely, but the robbers numbered about four hundred strong, well-armed men. They surrounded the caravan on all sides, killed many from a distance with their arrows, and then entered into a fierce conflict with the remnant, with swords and lances.

At this awful moment of bloodshed Said, who all the while had been foremost in the ranks of the caravan defenders, thought of his whistle. He drew it quickly forth, put it to his mouth, and blew with all his strength. Alas! it gave forth no sound; and the poor youth let it drop from his hands with a crushing feeling of utter despair. Frantic over this cruel disappointment, Said took a good aim at one of his assailants, who could be easily distinguished from his companions by his costly dress, and ran him through with his spear. The robber fell heavily from his horse.

"Allah! what have you done, young man!" exclaimed the old man who was still by the side of Said. "Now we are all lost." And so it seemed; for as the robbers saw this man, who was their leader, fall, they raised a cry of rage

and horror, and then rushed with such fury upon the caravan that soon few of its number remained unwounded.

In another moment Said saw himself surrounded by six or seven stalwart Arabs. however, wielded his lance so skillfully as to parry all their attempts at nearer approach. At last one of them drew back and, seizing his bow, leveled an arrow at Said. He took good aim, stretched the bowstring, and was just letting the arrow fly when one of his companions made a sign to him, and he let the arrow drop. Before Said could see what the new dodge was, a noose was thrown over his shoulders, binding his arms close to his body. In vain he struggled to free himself from this confinement. The noose was drawn tighter and tighter, and Said was captured. At once his hands were securely bound behind him.

At last every member of the caravan was either slain or captured. As the robbers belonged to two different bands they divided between them the spoils of the caravan and the prisoners. They then separated; one band going southward, and the other eastward. Said was replaced upon his horse, and on either side of him rode two armed Arabs. They cast upon their prisoner from time to time glances of bitter hatred and unsatisfied revenge. They also

often whispered to each other with meaning nods and shakes of their heads. Said perceived that the man whom he had killed was some great ruler; perhaps the prince of the horde.

Death to Said seemed far better than thraldom. He, therefore, considered himself fortunate in that he had called down upon himself the fury of the whole horde. He expected certainly that he would be killed upon reaching the robbers' encampment. The armed men watched his every movement, and as often as he attempted to look around they struck him with their swordhilts. One time, however, as his horse shied a little, he gave one quick glance behind him. He then saw to his surprise and pleasure his aged friend, who he had thought was killed in the fight.

At length trees and tents could be seen in the distance. As they approached the encampment a perfect host of women and children streamed out to meet them. But scarcely had they exchanged two words with the robbers when the whole mass broke out into a fierce yell of mingled rage and grief, while all eyes were turned quickly upon Said. The throng were so infuriated against him that they showered upon him curses and imprecations.

"This is he," cried they, "who has slain the great Almansor, the bravest of all men. He

shall die. We will give his flesh as prey to the wild beasts of the desert." They then began to pelt poor Said with bits of wood, clods, and other missiles which were within their reach. The robbers who were guarding Said were in danger of being hurt by these showers from the angry crowd; they, therefore, drove the mob back with their lances, crying out, "Away with you, children; to your tents, ye women. He has slain the great Almansor in a skirmish, and he must die. Not, however, by the hands of women, but by the sword of the brave."

When they had reached an open place where the tents were pitched the robbers halted. The prisoners were bound together, two and two, and marched into the tents. Said, however, was bound alone, and led into the largest of all the tents. In it sat an old man in princely garb, whose grave, proud bearing showed him to be the chieftain of the horde. The robbers who led in Said approached with sad, measured steps, and heads bowed low.

"The cry of the women has told me what has happened," said the majestic prince as he noticed the entrance of the robbers, "and your sad faces confirm my worst fears. Almansor has fallen?"

"Almansor has fallen," answered the robbers; but here, Selim, Lord of the Desert, is his murderer. We bring him that you may decide what

death he shall die. Shall we secure him to a tree, and shoot at him as a target with our arrows until he dies; shall we hunt him through the wood with our lances; is it your pleasure that we put the rope around his neck, or shall he be torn to pieces by wild beasts?"

"Who are you?" asked Selim, gazing at the prisoner who stood before him, calm and cheerful, although expecting his death sentence.

Said answered his question shortly and frankly.

"Did you fall upon my son insidiously, or, creeping up from behind, pierce him with an arrow or your lance?" asked the chief.

"No, my lord," replied Said. "In open conflict, when your people made a charge upon our ranks. I killed your son when he had already slain full eight of my companions."

"Is it as he says?" asked Selim of the men who had captured Said.

"Truly, Prince, he slew Almansor in an open fight."

"If that be so, then has he done no more, no less, than we ourselves would have done," replied Selim. "He has slain his enemy who would have robbed him of his freedom or his life; therefore, quickly loosen his bonds."

The robbers gazed for a moment at their prince in amazement, and then did his bidding with tardy hands, sorely against their wills. "Shall then the murderer of thy son, the brave Almansor, not die?" asked one of the robbers as he cast an angry glance at Said. "We would have rather slain him in the desert before we brought him hither."

"He shall not die," cried Selim, "I will keep him in my own tent. I take him as my just portion of the spoils;

he shall be my ser- Said before Selim vant."

Said could find no words with which to thank the old chieftain, and the robbers left the tent grumbling to themselves.

All the women and children were gathered without the great tent



anxiously waiting to witness Said's execution. When the robbers told them of Selim's resolution, the mass raised a terrible hue and cry, and swore that they would avenge the death of Almansor on his murderer, even if his own father pardoned the offender.

The other prisoners were divided amongst the horde. Some few were allowed to go on their way in consideration of large ransoms. Others were made use of as shepherds for the robbers'

flocks, while many were obliged to perform the most menial work in the tents. Not so with Said. Was it the beauty of his face and his heroic spirit, or was it the secret working of his good fairy that drew Selim so to the youth? Why, no one could tell, but Said lived in Selim's tent more as a son than a servant. But the unconcealed affection of the old chief for him made the other servants dislike him. Wherever he was, Said met only with unfriendly glances. When he passed through the camp alone he heard on all sides abusive and insulting words cast at him. Indeed, several times had a wellaimed arrow struck him on the breast. That he had not yet been injured by the arrows, he ascribed to the whistle, which he always carried on his breast; and to the shelter which its magic power afforded, he believed he owed his life; for the arrows, striking against it, had glanced aside without injuring him.

Often did he complain to his master of these attempts to take his life. In vain Selim tried to trace out who these would-be assassins were; for the whole horde seemed to be confederated against their chieftain's favorite. One day, therefore, Selim spoke to him thus:

"I had hoped that you might fill for me the place of the son who perished by your hands. The fault lies not in you or in me that it cannot

so be. All are imbittered against you, and I myself cannot shelter you longer in safety. If they slay you secretly it cannot help either you or me to bring the offenders to their just punishment. It would, then, be too late. Therefore, when the men return hither from their present expedition, I will say that your father has sent me ransom money, and I will have you escorted in safety through the desert by some of my most trustworthy men."

"But can I trust any one here besides you?" asked Said with consternation. "Will they not kill me on the way?"

"The solemn oath which they must first swear before me, and which no one of them has ever yet broken will be your protection," replied Selim confidently.

Some days later the robber band returned to their encampment, and Selim then carried out his plan. He supplied Said with weapons, clothes, and a horse; and assembling the bravest of the men chose out five to accompany Said through the desert. Selim then made the five men take the most solemn and fearful oath that they would not kill their charge; after which he took a tender farewell of the youth of whom he had already become so fond.

The five men rode with Said through the desert in sullen silence. Said saw how very un-

willingly they performed their task of escorting him, and it gave him no little uneasiness when he recognized two of the men as having been present at the skirmish in which he had killed Almansor.

When they had traveled some eight hours Said heard his guards whispering together, and noticed that their countenances were yet more sullen than before. He strained every nerve to catch their words, and perceived that they were conversing in a dialect which was only spoken by this horde, and used even by them only when they were engaged in dangerous or secret conversation. Selim, who had planned to keep Said always with him as an adopted son, had spent many hours in teaching and familiarizing the youth with this secret tongue. The conversation he now overheard did not tend to lessen his fears.

"Here is the place," said one, "where we attacked the caravan, and here the noble Almansor fell by the hand of a mere boy."

"The wind has indeed swept from the sand the prints of his horse's hoofs," said another, "but I have not forgotten the deed."

"And," queried a third, "shall he who slew our chief yet live, and be free, to our shame? When has it ever before been known that a father would not revenge the death of his only son? But Selim has grown old and childish." "Moreover," replied a fourth, "when a father neglects it, then it is the duty of the kinsfolk or friends to take revenge on the murderer of their comrade. Here, on this very spot, we should cut him down. It has been our law and custom for ages past."

"But," exclaimed a fifth, "we have sworn to Selim. We dare not kill the boy. Our solemn oath may not be broken."

"It is true," the others made answer, "we have sworn, and the murderer must be set free by his bitterest enemies."

"Hold!" cried one, the most evil-eyed of them all, "old Selim is a wise man, but not so clever as he is considered. Have we sworn to take this fellow to any particular spot? No, Selim only took our oath that we would not slay the youth. We will not take his life; but the burning sun, or the sharp teeth of the jackals shall carry out our revenge. We will bind him hand and foot and leave him here on this very spot."

Thus spoke the robbers together. For some minutes Said had been prepared for the worst, and as the last word was spoken he ran his spurs into his horse's sides, urged him on with a desperate cut from the whip, and went flying over the plain like the wind. The five men stood still in amazement for a moment, but, well accustomed to such chases, they divided, and some rode to

the right and others to the left. They were familiar with every path and turn in the desert which a rider could take. Soon, therefore, two of the robbers had overtaken the fugitive. As they closed in upon him Said turned towards the other side, but there also two were ready to stop his career. The fifth one coming up from the rear cut off the last chance of escape. Their



solemn oath not to kill him, now restrained them from using their weapons. They, however, threw a noose over his head, dragged him from his horse, beat him mercilessly, took from him his purse full of gold, bound him hand and foot, and laid him down on the scorching sand of the desert.

Said implored his persecutors to have compassion, he promised them an enormous ransom; but, with fiendish laughter, they swung themselves upon their horses and rode off. For some

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moments he listened to the sounds of their horses' hoofs as they grew ever fainter and fainter, and as the last sound died away in the distance he closed his eyes, and gave himself up for lost. Said thought of his father, of the old man's grief if his son never returned. Then, he thought of his own sad fate, that he must die so young; for nothing was now more certain to him than that he must suffer an agonizing death in the burning hot sand, or be torn to pieces by jackals.

The sun rose ever higher, and scorched his brow more fiercely. He rolled from side to side in his intense, burning agony. In so doing, the whistle, still fastened to its chain, was dragged out from his clothes, and his eyes fell upon it. He tried for some time, by turning, and rolling, and bending his head, to reach it with his mouth. At length he had it between his lips. He tried to give one mighty blow. But, even in this hour of dire need, no sound came forth. In utter despair Said let his head sink again on the sand. The burning rays of the sun, then at its zenith, at last robbed him of his senses, and he fell into the deep sleep of unconsciousness.

After some hours Said was aroused by a noise at his side. He felt at the same moment something seize hold of his shoulders. He uttered a cry of horror, for he believed that a pack of jack-

als had discovered him, and would soon tear him to pieces. He was placed upon his feet. Then he knew it was not the claw of a wild beast, but the hand of a man, who was handling him carefully, and was speaking to two or three others. "He lives," whispered one, "but he takes us for enemies."

Said at length opened his eyes, and saw before him the face of a short, fat man with small eyes and a long beard. The man spoke kindly to him, supported him, and administered to him food and wine. While Said was recovering his strength, the man told him that he was a merchant of Bagdad; that his name was Kalum-Bek, and that he dealt in shawls and dresses for the ladies. He had taken a business journey, to replenish his stock, and was then returning home. He had seen a lad, bound and half-dead, lying in the sand, whose costly clothes and richly-set dagger had attracted his attention. He had done everything to revive him, and had at last succeeded.

Said thanked the man gratefully for saving his life, for he saw plainly that he must have died a miserable death but for the kind intervention of the merchant. As Said had now no means of providing himself with a horse, and was not willing to wander on foot and alone through the desert, he was thankful to accept an offer of a seat on one of the merchant's already

heavily laden camels. He determined to go with the merchant to Bagdad; there he hoped to find some caravan with which he could travel back to Balsora.

On the way the merchant related to his new traveling companion many things about the great Commander of the Faithful, Haroun al Raschid. He told him of his love of justice, and his penetration; how he could with marvelous discernment settle the most difficult disputes and questions of law. Among others, the merchant related the story of "The Rope-maker," the story of "The Pot of Olives," and the story of "Zobeide and her four Sisters," which Said had never before heard.

"Our caliph, the Commander of the Faithful," continued the merchant, "is a wonderful man. If you think he sleeps during the night, like most people, you are greatly mistaken. Two or three hours' sleep towards morning is all he ever takes. I must know, for Mesrour, his chief chamberlain, is my cousin; and although he is as silent as the grave about any secrets concerning his master, yet, now and then, he lets fall a hint about those good habits of the caliph which he knows will only make the subjects love their ruler the more—especially when he sees that one is nearly beside himself with curiosity.

"Now, instead of sleeping like other men, the

caliph, during the night, strolls through the streets of Bagdad. Scarcely a week ever passes in which he does not light upon some adventure; for you must know (as, indeed, is shown by the story of the Pot of Olives, which is as true as the word of the Prophet) that he does not make his rounds on horse, attired in his royal robes, attended by his guards, and an hundred torchbearers to precede him, as he could if he wished. Sometimes he goes as a merchant, sometimes as a sea-captain, or as a soldier, or perhaps as a mufti. In these garbs our caliph wanders about Bagdad in the night season, to see that in his city all is right and in order. Thereby it happens that more men are politely made fools of in Bagdad than in any other city; for the stranger who visits you in the night, or whom you meet in the street is as likely as not to be the caliph; and no one can tell whether he is entertaining his ruler, or a brother in need. These nightly rounds of Haroun al Raschid bring to many a man a severe bastinado."

So spake the merchant, and Said, although he longed to be again with his father, yet rejoiced at the thought of seeing Bagdad, and the renowned Haroun al Raschid.

After ten days' journey they reached Bagdad. Said was astonished at the grandeur of this city, which was at that time at the height of its glory.

The merchant invited Said to come home with him, which invitation the youth most gladly accepted. He had at first feared that, there in a strange city, without money, he would have to spend the night on the steps of some mosque.

The morning after his arrival Said had just completed his toilet, and was thinking that he would make a good show in Bagdad, attired in the costly robes with which the old chieftain had furnished him, when the merchant entered his apartment. He surveyed the youth with knavish laughter, stroked his beard, and said, "That is all very fine, young master, but what now is to become of you? It seems to me you are a great day-dreamer, and think not for the following day. Or, have you, perhaps, sufficient money with you to live in style corresponding to your fine robes?"

"My dear sir," answered the youth, confused and blushing, "of a truth, I have no money; but perhaps you will advance sufficient to enable me to travel home. My father will return it to you promptly, and with interest."

"Your father, fellow?" shouted the merchant with a contemptuous laugh; "I believe the sun in the desert has affected your brain. Do you imagine that I credit the tale you told me in the desert? That your father is a rich man in Balsora, you his only son, and how the robbers at-

tacked your caravan, your sojourn in the chieftain's tent, and, this and that, and the other, that you have told me? I have, indeed, wondered at the glibness with which you utter such falsehoods, and your shamelessness in telling untruths. I know that all the richest men in Balsora are merchants, and I have already had dealings with them. I must have heard of a merchant Benezar were he worth only six thou-



sand gold pieces. It is either untrue that you are from Balsora, or else your father is some poor, starving wretch to whose vagabond son I am to lend money. So, also, with your account of the sudden attack in the desert. When has the tale ever been told, since the wise caliph Haroun made the traffic-way through

the desert safe, of robbers there attacking a caravan, plundering it, and carrying off the men as prisoners? In my many trips through the desert I have never seen a robber, and here, in Bagdad, whither men come from all parts of the world, I have never before heard such a tale. That is your second lie, you shameless young beggar."

Pale with rage and indignation Said tried here to interrupt the abusive little man. Kalum-Bek,

however, raising his voice above the youth's continued his reviling. "And the third falsehood, you audacious liar, is the story you tell of your life in Selim's tent. Selim's name is well known to all who have ever met with robbers. He is a fierce and cruel robber-chief, and yet you dare to assert that although you had killed his son you were not cut in pieces. Indeed, you carry your unlikely tale so far as to declare that Selim protected you against his whole horde, kept you in his own tent, and without ransom set you free, instead of, at least, hanging you on the first stout tree; he who has often hung travelers only to see what faces they would make. Oh! you shameless liar."

"I cannot say more," exclaimed the youth, "than that, by my soul and by the beard of the Prophet, all I have said is true."

"What! you would swear by your soul?" cried out the merchant. "By your black, truthless soul! Who would believe upon that? And by the beard of the Prophet you swear, you who yourself have no beard! Who would trust such an oath?"

"I have indeed no proof," replied Said, "but you yourself found me bound, and laid in the hot sand."

"That proves nothing," argued the merchant, "you are yourself clothed like one of the robber

captains; likely enough you are one of them, and encountering some unfriendly robber who was stronger than you, he overpowered and bound you."

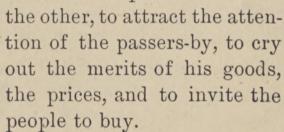
"I have yet to see the one man who could overcome and bind me, unless like those robbers he threw from behind a noose over my head. You might yet see what one man who is skilled in the use of arms could do. But you have saved my life, and I thank you for so doing. Why, however, are you thus railing at me? If you will not help me, I must beg. I will not ask kindness of my own equals. I will turn to the caliph."

"So!" exclaimed the merchant with a laugh of scorn, "you will ask alms of no one of less rank than our most gracious ruler. I call that high begging. Ha, ha! But, my high-minded young master, he who would ask a favor of the caliph must do it through my cousin, Mesrour, and it would cost me just one word to show the chief chamberlain how very insinuatingly you can lie. But your extreme youth makes me feel compassion for you, Said. There is yet one way in which I will help you. I will take you into my warehouse. You shall there serve me one year. When that time has expired, I will pay you your year's wages and will let you go whithersoever you may please: to Medina, Alexandria,

to Constantinople, or, for aught I care, to the land of the unbelievers. I give you until mid-day to-morrow to think over what I have said. If you accept my offer it will be well for you; if you will not, then I must settle with you for the expense which you caused me during your journey hither, and for the seat on my camel; you shall pay me with your clothes, and all that you have. Then, I will turn you out into the street, and you can beg alms of the caliph, or of the mufti at the mosque, or in the market place."

With these words the crafty merchant left the unlucky youth. Said looked after the retreating figure with eyes burning with fierce indignation. He was almost stunned with rage at the baseness of this man, who had designedly brought him hither, and decoyed him into his house, that he might make a servant of him. Said sought to escape from the house, but the windows of his room were secured with iron bars, and the door was locked. At last after considering for a long time, for his very soul rebelled against even the thought, Said determined for the present to consent to Kalum-Bek's proposition, and to serve in his store. He saw plainly that there was nothing better left for him to do, for even could he escape from the merchant's house he could not travel back to Balsora without money to defray the expenses of the journey. He determined, however, at his earliest opportunity to appeal to the caliph for protection and relief.

The following morning Kalum-Bek led his new servant into his bazaar. He showed Said all the shawls, silks, and other goods in which he dealt, and explained to him what his new occupation was to be. Said, dressed in the garb of a store-attendant instead of his costly traveling robes, was to stand in the door of the bazaar, a shawl in one hand, a handsome piece of silk in



Said could now understand why Kalum-Bek had wished to keep him for this employment. The

merchant was a small and very ugly man, and when he himself stood in the door-way offering his goods for sale, the passers-by would often make jokes at his expense, the boys sometimes plagued him, and the women nicknamed him "The Scarecrow." All were pleased when they saw the handsome youth who with good grace and tact invited customers to enter.

When Kalum-Bek found that since Said had been in his employment he obtained many more

customers than before, he began to be more friendly to the youth, gave him better fare, and finer clothes. But Said paid little heed to these tokens of his master's kindlier feelings towards him, and the greater part of each day his thoughts were occupied in planning some way in which he could escape, and secure help to return to his own home.

One day a number of customers had been to Kalum-Bek's store and made large purchases. Just when all the errand boys were out carrying the goods home for the purchasers, an old woman entered and bought some goods. She then asked for a boy to carry her package home with her.

"I can send all your purchases home to you in half an hour," said Kalum-Bek, "it is but a short time to wait; or, perhaps I can borrow an errand boy from one of the neighboring stores."

"Are you a merchant and have not boys enough in your store to carry bundles home for your customers?" exclaimed the old woman. "Cannot your young fellow there, in an emergency, carry my bundle for me? Why should he not make himself useful? It is your duty, according to the market-law, to have my purchases carried home for me, and I can, and will demand my rights."

"But wait only for half an hour, noble lady,"

replied the merchant, growing more and more anxious to pacify his angry customer. "All my

errand boys are already sent out."

"It is a poor establishment that does not always keep at least one boy in reserve," replied the now excited woman. "But there stands a young idler. Come, young fellow, pick up my bundle and carry it after me."

"Hold, hold!" cried Kalum-Bek. "That is my sign-board, my crier, my magnet. He must not leave the threshold."

"What is that?" exclaimed the old woman, as she placed the bundle on Said's arm. "He must, indeed, be a poor merchant, with mean wares, who cannot himself praise his own goods, but must have some young idler to do it for him. Come on, fellow, and when we reach my home I will give you some spare change for your trouble."

"Be quick, then, in the name of all the evil spirits," muttered Kalum-Bek to the crier, "and see that you are not gone long. The old hag will bring all the people in the market-place here with her loud complaints if I thwart her longer."

Said followed the dame through the marketplace, and then passed through many of the finest streets. At length she stopped before a magnificent house. She mounted a long flight of marble steps, and knocked on the door, which immediately flew open. She went in, and beckoned to Said to follow. They entered a spacious saloon which with its decorations and furniture, was more gorgeous than anything Said had ever before seen. The old dame seated herself on a sofa as if exhausted, motioned to the youth to lay the bundle down, handed him a small piece of silver, and bade him go.

He had just reached the door when a clear, rich voice called, "Said!" Astonished that any one within that house should know him by name, he turned. Behold! a beautiful lady surrounded by slaves and attendants sat on the sofa in the place of the old dame. Said, dumb with amazement, crossed his arms over his breast and made a low bow.

"Said, my dear youth," said the lady, "I was so grieved when I saw you traveling toward Bagdad. This was the one thing I dreaded for you; for this is the very place appointed by Fate where you should have ill-luck, if you left your father's house before your twentieth birthday. Said, have you yet your whistle?"

"That have I," cried he joyfully, as he drew forth the gold chain to which the whistle was attached. "And are you the good fairy who gave it to me at my birth?"

"I was your mother's friend," replied the fairy,

"and I will always be a friend to you so long as you are good. Oh! had your father but followed my advice — thoughtless man — how much pain and sorrow you would have been saved!"

"However," replied Said, "it has all turned out well, in that I have met you. Now, most gracious fairy, let a strong north wind blow your cloud-chariot hither which can in a few minutes bear me safely to Balsora, to my father's house."

The fairy smiled, and answered: "I wish I could so easily help you, my poor Said. But it is impossible. I have not the power to do anything so miraculous to help you when outside of your native city, until after your twentieth birthday. I dare not even free you from the servitude in Kalum-Bek's bazar, for he is under the protection of your mighty enemy."

"I not only have a kind friend, but also a mighty enemy?" asked Said. "I believe I have already often been made to suffer through her evil power. But, at least, may you not give me advice? Shall I not even now go to the caliph, and ask help of him? He is a wise, good man, and will surely protect me against Kalum-Bek."

"Truly, Haroun is just and wise; but, alas, he is fallible. He trusts his chief chamberlain, Mesrour, as he does himself; and in that he is right, for the caliph has probed him and found him

faithful and true. Mesrour, however, trusts implicitly his cousin, Kalum-Bek; and in that he errs, for Kalum is a wicked man, although he is near kinsman to the good chamberlain. Moreover, Kalum-Bek is a cunning man, and on the very day he reached Bagdad he went to see his cousin, and told him some false tale about you. Mesrour soon after repeated it to the caliph. Therefore, if you came within so much as a stone's throw of the palace you would be arrested and imprisoned; for the caliph would not believe your statement against what he has already heard from Kalum-Bek, through his chamberlain. But there are other ways in which you may have a chance to approach him, for I have read it in the stars that you will have justice done you before long."

"That is indeed bad," sighed Said wofully. "I must, then, for some time yet, continue to be the store-crier for that wicked merchant! But, noble fairy, at least one favor you can grant me. I have been well drilled in the use of weapons, and it is my greatest pleasure to take part in tournaments where there is lively work on both sides with lances and foiled swords. Now, such a tournament takes place once every week in this city. Those who take part in them are the youths of the first families of Bagdad. Only those of noble birth, and above all only free men

are allowed to join in the sports. Especially, no servant from the bazaars may take part in the tournaments. If you could but arrange that once each week I should have a horse, clothes, and weapons, and that my face may not be

recognized, I would be very

grateful."

"That is a wish worthy of my noble youth," said the fairy. "Your mother's father was the bravest man in Balsora, and you have inherited his noble spirit. Note well this house; here you shall each week find awaiting you a horse, two mounted armorbearers, fine weapons, and suitable clothes. Also, a wash for your face which will, for the time, so change your countenance that none can recognize you. Now farewell, Said. Hasten back to

the store, and be prudent and virtuous. In six months the notes of your whistle will sound; and then if you are in trouble and blow upon it I can come and help you, at any time, and rescue you from any danger."

The youth then took leave of his fairy protect-

ress with gratitude and affection. He took particular notice of the situation of the house, and then returned to the bazaar.

Said reached the store just in time to assist and save his master, Kalum-Bek. A great crowd had surrounded his bazaar. Boys danced before the merchant, mocking and insulting him, while their elders laughed at the sport. Kalum-Bek stood before the door of his warehouse trembling with rage, and in a sore dilemma, with a shawl in one hand, and a piece of silk in the other.

This strange scene was caused by an incident which had happened during Said's absence. Kalum had placed himself in the doorway of the bazaar, to act as crier until Said should return; but no one would buy from the ugly old fellow. Just at this time two men, wishing to buy presents for their wives, passed his bazaar. They had already walked up and down the street several times, looking inquiringly at the different stores. Now, as they went by, they glanced up at Kalum's bazaar, and then would have passed. Kalum-Bek, however, noticed their hesitation, and, desiring to use their indecision to his advantage, called out, "Here, gentlemen, here. What do you seek? Fine silks or rare trinkets?"

"My good man," replied one of the strangers, "doubtless your goods are excellent, but our wives are whimsical, and it is their custom, when in

this city, never to buy silk from any one except the handsome young salesman, Said. We have already been seeking to find him for half an hour. If you can only tell us where we can see him, we will buy from you another time."

"Allah!" cried out Kalum-Bek, grinning with pleasure, "the Prophet has directed you to the right door. You wish to purchase from the handsome young salesman some fine silk? Do enter, gentlemen, for this is his bazaar."

In reply, one of the men laughed at Kalum's ugly face and figure, and his assertion that he was the handsome young salesman (for so the stranger interpreted Kalum's answer). The other man, however, thinking that the little merchant was making merry at their expense, answered him with angry and insulting words. Kalum-Bek, thereupon, was beside himself with indignation, and called upon his neighbors to testify to the truth of his statement, that his, and no other, was known as the bazaar of the handsome young Said. The neighbors, however, who envied him on account of the run of customers with which he had been favored since Said had been in his employment, declared that they would witness to nothing that he said. The two men thereupon rushed upon the little merchant, and began to ill-treat him, calling him an old liar, and many other insulting names.

Kalum defended himself more by shrieks for help, and by abusive words, than with his fists; and so a crowd of people had soon gathered around his bazaar. Half the inhabitants of the city knew of him as a mean, churlish miser. All the by-standers, therefore, were glad to see a few blows administered to him.

One of the two strangers had just seized the merchant by the beard, when suddenly his arm was grasped; he was tripped up, thrown to the ground, and his turban fell off as his head went down and his heels went up.

The crowd which had enjoyed seeing Kalum-Bek ill-used, now gave an angry murmur at this turn of the affair. The companion of the fallen man turned fiercely around, to see who had dared to thus trip up his friend. When, however, his glance was met by the flashing eyes of a tall, strongly built youth, whose mien bespoke courage, while his gaze was fearless, the man dared not begin a dispute with such a foe. Moreover, Kalum, to whom the timely interference seemed nothing short of a miracle, now pointed to the youth, and cried, "There, gentlemen, what more would you have? That is Said, the handsome young salesman." The crowd now laughed to see the confusion of the two strangers. The man whom Said had thrown rose to his feet, beckoned to his companion to follow, and off

they went, sheepishly enough, without stopping to buy either shawls or silk.

"Oh! you star above all other salesmen. You loadstone to the bazaar!" exclaimed Kalum as he led the youth into his store. "Truly, I call that coming at the right moment; that is interfering in a proper way. Ah! you laid the fellow as flat on the ground as though he had never stood upon his legs; and I—I would have no more needed a barber to anoint and trim my beard had you come even two minutes later. How can I repay you?"

Said had been induced by a momentary feeling of compassion for the weaker, ill-used man, to exert his strength in defense of Kalum-Bek. But when the moment's excitement was over, the youth heartily repented having saved the badhearted little man from the chastisement which he so richly deserved. Said determined, however, to make the best use he could of the merchant's gratitude, while it lasted. In answer, therefore, to Kalum's question, the youth begged that he might be allowed to spend one evening in each week, as he might choose; in walking through the city, or in amusing himself in any way he might prefer. The merchant consented to this request, for he well knew that his young salesman was too discreet to attempt to leave Bagdad without money and in the garb of a slave.

Said had now quite easily gained that for which he had long wished — permission to go where he would one evening in each week.

On the following Wednesday Said told the merchant that he would perfer that evening on which to take his promised weekly holiday. To this the merchant promptly consented. Now this was the day on which the young men of noble birth assembled in an open square in Bagdad to test their skill in the use of arms.

Said went from the bazaar at once to the house where the fairy dwelt. Here he knocked, and, immediately, the door sprang open. The servants within seemed to have been expecting him; for, without asking him who he was or what he wished, they led the youth up a flight of steps into an elegant apartment. Here the servants offered to him a wash which they said would, when used, so change the appearance of his face as to make it impossible for him to be recognized by any one. Having anointed his face with the wash Said glanced at a metal mirror hanging on the wall, and he scarcely recognized his own image, so changed was his face. His skin was darker, the lower part of his face was covered by a fine black beard, and he looked fully ten years older than before he had used the magic wash.

The servants then led him into another apart-

ment, where they showed him such costly and elegant garments as even the caliph would not have been ashamed to wear on the day, when, in the full splendor and majesty of his high office, he reviewed his army. The outfit consisted of a turban of the rarest gold cloth, beauti-

fully worked and decorated, and ornamented by a clasp of fine gold set with diamonds; a robe of heavy red silk, finely embroidered with silver

> flowers; and a coat of mail made of silver rings so fine that they yielded to every movement of his body; and yet so closely and securely were the little rings linked together that no sword or lance could pierce be-

tween them. A Damascus blade, incased in a richly embellished scabbard.

its hilt of gold set with priceless stones, completed Said's costly costume. As the youth was leaving the apartment thus attired, one of the servants handed him a silk cloth, saying that the mistress of the house had sent it to him, and that when he passed it over his face the beard and dark color of his skin would vanish.

In the court-yard of the house stood three handsome steeds. Said mounted the finest courser, two attendants mounted the others, and then the youth rode gaily off to the square where the tournaments took place. The splendor of his clothes and the magnificence of his weapons drew all eyes upon him, as he approached the sporting grounds; and a general whisper of surprise and admiration arose as the crowd made way for him to enter the ring. There was a brilliant display within that open square. All the bravest youths of the noblest families, arrayed in their bright armor and gay plumes, mounted on the finest chargers, had already assembled. Even the caliph's brother was there, ready to join in the sports.

As Said entered the ring, and was recognized by none, the grand vizier's son, taking him for a stranger, rode up with some friends to meet him. They greeted Said affably, and invited him to take part in their tournament, and asked his name and whence he came. Said answered that his name was Almansor, his birthplace Kairo, that he was traveling for pleasure, and having heard so much of the bravery and skill of the youths among the nobility at Bagdad, he had come hither that he might become acquainted with them. The young men were pleased with this answer, and with (Said) Almansor's spirited manner and bearing.

They had divided themselves into two parties, that they might have a sham battle, instead of fighting singly. They now offered Said a lance, and asked him to choose on which side he would fight.

If Said's dress and carriage had attracted general attention, much more did now his extraordinary agility and skill in the use of arms fix the gaze of the whole crowd upon him. courser was fleeter than a bird, while his sword whizzed here and there with the dexterity of magic. He always threw his lance just at the right moment, and as lightly, and yet as certainly, as though it had been an arrow shot from a welltried bow. He overpowered, one by one, the bravest of the adverse party, and at the conclusion of the contest he was so unanimously declared the victor of the day that the caliph's brother and the grand vizier's son, who had fought in the sham battle by Said's side, invited him to combat with them singly. Over Ali, the caliph's brother, Said gained a complete victory; but the vizier's son withstood him so bravely that after a long contest they decided to finish their combat at the next tournament.

The day after this sport all Bagdad was praising the beauty, the grace, and the skill of the young stranger. All who had seen him, yea, even those whom he had conquered, raved over his manners and bearing, and lamented that no one knew where he dwelt. Said heard all this

praise of himself again and again while serving in Kalum's bazaar.

The next week Said found at the fairy's house a costume even more magnificent, and weapons still more costly than the first. This time half Bagdad had turned out to see the sports. Indeed, even the caliph had come thither to watch the tournament, and was seated on a raised platform within the ring. He so admired the skill and bravery of the stranger, Almansor, that at the conclusion of the sports he called Said to him, and congratulating him upon his success, hung around his neck a gold chain from which was suspended a massive gold medal, as a token of Haroun's favor. This second and yet more brilliant triumph could not but excite jealousy in the hearts of the young men of Bagdad. "Shall a stranger," asked they of one another, "come hither to Bagdad to steal from us all our glory, honor, and fame? Shall he be allowed to boast in other cities that among the aristocracy of Bagdad there were none who could cope with him?"

Thus they spoke together, and determined that at the next tournament, even were it at some risk to themselves, five or six of them would attack him at once, and try to overpower him. Their looks of displeasure and indignation did not escape Said's sharp eyes. He saw how the young

men stood off in groups, whispering together, casting all the while glances of dislike at him. He guessed rightly that, excepting the caliph's brother and the grand vizier's son, none felt friendly toward him. And even those two troubled him with questions, as to where they could find him during the week, in what business he was engaged, how he was amusing himself while in Bagdad, and like inquiries.

It was a strange circumstance that one of the young men who regarded Said with the bitterest glances of envy, and seemed bent on doing him some harm, was the same man whom Said had thrown down in front of the bazaar, just in time to prevent him from injuring the little merchant. This man seemed all the time to be watching him attentively, with revenge burning in his eyes.

Said had, indeed, unhorsed him several times in the tournament, but this could be no reason for such feelings of hatred; and the youth feared this man might already have recognized him as Kalum-Bek's young salesman, either by his form or his voice. Such a discovery Said well knew would bring down upon him the indignation and ridicule of the whole assembly.

The plot which his enemies had devised against Said was frustrated, not only by his foresight and bravery, but, also, by the interposition of the caliph's brother and the grand vizier's son in favor of the young stranger. At the next tournament, when Said was suddenly surrounded by at least six armed men, who evidently intended unfair play, and were bent on doing the youth some harm, his two friends rushed upon his assailants, scattered the group of offenders, and threatened to expel them from the tournament as a punishment for their cowardly scheme.

For over five months, Said had thus, to the astonishment of all Bagdad, by deeds of courage and dexterity, maintained his place as champion, when, one evening, as he was returning to the bazaar from a tournament, he heard voices close by which seemed to him quite familiar. noticed some yards ahead of him four men walking with slow, measured steps, as if discussing some matter of great moment. As Said approached nearer he recognized in their speech the dialect spoken by Selim's horde in the desert, and he rightly conjectured that these four men were in Bagdad for no good purpose. Said's first impulse, upon this discovery, was to turn back, and go home by some other way, that they might not recognize him; but when he considered that he might be able to hinder them from committing some crime, he drew yet nearer, that he might overhear their conversation.

"It is the first street this side of Bazaar

Square. Through that street he is quite sure to pass, this very night," said one of the men.

"Well," said another, "I do not fear the grand vizier; he is old and not a very dangerous antagonist; but the caliph is said to be a good swordsman. Moreover, ten or twelve of his body-guard are sure to accompany him."

"Not one," replied a third. "Whenever he has been seen or recognized in the night, he has always been alone, accompanied only by his grand vizier, or his chamberlain-in-chief. Tonight he shall be ours; but we dare not injure his person."

"I think it will be best," said the first speaker,
"for us to throw a noose over his head. We
must not kill him, for they would give us but a
small reward for his corpse. Moreover, it would
not be safe for us to shed his blood."

"We will meet here just an hour before midnight," said they to one another, and parted, each going in a different direction. Said was horrified at the thought of such a scheme. He determined to hasten at once to the caliph's palace, to inform him in time of the plot against his royal person.

But when he had run for some distance, and was within a few squares of the palace, he suddenly remembered the words of the fairy, warning him not to go to the palace, because the

caliph had already been prejudiced against him through Kalum's cousin, the chamberlain. Said feared, therefore, that his warning would be laughed at by those at the palace; or, perchance, it might be thought a trick by which to gain some reward from the ruler of Bagdad. He therefore retraced his steps, considering it best to depend upon his own good sword, and personally to rescue the caliph out of the hands of the robbers.

Accordingly, Said did not return to Kalum-Bek's house, but, seating himself upon the steps of a mosque, there awaited the dark hours of night. Some time before the hour agreed upon by the robbers Said crept noiselessly through Bazaar Square to the street which the robbers had mentioned as the place where the four should meet. Here he hid himself behind a projecting pillar of one of the houses. Said had been there less than half an hour when he heard two men walking slowly down the street toward his hiding-place. At first he believed them to be the caliph and his vizier; but one of the men clapped his hands, and immediately two others hastened noiselessly down the street to meet their companions. They whispered together awhile, and then separated. Three placed themselves within a nook not far from Said's hiding-place, and the fourth paced quietly up and down the street. The night was quiet but very dark, so that Said had to depend entirely upon his sharp ears.

Another half-hour had nearly passed when Said heard steps approaching. The robber who was on the watch must also have heard the slight noise, for he crept by Said and up towards Bazaar Square. The steps came nearer, and the youth could just distinguish two dark forms, when the



robber clapped his hands, and instantly his three companions sprang forward to join him. Said knew those attacked were armed, for he distinctly heard a clash of swords. Without the loss of a moment he drew forth his Damascus blade, and crying loudly, "Down with the enemies of the great Haroun!" he rushed upon the robbers, felled one to the ground with his first blow,

and then turned upon two others, who were struggling to disarm a man around whose body they had thrown a rope. He was hacking blindly at the rope, endeavoring to divide it, and in the struggle he dealt one of the robbers a mighty blow which severed his right hand from his arm. With a fearful cry the robber dropped upon his knees. The fourth brigand now turned upon Said who was struggling with the other yet uninjured

robber. But the man around whom they had thrown the noose, as soon as he found his hands free, drew forth his dagger and plunged it into the heart of one of Said's assailants. When the only uninjured robber saw that his companion was slain he threw down his sword and fled.

Said had no doubt as to whom he had saved. The younger and more powerful of the two men stepped up to him and said, "The one was as unexpected as the other. I can as little understand this attempt to deprive me of my life or freedom as I can your timely interference which has saved me from the hands of those insolent ruffians. How did you know who I was? Were you informed beforehand that these four men intended to assault me?"

"Commander of the Faithful," answered Said, "for I doubt not you are our caliph, this evening as I walked down the street El Malec, I noticed some men a few yards ahead of me who were conversing in a secret dialect with which I was familiar. They were planning how best they might capture you, and kill your worthy vizier. As it was then too late to warn you, I determined to conceal myself near the place where they had decided to waylay Your Highness, that I might lend to Your Majesty the help of my arm."

"I thank you heartily," replied Haroun. "I cannot now tarry here longer; but take this ring,

and come to my palace in the morning; we will then discuss more fully this adventure, and see how I can best reward you. Come, Vizier, we do not well to remain here longer; our assailants may return with renewed force." As he spoke, the caliph placed a ring on the youth's finger, and had already walked on some steps when the vizier begged him to tarry but a few moments. Then turning to Said, the old man handed him a heavy purse, saying:

"Young man, our ruler, the caliph, can reward you as he will. Even into the highest office he can place you; for all power is in his hands. But I, of myself, can do little, and what I can do is better done to-night than to-morrow. Therefore, accept this purse. But my thanks to you for my life shall not end here. Whenever you wish for anything beyond your reach, come, confide in me, and if within my power to grant it your desire shall be gratified."

Half beside himself with surprise and joy at this shower of luck, Said hastened to his abode. There, however, he was welcomed in no very pleasant manner. Kalum-Bek had at first been indignant, and then uneasy at Said's long absence; for he knew that he could not well afford to lose the magnet of his bazaar. The little merchant therefore received Said with words of censure and abuse, and raved and raged at him like a

madman. But Said had given one glance into the purse, and found that it was filled with gold pieces; so he thought that now he could easily travel home even without the favor of the caliph; although that monarch was certainly as grateful as his vizier to their rescuer. Said, therefore, gave no excuse to Kalum-Bek for staying out so late in the night, but told him plainly, and without hesitation, that he would not remain with him another hour. At first Kalum was horrified at the thought of losing such a prize, but then he laughed scornfully, and said, "You ragamuffin and vagabond; you miserable pauper! whither will you seek shelter when I withdraw my hand of protection from you? Pray where will you find food or a night's lodging?"

"That does not concern you, Master Kalum-Bek," replied Said haughtily. "Farewell! you shall not see me again."

So saying, Said sprang from the door, and was soon out of sight. The little merchant stood in the doorway, speechless with surprise. The following day, however, when Kalum had well considered the case, he sent out his errand boys in all directions, in search of his runaway salesman. For some time they sought in vain; nevertheless, at last one returned saying that he had seen Said coming out of a mosque, and that he had afterwards entered a caravansary near by.

"His dress, however," said the boy, "was quite changed; for he had on a costly robe and fine turban, and hanging at his side were a richly-set dagger and a Damascus blade."

When Kalum-Bek heard this he cried out, with an oath, "He has stolen from me, and therewith clothed himself in gorgeous apparel. This once I have been outwitted." Then he ran to the marshal of police, to tell his tale of woe. It was well known there that Kalum was the chief chamberlain's cousin, so he had no difficulty in obtaining from the officer some police, to go with him and arrest Said.

Said sat on the porch of a caravansary talking quite gayly to a merchant whose acquaintance he had there made, of the journey he was about to take to Balsora, his native city, when suddenly some men surrounded him, and bound his hands behind his back, in spite of all his resistance. He asked them by what authority they committed this act of violence. They answered that they did it in the name of the marshal of police, and his lawful master, Kalum-Bek. At that moment the hateful little merchant stepped up, ridiculing and scoffing at the youth. He thrust his hand into Said's pocket, and, to the astonishment of the by-standers, drew out, with a cry of triumph, a purse heavy with gold.

"See! all this has he stolen from me, little by

little, the scoundrel!" cried Kalum, and the people looked upon the prisoner with abhorrence, exclaiming, "Can it be possible! so young, so handsome, and yet so wicked? To justice, to justice, that he may receive the bastinado!" So they dragged the poor youth on, and an immense crowd, ever increasing as they went, joined

the procession, constantly crying out, "See, that is the handsome young salesman from the bazaar. He stole from his master, and then fled. Two hundred gold pieces has he stolen!"

The marshal of police received the prisoner with a sour scowl. Said attempted to speak, but the

officers bade him be silent, for the marshal would only hear what the little merchant had to say. He pointed to the purse, and asked Kalum if he were certain that the gold in it had been stolen from him. The merchant swore to it. His perjury brought him the gold, indeed, but it did not restore to him his handsome salesman, who was worth to him a thousand gold pieces, for the marshal spoke as follows:

"According to a decree which our most high and mighty commander, the caliph, made only a few days ago, for a theft which exceeds one hundred gold pieces, and is committed in one of the bazaars, the criminal shall in every case be punished by permanent banishment to a desert island. This thief has been caught just in time, for he is the twentieth such fellow. We were wanting to complete the number, and to-morrow they will be put on a ship, and sent off to the place of punishment."

Said became desperate; he implored the officer to hear him, or to allow him to speak one word with the caliph.

Kalum-Bek now repented of his false oath, and likewise begged for mercy to be showed to the youth; but the marshal answered: "You have your gold, and may therewith be contented; be gone, and hold your peace; or else for every other word you speak I will fine you ten gold pieces." Kalum was thus silenced, and the marshal motioning to the police, the unfortunate Said was led away.

The guiltless youth was thrown into a dark, damp prison ward. Nineteen criminals were already there, lounging about on the ground, on piles of straw, and they received Said as a companion in guilt and suffering, with rough laughter and imprecations against the marshal and the caliph. Although the fate which awaited him seemed so terrible, and he shrank with such dread from the thought of being banished forever to a desert island with only criminals for

his companions, yet Said looked forward with anxiety to the time when he should be taken from this horrible place of confinement. But he deceived himself indeed, when he believed that his quarters would be better on ship, for into the nethermost hold of the ship the twenty convicts were thrust.

The anchor was hoisted, and Said wept some bitter tears as the ship which was to bear him farther from his native land began her journey. Once a day only a little bread and a flask of water was divided among the poor prisoners; and so dark was it in the ship's hold that a light had to be brought when the food was portioned off to each one within. Every two or three days one of the captives was found dead, so unhealthy was the air in this dungeon on the sea, and Said was only saved by the strength of youth and his extraordinarily stout constitution.

They had already been fourteen days on the ship, when one morning the waves began to rage and swell, and the ship to toss and roll in the agitated waters.

Said guessed that a storm was brewing. The thought was pleasant to him, for he hoped then the ship might sink, and he would be drowned.

With more and more violence the ship was tossed to and fro. At last a terrible cracking noise was heard, the ship trembled and quivered,

and Said knew that she had sprung aleak. Cries and shrieks resounded from the decks and mingled with the noise of the roaring waters. After a short while the noise above ceased, but at the same time one of the prisoners discovered that water was fast pouring into the hold. They banged on the trap door leading to the decks, but no one answered their appeals. As the water was now rushing in faster and faster, the captives pressed with united strength against the door, and at length forced it open.

They ascended the steps, but found no one on the decks. The officers and all the ship's crew had escaped in life boats. Most of the captives now gave up to despair; for the storm raged ever more and more fiercely, the ship cracked, here and there, and began to sink, and there was not one lifeboat left on the vessel. She was, however, slow in sinking, and the half-starved fugitives now made one hearty meal of the provisions which they found in the ship. Before long, however, the storm even increased in its fury, and in a short time the ship was fairly rent in pieces.

Said had climbed the mast, and when the ship broke up, he still held on firmly. The waves tossed him to and fro, but he did not let go his hold, guiding the mast as best he could with his feet. As he thus floated amidst the raging billows in constant peril of instant death, the whistle attached to the gold chain slipped out from his clothes, and attracted his attention by dangling to and fro on the chain. He determined once more to try if he could not make it sound; for the fact flashed across his mind that this very day was his twentieth birthday.

With one hand he clung to the mast, with the other he seized the whistle and blew upon it with all his strength. A clear, loud tone resounded through the air, and in the same instant the storm lulled, and the troubled waters became calm, as though casks of oil had been poured upon them. Scarcely had Said with a lightened heart, looked around on all sides to see if he could anywhere espy land, when the mast on which he sat began to expand, and move in a wonderful manner; and to his horror he saw that he no longer rode upon a piece of wood, but on the back of a huge dolphin. After a few seconds, however, he regained his composure, and, when he saw that the dolphin was bearing him swiftly, indeed, but smoothly and quietly through the water, he ascribed his wonderful rescue to the power of the little silver whistle, and his good friend the fairy, and sang out his most heartfelt thanks.

With the swiftness of an arrow this strange sea-horse bore the youth over the waves. Before

evening Said could discern land quite distinctly, and he recognized a broad river into which the dolphin soon turned. They traveled more slowly up this stream, and feeling faint with hunger, Said, who began to recall some old tales of fairies and magicians, and how their favorites had obtained what they wished for, drew out his whistle, and again blew through it a clear, loud note, at



the same time wishing for a good meal. In an instant the fish was still. Thereupon a table emerged from the water, as little wet as though it had been standing for a week on dry land, in the sun; and it was spread with the choicest food. Said partook of the dainty viands with a will, and he certainly relished the meal; for during his captivity his fare had been scanty and untempting. When he had appeared his appetite, Said gave thanks to the invisible fairy for the bountiful

repast, and immediately the table and its contents vanished beneath the water. He then again took a firm hold on the dolphin, which began to swim rapidly up the river.

The sun had already begun to sink when Said descried in the hazy distance a great city. As he approached nearer he noticed that the minarets of this city, which were the first objects that he could see distinctly, were exactly similar to those in Bagdad. The thought of again being in Bagdad was indeed not very pleasant to Said; but his faith in the power of the good fairy was so strong that he felt quite sure she would not permit him again to fall into the hands of the wicked merchant, Kalum-Bek.

When within less than a mile of the city, Said noticed a magnificent villa not far from the water's edge. To his great surprise, the fish turned and swam straight in the direction of this stately manor.

Upon the highest balcony of the mansion, Said now discerned several men arrayed in gorgeous apparel, and on the shore he saw a great crowd of servants. All eyes were turned upon him, and as he neared the shore their hands were thrown up in amazement at the strange sight. At a flight of marble steps which led up from the water to the villa the dolphin stopped; and scarcely had Said placed one foot upon the steps, when

the dolphin vanished, and no trace of the magic fish could anywhere be seen.

Some of the servants hastened down the steps to escort the youth up, and beg him in the name of their master to enter the mansion, at the same time offering him dry clothes. He soon changed his garments, and was then ushered by the servants up to the high balcony, where he found two men awaiting him. The handsomer and more



elegantly attired of these two stepped forward to welcome him in a friendly and gracious manner. "Who are you, wonderful youth," asked he, "who can tame the fishes of the sea, and ride upon them, turning them to the right or the left with the ease

of a skilled rider upon his well-trained steed? Are you a magician, or a man like one of us?"

"Sir," answered Said, "I have passed through much suffering lately; but if you desire it, I will relate to you my adventures." He then began and narrated to the two men his whole story, from the time that he left his father's house in Balsora, up to his ride upon the fish's back. He withheld nothing. Often was he interrupted by exclamations of surprise and wonder; but when he had finished speaking the master of the house,

who had received him so cordially, said, "I believe your tale, Said; but you told us that you won a chain and medal in a tournament, and that the caliph had given you a ring; cannot you show us these?"

"Here, close to my heart, I have kept them securely. While I live I would not part with such treasures; for no deed can I ever do that will give me so much pleasure as knowing that I saved our great caliph from the hands of his murderers." So saying Said drew forth the medal with the chain, and the ring, and handed them to his host.

"By the beard of the Prophet, this is my ring!" exclaimed the stately master of the villa. "Grand vizier, let us embrace him, for this is our rescuer."

Said was as one in a dream when these two great men thus showed their gratitude to him. He, however, at once threw himself upon his knees, and exclaimed, "Pardon me, in that I have spoken thus freely before you, Commander of the Faithful; for you are no other than Haroun al Raschid, the great caliph of Bagdad."

"I am he—your friend," answered Haroun, "and from this hour your past sad fate shall be changed for comfort and enjoyment. Go with me into Bagdad, and dwell in my palace as one of my most trusted officers; for truly, on the

night of your heroic deed you showed, beyond a doubt, that Haroun's welfare was not a matter of indifference to you. I should not like to put some of my most trusted friends and officers to such a test."

Said thanked the gracious caliph, and promised always to remain with him. He, however, begged leave first to travel home to his father, who, he knew, must be in great grief at not having heard any tidings from his only son for so long a time. To this the caliph most willingly consented. They mounted horses, and reached Bagdad before dark; for the villa was only a few miles distant from the city. Here the caliph assigned to Said a long suite of magnificent apartments in the palace, and promised to have built for him a grand house adjoining the palace.

Upon hearing of the wonderful events of the evening, Said's former brothers in arms, the brother of the caliph and the grand vizier's son, hastened to the youth's apartments. They embraced Said, as the rescuer of their dear and most honored kinsmen, and told him that thenceforth he should be their friend. They were, however, speechless with surprise when Said answered, "I have long been your friend," and at the same time he drew forth the chain and medal which he had received as the tournament prize, and which the young men at once recog-

nized. Before, they had always seen him with the dyed-brown skin and long black beard, and could scarcely believe that he could have been so changed. When Said told them how and why he had then so disfigured himself whenever he went to fight in the tournament, and when he proved to them that he really was Almansor the Brave, as he had been called, they embraced him again, with fresh ardor, and declared themselves lucky to have such a friend.

The following day, when Said was alone with Haroun and the grand vizier, Mesrour, the chief chamberlain, entered the apartment and said, "Commander of the Faithful, if it be your gracious pleasure, may I ask a favor of Your Majesty?"

"I will hear your request," answered Haroun.

"My dear cousin, Kalum-Bek, a distinguished merchant," said Mesrour, "is now in the outer court of the palace. He has had a strange quarrel with a man from Balsora, whose son served in Kalum's bazaar for some time; but, having stolen a large sum from his master, he ran off, and no one knows whither. Now, however, the father insists that Kalum must give him back his son, and the merchant does not even know where the youth has gone. Kalum has therefore come hither to ask for justice from you. Will you, most mighty sovereign, with the

power and wisdom of your unerring judgment, decide between my cousin and this man from Balsora?"

"I will pass judgment on the case," replied the caliph. "Let your cousin and his adversary come to the judgment hall in half an hour."

When Mesrour, having thanked the caliph, had left the apartment, Haroun said: "That is no other than your father, Said; and now, as I luckily know all the true facts of the case, I will judge like a Solomon. You, Said, hide yourself behind the curtains of my throne until I call you. Grand vizier, have that hasty and unjust marshal of police summoned at once. I will need him at the trial." Both Said and the vizier did as the caliph commanded.

Said's heart beat loudly as he saw his father, whose face was pale and haggard, enter the judgment hall with feeble steps; and when Kalum-Bek with a cunning smile of assurance walked in, Said could scarcely refrain from leaving his hiding place and rushing upon his enemy; for this man had been the cause of most of his sufferings.

Quite a crowd of men who wished to hear the caliph's decision had assembled in the hall. When the ruler of Bagdad had taken his seat upon his throne, the grand vizier ordered silence in the hall.

Kalum-Bek stepped before the throne, quite unabashed by the presence of the caliph, and said in a loud voice, "Some days ago, I stood in the doorway of my bazaar, when a herald with a purse in one hand, and with this man, Benezar,

by his side, passed down the street, crying out, 'A purse of gold for him who can give information concerning a youth from Balsora, named Said.' Said had been in my employment, and I therefore cried out, 'Here, friend, I can win the purse.' The man who is now so bitter against me, approached me with a friendly smile, and asked what I knew about the youth. In reply, I asked, 'Are you Benezar, his father?' As he eagerly assented to this, I related to him how I had found



the young man in the desert, saved his life, and brought him safely to Bagdad. In the first joyful excitement of hearing some news of his son, the old man gave me the purse. But when I continued Said's story, and told this irrational

old man how his son had served in my bazaar, stolen a large sum of money from me, and then run off, he would not believe my words, quarreled with me for some days about the matter, and now demands from me his son and his gold. But I cannot give him either; for he gave me the gold in return for the news of his son, which I imparted to him, and as for his young scapegrace, I know not where he is."

Now Benezar made his answer before the caliph. He described his son, told how noble and virtuous he had always been, and argued that he could not have become so corrupted as to steal. In conclusion the old man urged the caliph to look well into the matter.

"I hope, Kalum-Bek," said Haroun, "that you brought the criminal to justice, as was your duty to do."

"Truly, that did I," replied the merchant with a laugh. "I brought him before the marshal of police."

"Bring hither the marshal of police," commanded the caliph.

The marshal, who had previously been summoned by the grand vizier's messenger, was now ushered into the hall. The caliph briefly related the case, and asked the marshal if he remembered the affair. The officer admitted that he had not yet forgotten the matter.

"Did you examine the young man?" asked Haroun. "Did he plead guilty?"

"No," replied the marshal; "he was even so obdurate that he wished to make his statement to no less a person than yourself."

"Yet I do not remember to have seen him," said the caliph.

"Ah! were I to heed what such menials say, I would have to send to Your Highness a score of criminals every day who desire to speak with you," answered the marshal.

"You know that my ear is open to all," replied Haroun; "but perhaps there was such clear evidence of the young man being a thief that it was unnecessary to send him to me. Kalum, were there marks upon the gold pieces found in the youth's possession by which you could prove that they belonged to you?"

"Marks?" asked the merchant, growing pale.
"There were no marks upon them. You yourself, Commander of the Faithful, know that one gold piece is like another. How could I then prove that these same gold pieces had once been in my chest?"

"On what ground, then, did you assert that the sum of money belonged to you?" asked the caliph.

"I knew because the purse in which they were found was mine," replied Kalum.

"Have you the purse here?" continued Haroun.

"Here it is," said the merchant, drawing forth a purse and handing it to the grand vizier to give to the caliph.

But the vizier cried out in feigned astonishment, "By the beard of the Prophet! You say the purse is yours, you dog? Why, it was mine, and I gave it, filled with two hundred gold pieces, to a brave young man who rescued me from great danger."

"Can you swear to it, grand vizier?" asked Haroun.

"So surely as I hope at last to be in Paradise with Allah and his Prophet," answered the vizier, "for the embroidery on it was worked by my daughter."

"So you see that you have judged falsely, Marshal," exclaimed the caliph. "Why did you believe that the purse belonged to Kalum-Bek?"

"He swore to it," answered the marshal, much frightened.

"So you have perjured yourself?" thundered out Haroun to the merchant, who stood before the throne pale and trembling.

"Allah, Allah!" cried out Kalum, "I will certainly say nothing against the grand vizier; he is a worthy, honorable man; but, truly, the purse is mine, and Said stole it from me. A thousand pieces of gold would I give, were that young

knave now here, that he might be convicted of his rascality."

"Officer, what have you done with this Said?" asked the caliph. "Tell me whither I must send to summon him that he may make his confession before this assembly."

"I have sent him to a desert island," said the marshal.

"O, Said, my son, my son!" cried out the unhappy father, unable longer to restrain his tears.

"When you had sentenced him, did he then confess having committed the crime?" asked Haroun.

The marshal turned pale. He rolled his eyes from side to side, and at last said, "If I remember rightly — yes."

"You are not, however, quite certain," exclaimed the caliph in a furious voice, "therefore, we will ask the youth himself. Said, step forth; and you, Kalum-Bek, before we proceed further, pay down the one thousand gold pieces which you just said you would give if the youth were here."

Kalum and the marshal believed they saw a spirit. They dropped upon their knees and cried, "Have mercy, have mercy!" Beneza, faint with sudden joy and surprise, fell into the arms of his long lost son. The caliph then turning to the marshal, said, in a stern voice, "Here

stands Said; now tell me whether or not he confessed his guilt to you."

"No, no," cried out the marshal; "I only heard Kalum's statement; because he is an esteemed citizen."

"Did I give you an office of trust and power that you might listen only to the words of the most distinguished and esteemed men?" roared out Haroun al Raschid, in just indignation. "I will banish you for ten years to a desert island far out in the ocean; there you can think over judgment and justice." Then turning to Kalum he continued, "As for you, wretched man, who restore a dying youth, not for his own sake, but that you may make of him a slave, you shall, as I said before, pay the thousand gold pieces which you said you would give if Said were here."

Kalum was rejoiced to escape with such a light punishment for all his evil treatment of Said, and would have thanked the caliph for his elemency; but Haroun continued: "As a punishment for your perjury, regarding the two hundred gold pieces, you shall not only restore that sum to Said, but also receive a bastinado of two hundred blows. Furthermore, Said may choose whether he will take your whole bazaar, and have you for one of his porters, or whether he will be content with your paying him ten gold pieces for every day that he served you."

"Let the poor wretch go, Commander of the Faithful," exclaimed the youth; "I want nothing that belongs to him."

"That will not do," answered Haroun. "I intend that you shall be remunerated for your services. I will decide for you, and choose that you receive ten gold pieces for each day. Therefore, count up how many days you were in his clutches, and then reckon the amount that he must pay you. Now, away with the knaves."

Kalum and the marshal were then led out, to receive their respective punishments. The caliph escorted Benezar and Said into another saloon, where he related to the father the midnight adventure with the robbers, and how Said had saved him and his grand vizier. He was often interrupted by the loud cries from Kalum-Bek, who in the outer court was receiving his two hundred stripes.

Haroun invited Benezar, with Said, to live with him in Bagdad. The old man gladly accepted the caliph's kind invitation, and shortly afterwards traveled back to Balsora, collected his large fortune, and brought it with him to Bagdad.

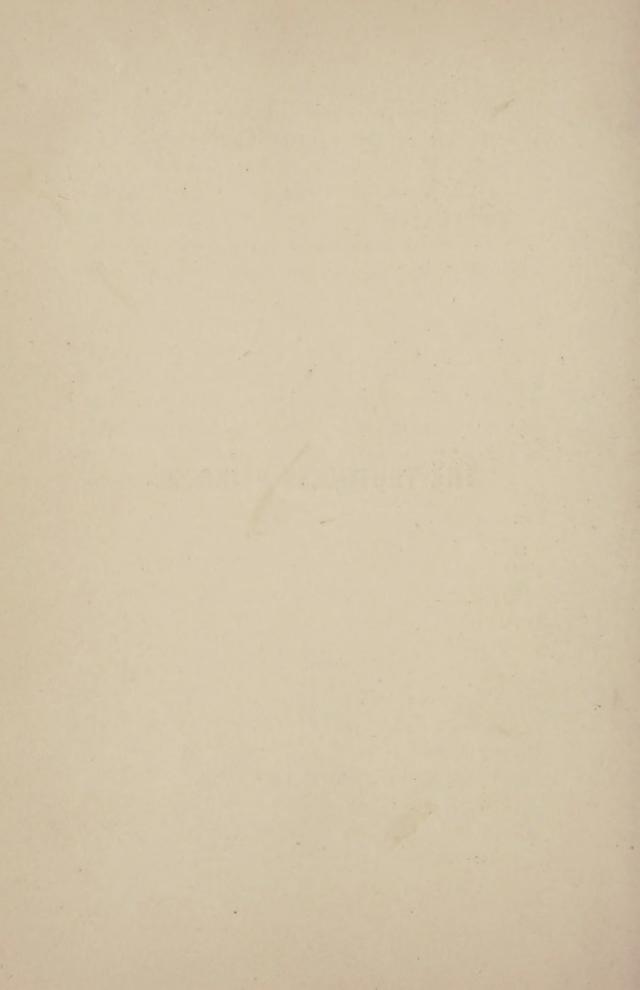
Learning from Said who the ruffians were who had tried to capture his royal person, Haroun sent forth his army and destroyed the whole horde of robbers, who had become a terror to

caravans traveling through that part of the desert. Towards the generous and kind-hearted old chieftian, Selim, however, the caliph (moved by Said's entreaties) was very lenient, granting him his freedom, and a handsome allowance, that the old robber-chief might pass his last years in honesty and comfort.

Said lived like a prince, with his father, in the palace which, soon after the trial, the grateful caliph had built for him. Haroun's young brother and the grand vizier's son were his constant companions; and it soon became a saying in Bagdad, "I should like to be as good and as lucky as Said, the son of Benezar."



THE TRUTHLESS PRINCESS.





THERE was once a king who reigned over a kingdom so large that it would require many months to walk from one border to the other.

In the center of the kingdom stood a castle, in which dwelt the king, who had an only daughter. There is no man in the whole world so happy as this king would have been, if only his daughter had not caused him continual sorrow and mortification. For this princess had a fault, and that a most dreadful one.

Was she then so ugly? O, no! she was as beautiful as a fresh spring morning, and outwardly there was no blemish. Had she but had a true heart, she would have been faultless. That, however, this princess had not, for since her earliest childhood she had never opened her mouth except to tell a falsehood. This was how she caused the king so much sorrow.

Close to the castle there was a little palace which the king had built for the princess, and her train of court maids. There the princess passed her time in solitude; for all men shunned her, because only falsehoods passed her lips.

The king at times went to see his daughter, but always returned sad and grave. The whole people sympathized with the king in his trouble, and looked forward with dread and horror to the



time when the king should die and the princess ascend the throne; for woe is it to that kingdom whose monarch speaks not the truth.

The king had caused it to be proclaimed several times that he would give his entire kingdom, and also the princess as bride, to any one who could teach his daughter to speak the truth. Hundreds of princes came to the castle to try their luck, for there is never a scarcity of princes who wish to marry, especially where they are to receive with the bride a great kingdom as her dowry. These all, however, had to return home without having gained that which they had sought to win, for none could teach the princess the lesson which she so needed to learn.

At some little distance from the king's palace dwelt a poor widow with her only son, who was the king's shepherd. Peter was the youth's name, and he was his mother's pride and joy, for he loved the truth.

One evening Peter came home looking very thoughtful, and before he lay down to rest he said to his mother, "I think I shall go no more out on the meadow to tend the sheep, mother."

"What then do you expect to do?" asked the widow.

"To-morrow I am going to the king's castle," answered the youth.

"What will you do there?" asked the mother.

"I will cure the princess of her fault, and, as a reward, I shall receive the whole kingdom," replied the son.

The next morning, therefore, the widow gave Peter her blessing, and he began his journey. When he was about half-way to the castle he heard in a wood the rippling of a spring. He hastened on in the direction whence the sound proceeded, that he might quench his thirst, and refill his bottle for the remainder of the journey. Never before had Peter seen such clear water, and as he bent over the spring it seemed to him as though he saw a bright light at the bottom. He stooped, and began to taste the sparkling water; but the more he drank, the nearer came the light, and at length a bright figure rose from the spring.

"You have drunk of the Spring of Truth, and therefore I will grant you one wish," said the radiant being to Peter.

"Then truly, above all else, I wish to be able to cure the princess of her fault," exclaimed the youth.

"You have surely undertaken a difficult task," replied the bright figure; "yet if you do exactly as I bid you, success will, perchance, attend your efforts."

"What must I do?" asked Peter.

"Fill your bottle from this spring," said the form in the water, "and go to the castle. When for the first time you hear the princess utter a falsehood, sprinkle on her three drops of this water, at the same time saying, 'May it happen unto you as you have said.' Three days later you must meet her again, and if she does not speak the truth, sprinkle on her six drops of this

water, saying, 'May it happen to you as you have said.' Six days later you must meet her again, and if she still does not speak the truth, then she is incurable."

With the last word the brilliant figure vanished. Peter then filled his bottle, and re-commenced his journey. Late in the evening he reached the castle, and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the king.

"One who has come to cure the princess," answered Peter boldly.

"Then you must wait until daylight," replied the king, "that I may see what kind of a fellow you are before I let you into the castle."

So Peter had to take his night's rest on the terrace grass. Scarcely had the sun arisen in the east, when the king appeared in the doorway of the castle; for although he had now little hope remaining, yet he gladly saw all who believed they could teach the princess to speak the truth. When, however, the king saw Peter, he frowned and said, "What could you be able to do, where hundreds of princes have failed?"

"Nevertheless, allow me to try," begged the

youth.

"It can do no harm to try," thought the king, and so he had Peter brought in and refreshed with good food. The shepherd then told the king that to cure the princess he must meet her

three times. The second time, three days after the first meeting; and the third time, six days after the second interview.

Towards evening the princess was sent for, to come over to the castle and meet the youth. She came quite alone, and with a scornful toss of her head, entered the saloon where, in his coarse clothes, stood Peter, who greeted her courteously.



Then the king said, "Here, my daughter, is one of your suitors. How are you pleased with him?"

"He is the most stately knight that I have ever seen. He is indeed clothed in golden apparel, and wears upon his head a sparkling crown. In all the world I could not find a more suitable companion," answered the princess, and

then laughed so loudly that the sounds were echoed throughout the halls.

At these words the king knit his brow, and glanced at Peter, as though he would bid him hearken. Peter nodded, as if to say, "I hear, I hear."

"And," asked the king, "if I were to tell you that I wished you to marry him, what would you say to that?"

"I say," replied the princess, "that he had better think well before he comes to fetch me; for on either side of the entrance to my palace stands a roaring lion, and over my door sits a ferocious eagle; and even were the suitor not affrighted at these, the guardians of my portals, yet would he surely run quickly away when he saw that in reality I am an old witch, and that each night I fly out of a window, and ride through the air on a broom." With these words the princess again laughed loudly. "Can you not speak one word of truth?" asked Peter.

"Yes, that can I," replied the princess; "and, therefore, I will also say that you have come hither to kill the king, and usurp his throne."

At these words the king grew pale, but Peter took three drops of water from his bottle and sprinkled them on the princess, saying, "May it happen to you as you have said, until we meet again in three days."

The king commanded that Peter should be confined meanwhile in the tower. The princess laughed as the guards led him away. When, however, later in the evening the princess was about to re-enter her palace, she nearly fainted with horror; for on either side of the entrance of her palace stood, as she had said in her lie, a roaring lion. She turned, and would have hastened away, but she was stopped by a knight arrayed in golden apparel, and wearing a sparkling crown upon his head; and his eyes, hair, and expression were the same as Peter's. He motioned with his hand that she should pass through the entrance, and the princess felt her blood turn cold as she passed between the two wild beasts. which growled fiercely and sprang at her. But her terror was increased when she saw sitting over the doorway a ferocious eagle. Now again she turned to flee, but was stopped by the same knight. She rushed into the palace, screaming loudly with terror, for the eagle had swooped down to seize her. As she entered her room her eyes fell on the mirror, and she saw that her once beautiful face was now frightfully ugly. She had become a hideous witch, and before she knew what was happening she had flown out of the window, and was riding through the air on a broom. At the same moment she heard the knight's voice saying:

"Your lying words have thus come true: You shalt in coldest regions rue; And this dark night through sharp winds fly, Suffering pain for every lie."

With the speed of the wind the princess flew through the darkness. Now over gloomy forests, now over the roaring sea, and the farther she flew, the colder it grew. The north wind pierced through her light garments, and she fancied she was being lashed with a thousand whips. Moreover, it seemed as though she saw her father dying before her eyes, and Peter was the one who had killed him. The sweat of agony stood upon her brow, but in an instant it had frozen, and hung in long, sharp icicles over her face. She attempted to call out, but every cry was smothered by a fog that enveloped her. Suddenly she felt herself caught in a whirlwind, and whirled round and round, until, utterly frozen and benumbed, she fell into what seemed a bottomless Down, down, she sank, lower and lower in the darkness of the night. At the earliest dawn of day, however, the princess awoke in her own room, and found her courtmaids standing around her.

All the next day the princess was very unhappy, but she would not tell any one the cause. As evening drew on she asked her maids if they had heard anything that day concerning the

stranger, and when one of the attendants told her that Peter had been sentenced to die, tears filled her eyes, and she hastened out to seek her father, and acknowledge to him that all she had said against the young stranger was false. Scarcely, however, had she left her palace, when her repentance fled, and she turned to re-enter her palace. But lo! there again were the roaring wild beasts standing at either side of the entrance.

At that instant the valiant knight stepped forth, and killed the lions with his sword.

"As a reward for your repentance, I will also drive off the fierce eagle," said the knight, and the bird disappeared as he spoke.

The princess gazed at her deliverer with amazement. He then stretched out his hand and said, "I thank you for having wept for my sake."

At these words the princess grew angry, and said, "I cry on your account? No, never have I done such a thing. I shall laugh when I see you suffer death, because you have tormented me."

At this moment the princess glanced at the mirror, and saw that she was again changed into a hideous witch.

"Thus have your lying words come true;
To-night again a witch are you:
Through coldest regions shall you fly,
There to be cleansed from every lie."

As the knight uttered these words the princess was borne up in the air, and through the long night was tortured as before with the biting cold and fierce north wind.

The following day the princess felt even more dejected. Towards evening she again asked her maids whether they had heard any news of the stranger. When her attendants answered that Peter was soon to be killed, tears flowed from



the princess's eyes, and she hastened out to go to her father, the king, and make to him her full confession, that thereby she might save Peter. As, however, she reached the castle steps, her hasty repentance forsook her, and she turned to go back to her own apartments. Suddenly she was met by the knight in the golden apparel, and his glance was less reproachful than before. He followed the princess to her palace, and as she

was entering, he said, "I thank you for the tears you have shed on my account."

The princess felt her anger rising at these words, but as the knight gazed so reproachfully at her, passion gave place to tears, which trickled down her cheeks. In the night that followed, the north wind had to blow and whirl alone, because her sorrow for past words and actions saved the princess from repeated tortures in the darkness.

On the third day Peter was led out from the tower to speak again with the princess, and as she entered the castle hall all were amazed to see her looking so pale and thin.

"What say you now of your new suitor?" asked the king.

"I say," answered the princess, "that he is innocent of the criminal intentions of which I accused him, and also that he is my best friend."

Peter smiled to hear the princess utter these words of truth, but the king replied:

"Now, every one can tell that you are speaking falsely, for you have never yet made a friend of one of your suitors. I believe rather what you first said of him, and therefore in six days he shall suffer death."

Weeping bitterly, the princess sank upon her knees, and begged her father to show mercy to Peter. The king, however, remained unmoved, and said:

"How can he be your best friend when you have never spoken to, or even seen him, except these two times?"

"I have often spoken with him," cried the princess with all the impetuosity of her soul, and in the hope of saving Peter, she began with great eagerness to tell how each night she had sat outside of his prison window, and talked with him, and how in those three nights she had proved that he was her best friend.

Peter then sprinkled the princess with six drops of the water, saying: "Never, even in times of dire need, may you deviate from the truth. May it happen unto you as you have said until we meet here again, in six days."

Then the guards led Peter back to the tower, and confined him in his cell, which was on the ground floor. But the princess returned to her palace weeping so bitterly that the grass and flowers were withered on the path where her hot tears fell.

That night the princess felt restless and uneasy, and sleep fled from her. As she lay tossing on her soft couch, her thoughts turned to the innocent prisoner who, because of her falsehood, was soon to suffer death. It seemed as though she were being guided by some irresistible power which she could no longer withstand. She arose, slipped noiselessly by her sleeping maids, passed

by the guards unperceived, and went to the prison window, to beg Peter to forgive her for all the evil she had brought upon him.

Peter took her hand in his, through the bars, and tried to comfort her; and towards dawn the princess returned to her palace.

Each night, guided by the same power, the princess went to the window of Peter's cell, there to learn from him of the peace and joy that go hand in hand with Truth, and of the misery and destruction which follow the footsteps of Falsehood.

On the sixth day the princess was summoned again to meet Peter in the grand saloon at the castle. This time as she entered she did not weep, but went calmly up to the king, and said:

"Dear father, I have caused you much sorrow, but I hope you will believe me when I say that I have learned to love the truth, and that my heart is now as true as any one's that throbs upon the earth."

The king's countenance did not change, and he seemed unmoved. After a short silence, he said to his daughter, "Have you anything to say before the accused is led forth to die?"

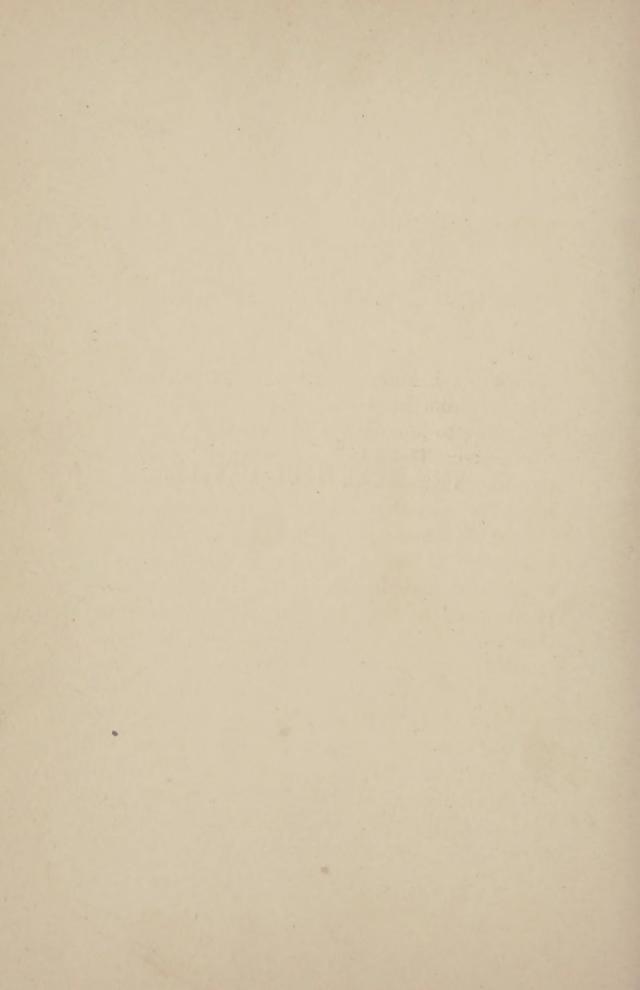
"I pray you," replied the princess, "to let me die also, for I have accused him falsely; he is innocent, and if he be killed, I shall be guilty of his death."

When the king heard this answer his face lighted up, and he said, "I did but wish to prove you to the utmost; now, I know surely that you do speak the truth."

The king embraced his daughter, and also her worthy suitor. Then a great wedding feast was prepared, and the happy pair were united amid the general jubilee of the whole people.



à THE BEAUTIFUL CASTLE.





In a certain forest there once dwelt a peasant. Not far from his cottage was a small meadow belonging to him on which grew the most beautiful grass. The man valued this meadow more than anything else that he owned. But one summer he noticed often early in the mornings before sunrise that the beautiful grass was trodden down, and where it looked most fresh, with the dewdrops still glistening on the blades, human footprints could be traced. The peasant was much troubled at this, and was anxious to know who it could be that trod down the grass in the nights.

The peasant now turned over in his mind what he had best do, that he might discover who was the trespasser. One night he sent his eldest son to keep watch over the meadow; but the youth had not watched long when he began to feel very tired, and before midnight he was in a deep sleep. He did not awake until the sun was again shining in the heavens. So he returned home none the wiser for his midnight's sleep on the meadow. Moreover, the grass was trodden down as usual.

The next evening the peasant sent his second son to watch on the meadow. This son felt sure of keeping awake, and promised to bring home the desired information. But it happened to him as with his brother, for he had not watched long before he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until the sun was shining brightly. He, also, returned home, having accomplished nothing, and the beautiful grass on the meadow was quite as trodden down as on the previous mornings.

The peasant after this thought there was no use in trying to have the meadow watched, and began to think out some other means by which he could catch the intruder. On the third evening, however, the youngest son came to the father, and begged permission to go to the meadow and keep watch himself that night. The peasant answered, "It is not worth while for you to try. It can hardly be expected that you, who are so young, would accomplish more than your two elder brothers." But the youth replied that he would like well to try his luck. The father therefore gave his consent. The lad accordingly went out to the meadow, although his father and brothers laughed at him for his self-confidence.

Now the youth, whose name was Hans, kept himself awake and watched carefully all night, but he did not see or hear anything. Towards morning, however, some time before sunrise, he heard, suddenly, a noise like the flapping of wings. Soon after, three doves flew past him, and alighted on the meadow. A few minutes later the three doves threw off their feather garbs, and thereupon became three lovely maidens. They soon began to dance, and, truly, their steps were so light and graceful that their feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The youth could now easily guess who it was that every morning trod down the grass on his father's meadow. He knew not what to think of the strange transformation he had just witnessed. One of the three maidens especially attracted his attention. She was more beautiful in form and feature than anything he had ever before imagined or dreamed of. He felt that he loved her more than he ever could any one else in all the wide world.

When Hans had watched the dance some minutes he sprang up suddenly and went noiselessly and stole the three feather cloaks. He then lay down upon his booty and waited patiently to see how this adventure would end.

Just before sunrise the three maidens ended their dance, and would have left the meadow, but they could not find their feather cloaks. They seemed greatly distressed, and ran here and there over the meadow until they came to where Hans was lying on the grass. The maidens asked if he had found their cloaks, and when they saw that he had taken possession of their feather garments they begged him earnestly to restore to them the stolen booty.

The youth answered, "Yes, I have indeed taken them, and I will not give them back to you except under two conditions."

Now as the maidens found they could gain nothing by entreaties, they asked the youth what the two conditions were, and promised to fulfill them.

Then Hans replied, "My first condition is that you will tell me who you are, and whence you came."

The most beautiful maiden answered, "I am a king's daughter, and these two are my maids of honor. We are from the mountain which lies east from the sun and north from the earth, whither no mortal can come."

Hans then said, "My second condition is that the king's daughter promise to give me her hand in marriage, and to return my love, and that she now name a day on which we may celebrate our nuptials, for I will have her and no other in the world for my bride."

Now, as the sun had already risen, and the

maidens dared not remain on the meadow any longer, the king's daughter was forced to accede to the youth's proposition. Hans and the beautiful princess then exchanged vows of everlasting fidelity, whereupon the youth gave back the three feather cloaks, took an affectionate farewell of his betrothed, and the three maidens again assuming their dove forms, flew high up in the air, and hastened away.

When it was broad day Hans returned home, and was questioned by his father and brothers

as to what wondrous things he had seen, and what feats he had performed during the night. But the youth spoke little, and only said that he had fallen asleep, and so had observed nothing. Thereupon his brothers



teased and made game of him, because he had believed that his night's adventure would turn out more successful than theirs, although they were in all things much wiser than he.

A long time elapsed, and at last the day which the princess had appointed for her wedding-day drew near. Hans then begged his father to prepare for him a feast, to which he wished to invite his friends and acquaintances. The peasant complied with his son's request, and provided a sumptuous repast.

As midnight approached, and amid all the assembled guests merriment was at its height, suddenly a great noise was heard from without, and in a few moments a magnificent chariot, drawn by six fleet horses, stopped before the cottage door. In the chariot sat the beautiful princess, attired in bridal costume, and both her maids of honor were with her. Now all the guests were dumb with amazement, as can well be imagined. Hans welcomed his bride with great joy, and told of the strange adventure which he had had while guarding his father's meadow one night. Then there was a gay and joyful wedding, and all who saw the young princess pronounced Hans lucky indeed to have won such a bride.

Early in the morning, before it was yet day, the princess said she must return home. The bridegroom then became sad, and asked if she could not remain yet a little while longer with him. But the king's daughter answered, "My father reigned over the beautiful mountain which is east from the sun and north from the earth. He was slain by a wicked giant, who now holds me in such close confinement that I am not able to leave the mountain save at midnight, and were I not to return before daybreak it would cost me me my life."

When Hans heard this he would not detain his bride, but bade her speed on her way, as the time of danger was approaching. At parting the princess gave him, as a souvenir, a gold ring; the maids of honor, also, each presented him with a golden apple. The three then entered the chariot, and were borne swiftly away.

After this the youth had no peace of mind, for his one thought was how he could reach the beautiful castle which was east from the sun and north from the earth. So one day he went to his father and asked permission to go forth and seek his bride. The old man said that Hans might go if he liked, but he knew his search would be vain. Thereupon the youth took leave of his friends, and started on his way alone.

Hans now wandered over mountains and through valleys, and passed through many large kingdoms, but no one could tell him how to reach the beautiful castle. As he wandered on he came one day to a large forest. Here he saw two giants, who were engaged in a furious struggle. Then said Hans, "Ye giants, why do ye bide here and strive so with one another?"

The giants answered, "Our father is dead, and we have divided his property. But here is a pair of boots, and we cannot agree which one of us shall possess them."

The youth replied, "I can end your strife. If

you cannot agree, give me the boots. I am a poor wanderer, and have yet a long way to go."

Then said one of the giants, "It might be well to do as you say, but these are no ordinary boots, for whosoever wears them can with one step go a hundred miles."

When Hans heard this he wished much to possess the wonderful boots, and he told the giants that they had better give them to him, for then they need strive together no more;



otherwise they could never settle their dispute. When the youth had thus argued, the giants determined it was best to do as he said. Hans then put on the boots with which in one step he could go a hundred miles, and so traveled into foreign lands.

When he had gone a considerable distance Hans came to another forest. Here the sounds of loud, angry voices reached his ear. He entered the forest, and saw two giants engaged in a most abusive altercation with one another.

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Thereupon Hans said, "Ye giants, why do ye stand here wrangling with one another?"

One of the giants answered, "Our father is dead, and we have divided his property. But here is a cloak, and we cannot decide which one of us shall own it."

The youth replied, "I will settle your dispute. If it be so that you cannot agree which one shall have the cloak, give it to me. I am a traveler, and have a long way to go."

Then said one of the giants, "That may be true, but this is not like other cloaks, for whosoever has it around him is invisible."

When Hans heard this he became very anxious to possess the magic cloak. He told the giants that they had much better give it to him, for then they need quarrel no longer. Now as the giants could think of no other way to settle their dispute they at last consented to the youth's proposition. When Hans had thrown this cloak around him which made him invisible, he wandered off into far-away lands.

After the youth had traveled for some time he came to a third forest. Here he heard a noise as of blows and cries. He entered the forest, and saw two giants dealing each other many a heavy blow. Then said the youth, "Ye giants, why do ye fight so with one another?"

One of the giants answered, "Our father is

dead, and we have divided his property. But here is a sword, and we cannot agree to which one of us it shall belong."

Hans replied, "I can end your strife. If you cannot agree together about the sword give it to me. I am a poor traveler, and have yet a long journey before me."

Then one of the giants replied, "Your suggestion is good, but this is no ordinary sword. Whosoever is struck with its point, he shall die instantly. If, however, a slain body be touched with the hilt of this sword, that person will immediately become alive and well."

Now the youth longed greatly to possess the wonderful sword, and he told the giants that it would be best for them to give it to him, for then their dispute would be ended. The giants could think of no other way in which to settle their quarrel, so they at last consented to give the youth the sword.

Now Hans, with the hundred-mile boots on, his invisible cloak thrown about his shoulders, and the magic sword hung by his side, was well equipped for any journey.

One evening, just at dusk, the youth came to a great forest which seemed to have no end. When he had looked about on all sides to discover if possible some place of shelter for the night, he suddenly spied a small light which glistened through the trees. The youth went on in the direction of the light, and came at length to a tiny cottage. In the cottage dwelt a very, very aged woman. She seemed to have lived through as many centuries as Hans had, years. The youth entered the cottage, greeted her most courteously, and asked if he might remain there over night.

When the old woman heard his sweet voice and civil words, she asked, "Who are you who greet an old woman so politely? While I have dwelt in this cottage twelve groves of oaks have grown up and died down, one after another, yet in all those ages no one ever came here who saluted me with such courtly grace and sweetness as you have."

The youth replied, "I am a poor wanderer, who seeks the Beautiful Castle which lies east from the sun and north from the earth. Cannot you tell me the way thither, good mother?"

"No," said the old woman, "I cannot. But I reign over the beasts of the fields; perhaps among them there may be one who can direct you to the Beautiful Castle." The youth thanked the old woman for her thoughtfulness, and so remained for the night in the cottage.

Early in the morning, as the sun appeared in the east, the old woman called loudly for all her four-footed subjects to assemble. Then all kinds of animals came running from out the wood — bears, wolves, foxes, and many others — to ask what their queen would have them do.

The old woman said, "Can any of you tell me the way to the Beautiful Castle which lies north from the earth and east from the sun?"

For some time the animals consulted together, but none among them knew the way to the Beautiful Castle. Then said the old woman to Hans, "There is no other way in which I can help you. My sister, however, who dwells many thousand miles from here, reigns over the fishes of the sea; perhaps she knows the way to the Beautiful Castle."

The youth then took leave of the old woman, thanked her for the trouble she had taken for him, and went on his way.

When Hans had traveled a very long distance he came, late one evening, to a great forest. When he had looked around to find some shelter for the night, he noticed a faint light which glimmered through the trees. He wandered on in the direction of the light, and came before long to a very dilapidated little cottage built on the edge of the seashore. Within the cottage dwelt an ancient dame, who seemed to have lived through as many centuries as Hans had, months. The youth entered, and delivering to the old dame her sister's greeting, begged for a night's shelter.

When the youth had finished speaking the old dame said, "Who are you who greet an old dame so courteously? I have dwelt here while four and twenty groves of oaks have grown up and died down, one after another, yet never has any one come here with such a sweet voice, and such pleasant manners."

The youth answered, "I am a poor traveler, in search of the Beautiful Castle which lies east from the sun and north from the earth. Perchance, you can direct me thither, good mother."

"No," replied the dame, "I cannot; but I reign over all the fishes of the sea. Perhaps one among them can tell you the way. At least, stay here until to-morrow."

The youth thanked the dame for her civility, and remained in the cottage over night.

Early next morning at the first dawn of day, the old dame had assembled all her fish-subjects. All the fishes of the sea were collected there—whales, pikes, salmons, flounders, sharks, sword-fishes, and many others; and they awaited their queen's command. The ancient dame then asked if any one among them knew the way to the Beautiful Castle, east from the sun and north from the earth, whither no man could come.

The fishes consulted together for some time, but none among them could tell the way to the Beautiful Castle. Then said the old dame to Hans, "You see that I cannot help you further, but I have another sister who lives many thousand miles from here. She reigns over all the birds of the air. Go to her; if she cannot help you, no one can."

The youth then bade farewell to the old dame, thanking her for her great hospitality and kindness, and set out again on his travels.

When Hans had traveled full many a thousand miles, he came late one evening to a great forest, which was so deep that it seemed to have no end. As he looked around him, to seek some shelter for the night, he perceived a dim light which shone faintly through the trees. He walked on in the direction of the light, and soon reached a small cottage, crumbling with age. In the cottage dwelt a very, very ancient dame, who seemed to have lived through as many centuries as Hans had, days. The youth entered the cottage, delivered with great respect to the ancient dame her sister's greeting, and begged a night's shelter.

The ancient dame then said, "Who are you that come here with such pleasant words, and such a pleasing manner? I have dwelt here while eight-and-forty groves of oaks have one after another grown up and died down with old age, yet never has any one come here who was so courteous and respectful to old age as you are."

The youth answered, "I am a poor wanderer, seeking the Beautiful Castle which lies east from the sun and north from the earth, whither no man can come. Perhaps you can tell me the way."

"No," replied the dame, "I know not of such a castle. But I reign over all the birds of the air; perchance one among them may know the way thither. At least remain here over night."

The youth thanked the old dame for her good will, and remained in the cottage over night.

By times in the morning, before the first cock had crowed, the ancient dame had given her order for all her winged subjects to assemble. Now all the birds of the air came flying towards the cottage; eagles, swans, hawks, and every other bird, in obedience to their queen's command. Then the dame said, "I have summoned you all to know if any among you can show the way to the Beautiful Castle which lies east from the sun and north from the earth." But none among all the birds had ever heard of the Beautiful Castle. The ancient dame was much vexed at this lack of success, and asked, "Are you all assemble here? I do not see among you the bird Phœnix."

"The Phœnix has not yet come," replied the whole host of birds.

After they had waited for some time they saw the missing bird high up in the air, moving slowly towards the assembly. She was so tired that she could scarcely use her wings, and as she neared the earth she fell exhausted to the ground. All the multitude of birds rejoiced greatly at the arrival of the Phænix, but the old dame was very angry, and asked why she had kept them waiting so long.

It was some time before the poor bird could find breath to answer. At last, however, she said, "Do not be angry because I am so late in coming, for I had such a distance to fly hither. I was in a far-off land, at the Beautiful Castle, which lies east from the sun and north from the earth."

Now the birds' queen was much pleased to hear these words, and said, "Your punishment shall be that you at once fly back to the Beautiful Castle and carry this youth with you. The poor Phænix considered this a severe discipline, as she was utterly exhausted, and the way was so long, but she knew she must obey. Hans, however, besought the old dame to allow him to remain in her cottage for another night, and start the following morning, when the tired Phænix would be again rested. The old dame consented reluctantly to thus diminish the severity of the bird's punishment.

Early next morning Hans took a grateful farewell of the birds' queen, and seated himself on the back of the Phœnix. Then the bird flew high up in the clouds, and passed over mountains and valleys, over the blue sea and the green woods.

When they had traveled through the air for a long time, the Phænix asked, "Good youth, do you see anything?"

"Yes," said the youth, "I think I see a blue cloud far off in the distance."

"That is the land whither we are going," re-



plied the bird. She now flew on in silence for a long distance. Then the Phænix asked again, "Fair sir, do you see anything now?"

"Yes," Hans answered, "I see a blue spot in the cloud which shines out clearly."

"That," replied the bird, "is the mountain to which we are traveling." She then flew on rapidly until night set in. Then the Phænix asked for the third time, "Young master, do you see anything?"

"Yes," answered Hans, "I see quite distinctly a great castle which glitters and sparkles like gold and silver in the full rays of the sun."

"Now we are there," replied the bird. She then let herself gently down upon the Beautiful Mountain, and the youth was again on firm ground. Hans thanked the beautiful bird for her great trouble, and then she flew back to the earth.

About midnight, when all the giants were fast asleep, the youth went to the castle gate and knocked. The king's daughter sent one of her court maids to see who it was that came to the castle at such a late hour. As the maid approached the gate Hans threw her the golden apple which she had given him. The maid at once recognized her own apple, and so she knew who stood without. She hastened to her mistress, and told her the unexpected news. But the princess would not believe what the maid said was true.

The king's daughter now sent her other court maid to the gate, but as she drew near the youth threw towards her the other golden apple, which she had given to him. The maid at once recognized her own apple, and returned to her mistress with all speed to tell who was without. But the

princess still would not believe the news, and went herself to the gate, and asked who it was that knocked. Then Hans reached to her the gold ring which she herself had given him. Now the princess knew that her bridegroom had come; she opened, therefore, the gate, and received him with the greatest joy.

Towards morning the bride grew sad, and said, at length, "Now we must again part. By all that is sacred to you, hasten from here before the giants awake, otherwise you will surely lose your life."

Thereupon the bride and bridegroom took an affectionate farewell of each other, and the princess shed many a tear. But Hans had no idea of fleeing. He pulled on his hundred-mile boots, threw his invisible cloak around his shoulders, and hung the magic sword by his side, and was thus prepared to meet the giants in mortal combat.

By sunrise all within the castle were up and about. The castle doors were thrown open, and all the giants came marching into the great hall in a long procession. Hans stood at the entrance with drawn sword, and as each giant entered, his head was severed from his body by the magic sword; but the giants could not see either Hans or the sword, because of the youth's invisible cloak. Hans did not rest from this bloody pastime until the last giant was slain.

Soon after, attracted by the cries and shouts of the dying giants, the princess sent her two maids to see what had happened. They soon returned, telling her that the youth was alive and unhurt, but that all the giants were slain. Then the beautiful princess was greatly rejoiced, and she felt that now all her troubles were at an end.

After the first joy and excitement had somewhat subsided the princess said, "Now my happiness is so great that it could not be greater, if only my father and my friends were restored to life and health."

"Show me their graves," said the youth; "I will see if I can help them."

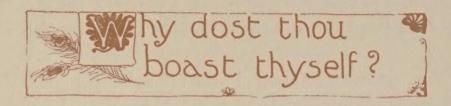
They then went to the grounds where the princess's father and all the courtiers were buried. Hans then touched them, one by one, with the hilt of his magic sword, and they all became again alive and well.

Now there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom; all thanked the brave youth who had freed them, and with one accord proclaimed him king of the Beautiful Mountain.

Thus ends the story of the Beautiful Castle, which lies east from the sun and north from the earth; and thereby may we learn the old saying, that true love with perseverance can conquer all difficulties.

WHY DOST THOU BOAST THYSELF?





On the floor of a store-room a clever little rat sat nibbling a pea. He had taken it from a linen bag, in one corner of which he had gnawed a small hole.

When he had quite finished the first pea, he thought he would take another. Just before so doing, however, he stopped awhile to philosophize.

"What a sagacious animal I am, to be sure," said the rat to himself. "I can come into houses though the doors be fast closed, and how does it hinder me if the people do hide away their pease in a bag; I am smart enough to take them out."

The rat was here cut short in his soliloquy, for the house-cat, who, unperceived, had for some time been eying the rat, now sprang suddenly forward, and seized him by the throat.

When she had amused herself for an hour or so with the rat, tossing it up in the air and catching it like a ball until its head had fallen from its body, she sat down and purred with pleasure. Then she thought of the boasting speech of the rat which she had heard from the corner.

"You poor, wretched beast!" said the cat.
"Wherefore shouldst thou boast thyself? I am
the one who reigns here, and I alone have the
right to carry my head high."

But see! as she said the last word, a large greyhound sprang into the room, with a fierce bow-wow. He chased proud Pussy out of the house, around the yard, and would certainly have bitten her had she not just in time climbed to the top of a large tree.

"You boasting thing!" howled the dog.
"Wherefore dost thou boast of thyself? I am
the favorite of the master. Were you not at the
top of that tree I would soon show you who is
the strongest in this house."

Then the dog ran off to the field where his master's favorite steed was pasturing. He noticed the proud step of the steed, as with head tossed back he capered through the field. Then the dog ran in front of the horse that he might frighten him with his barking.

"Grass-eater," growled the dog, "you have no cause to carry yourself so proudly. You have to go out in the fields and eat grass, while to me

the master hands the daintiest bits from his own table."

The dog would have bitten his rival on the leg, but just then the horse gave him such a kick on the head with his iron-shod hoof that he fell to the ground at some distance — dead.

"Ha, ha, ha!" neighed the horse, tossing back his head with proud scorn. "Whereof dost thou boast thyself? I am the noblest of animals; I share with my master the dangers of the battle, and my swiftness has often saved his life. I alone have the right to be proud of my worth." With these words and thoughts the proud horse galloped through the fields, and noticed not that he had entered the forest. Neither did he perceive that a lion, crouched beneath a bush, was drawing nearer — nearer.

With one mighty spring the lion threw himself upon the steed, who breathed his last beneath the weight of the great lion. "Fool!" roared the lion, with such a mighty voice that it was echoed back from every tree. "Wherefore dost thou boast thyself? I am the king of beasts, on my brow sits majesty, from out of my eyes flashes the fire of might, and my strength gives me the right to reign."

Suddenly an arrow pierced the lion's heart, and he fell in his death struggle by the side of his victim. The owner of the horse, who had been hunting on foot in the forest, had seen how the lion robbed him of his costly steed, and he had struck the beast to the ground with his well-aimed arrow. The man took the lion's skin, threw it over his shoulder, and wandered homeward.

"King of beasts," sneered the man. "Of what canst thou boast thyself now? You fell like a deer by my hand, for I am lord of earth and beasts."

While he yet spake a flash of lightning shot from out the heavens, now black with clouds, and the man fell dead upon the skin of the lion; and the thunder rolled out mightily: "Wherefore boastest thou thyself so proudly?"



THE SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA.





The Sheik of Alexandria, Ali Banu, was a singular man. In the morning he would pass through the streets of the city attired in a magnificent court-robe, a girdle worth thirty camels, and his head adorned with a turban of costly cashmeres. Yet his steps were grave and measured, his brow set in deep thought, his eyebrows knit, his eyes fixed on the ground, and at every few steps he would stroke his long, full beard as if to ease his sad meditations.

As he thus bent his steps towards the mosque, as was his daily custom, to hear read from the Koran the faith of his fathers, the people would stop on the street, look after him, and say to one another, "That is a stately, handsome man—and rich!"

"Ah! a rich master, indeed, is he," another would reply. "Has he not a great castle at the harbor of Constantinople? Has he not riches

and fields, and many thousand head of cattle, and numberless slaves?"

"Truly," a third would make answer. "Did not the messenger from Constantinople who bore



a message to him not long ago from the grand-seignior say to me that our sheik was held in high esteem by all the great rulers?"

"Verily," a fourth would reply, "his steps are blessed by the Prophet. He is a rich, distinguished ruler, but—but—you know what I mean."

"Yes, yes," the others would respond, "it is quite true, he has his share of mis-

fortunes. I would not change lots with him. Truly, he is a rich and great man, but—but—"

Ali Banu had a magnificent house in the most beautiful part of Alexandria. Before the house was a broad terrace inclosed by a low wall of white marble. The terrace was shaded by fine palm-trees. Here the sheik often sat in the evenings, smoking his pipe in silence. At a respectful distance twelve slaves stood waiting his bidding. One slave carried his snuff-box, another held a sunshade above his master's head, a third bore the massive golden goblet filled with costly sherbet. A fourth was provided with a fan of gorgeous peacock feathers wherewith to keep the flies or other buzzing insects from approaching too near to his honored master. Others were singers and musicians, and carried with them lutes and wind-instruments, to entertain the sheik with music when he was so inclined; and the most learned of them all had with him a number of scrolls, in case his master should wish to be read to.

The slaves, however, waited in vain for a word from their master. He desired not music and songs. He did not wish to be read to. Neither prose nor yet poems from the ancient poets were suited to his thoughts. He refused the proffered snuff, and even the luscious sherbet tempted him not. Indeed, the slave with the costly fan spent his strength for naught, for his master knew not when the flies buzzed near him, or when they were brushed away.

Passers-by often stopped at the gate, astonished at the grandeur of the house, the rich attire of the slaves, and the look of comfort and luxury which surrounded the whole place. But when their eyes rested on the sheik, who sat under the palm-trees with such a sad, mournful face, his eyes fixed on the ground, as he wearily smoked his long pipe, then they would shake their heads and say, "Truly the rich lord is a poor man. He who possesses so much is poorer than he who has naught, for the Prophet has not given him the understanding to enjoy his blessings." Thus spoke the people, and passed on with a laugh.

One evening the sheik sat, as usual, near the door of his house on the terrace, under the palmtrees, heedless of all earthly splendor, sadly smoking his pipe in silence. Just outside of the terrace gate some young men stopped to observe the sheik and make merry at his expense.

"Truly," said one, "that is a foolish man, the sheik Ali Banu. Had I his wealth I would use it quite differently. The whole day I would live amid feasting and pleasure. My friends should dine with me in the great banquet saloon of the house, and those dull, gloomy halls should be filled with mirth and laughter."

"Yes," said another, "that would not be so bad; but an open house and many friends soon consume a fortune, even were it as great as that of our sultan, whom may the Prophet bless. If I sat on that beautiful terrace in the evenings, under those fine palm-trees, my slaves should sing and play for me. The dancers should come

before me and dance, and leap, and perform all manner of surprising feats for my amusement. Then I would smoke my pipe with pleasure, sip the costly sherbet, and enjoy myself as though I were the caliph of Bagdad."

"The sheik," replied a third young man, who was a scribe, "is said to be a wise and learned man, and truly his lectures on the Koran show

him to be possessed of deep learning and great wisdom. Yet, is his life that of a rational man? There stands a slave holding a large roll of parchments. I would give my best robe to be allowed to read even one of them, for doubtless



they contain rare matter. But he—he sits and smokes, and cares not to hear even a line. Were I the sheik Ali Banu, that fellow should read to me until he was out of breath, or until night came on. Then, again, he should read me to sleep."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the fourth, "you know well how one should spend his fortune; on luxury and comfort, eating and drinking, singing and dancing, or to be read to from dawn till sunset. No, I would do quite differently. He has magnificent horses, fine camels, and vaults of money. I would travel, were I in his place; travel to the end of the world. There is no place so far that I would not visit, to see the great sights of the world. Thus would I do, if I were that man yonder."

"Youth is a sweet time, and so is old age when one is happy," said a plain-looking old man who stood near the four young men, and had heard their conversation. "But, allow me to say that youth is foolish, and apt to gossip and chatter without thought or reason."

"What do you mean, old man?" asked the young men in surprise. "Are you speaking to us? How does it concern you, if we do criticise the strange way in which the sheik spends his time."

"When one knows about some matter better than his neighbor, it is that man's duty to rectify his brother's erring ideas. The sheik, it is true, is blessed with vast riches, and has every outward comfort which the heart can desire, but he has such a trial as is hard, indeed, to bear. Do you think he has always been as you now see him? No; I knew him more than fifteen years ago. Then he was as gay and full of life as a gazelle, and lived in continual gayety and happiness. He had a son, the joy of his life. He was

perfect in form and feature. All who saw him and heard him speak, envied the sheik in possessing such a treasure; for his son when only ten years old was wiser and more learned than other youths of eighteen."

"And he is dead? The poor sheik!" exclaimed the young scribe.

"It would indeed be comfort to him to know that his son had gone to the home of the Prophet, where he would be happier than here in Alexandria. But what has happened to him is far worse than death.

"It was at the time when the French, like hungry wolves, came over into our land and waged war with us. They had subdued Alexandria, and were warring with the Mamalukes. The sheik was a wise man and kept at peace with the invaders. But, because they envied him his riches, and because he was kind to his brothers in the faith—I do not now remember exactly how it happened—but, to be brief, they came one day to his house and accused him of having secretly furnished the Mamalukes with weapons, horses, and provisions.

"In vain he declared his innocence; for the French are a cruel, hard-hearted people towards those who are in their power. They took his little son Kairam to their camp as a hostage. The sheik offered them large sums of money in

exchange for his son, but they would not give Kairam back; they heeded not the sheik's earnest and tearful entreaties. Soon after, the invaders received orders to re-embark for their home. No one in Alexandria knew of it until they were far out at sea. And little Kairam, Ali Banu's son, they must have taken with them, for no one has ever heard of him since."

"Oh! the poor man, why has Allah so afflicted him!" exclaimed the young men in one breath, as they glanced with pitying eyes towards the shiek, who, heedless of grandeur, sat silent in grief under the palm-tree.

"His wife," continued the old man, "whom he had always loved so dearly, died of grief at the loss of her son. When the shiek had recovered a little from this double blow, he bought a ship, fitted her out, and induced a trusty physician who was living in Alexandria to accompany him to France, to seek his lost son.

"After a long voyage they reached at last the land of those unbelievers who had so lately invaded Alexandria.

"Here, confusion reigned supreme. They had dethroned their ruler, and rich and poor, high and low, were making sad havoc of each other.

"In vain they searched for little Kairam in every city. No one knew anything of him.

The physician at last advised the sheik to re-embark, because their own heads were not safe there, in times of such cruel blood shedding.

"So they came home, and since that journey the sheik has lived as he does this day, for he still grieves over the loss of his only son; and no man can blame him for so doing. Must he not think when he eats and drinks, 'Now, perhaps my poor Kairam is hungry and thirsty?' and when he attires himself in the rich robes and costly shawls befitting his rank and wealth,

does he not ask himself, 'What has now my son wherewith to clothe himself?' and when he is surrounded by singers, dancers, and readers, his own slaves, must he not think, 'Perhaps, even now, my poor son is sing-

ing, dancing, or reading for the amusement of his French master, and he must do even as he is bidden.' But what grieves the shiek most is that he fears little Kairam, far from his native land, and dwelling in the midst of those unbelievers, who scoff at the worship of Mohammed, will be turned from the faith of his fathers, and then he can never hope to meet him in Allah's paradise.

"For this reason is he so kind and lenient towards all his slaves, and he gives large sums of money to the poor and needy; for he thinks Allah will hear his prayers and receive his offerings, and will soften the heart of Kairam's French master, that he may be gentle and kind toward the stolen boy. Moreover, on every anniversary of the day on which his dear son was taken from him, the sheik sets free twelve of his slaves."

"I have already heard of that," replied the scribe. "There is also a strange story afloat. They say that the sheik is a peculiar man, and is quite crazy on the subject of hearing narratives. I do not see how that can help him to recover his lost son. It is said that once every year there is quite a competition amongst the slaves, and he who tells the best narrative receives from the sheik his freedom."

"Do not rely upon the gossip of the people," said the old man. "It is as I have told you. I know it of a certainly. He may, in these long dreary days, perchance, allow his slaves to relate stories to him, to divert his mind from the same sad thoughts, but he frees his slaves solely for the sake of his son. The shades of evening are now gathering, and I must go on my way. Farewell, young gentlemen, and I hope you will hereafter think better of the good sheik."

The young fellows thanked the old man for the information which he had so kindly given them. They cast one more glance at the sad father, then

departed for their own homes, saying to one another, "I would not change places with the wealthy sheik, Ali Banu."

Not long after the scribe and his friends had had the long conversation with the aged citizen, concerning the shiek Ali Banu, it happened that they were walking down the same street on their way from the mosque. The old man's tale recurred to their minds; and with exclamations of sorrow for the poor sheik, they turned their steps towards his house. What was their surprise when they reached the sheik's garden gate to find everything about the place wearing a festive garb. The roof and windows were decked with flags and banners, the slaves were all attired in brilliant garments, the halls were hung with costly tapestry, and the floors and stairs were covered with magnificent Turkish carpet. Indeed, there was spread over the stone steps leading from the house to the terrace, such fine cloth as many a man might covet as material for his court robe.

"How has such a change come over the sheik in these few days!" exclaimed the young scribe. "Is he giving a feast? Will he at last make use of his singers and dancers? Only see yonder tapestry, even from this distance. Is there such in all Alexandria?"

"Do you know what I think?" said one of

his companions. "He certainly is welcoming some great ruler as his guest; for these are the preparations which are generally made when some one high in authority, or some powerful monarch is being received at the house of a wealthy lord. I wonder who will be allowed to come into yonder house to-day?"

"See!" cried out the scribe. "Is not that our aged friend who is walking up the terrace path?"

"Truly," replied one of his friends, "and he will know everything concerning the festival. He must also have had an invitation to the feast."

"Hi! old gentleman," the four cried out. "Will you not stop a minute?"

The old man heard their call and came to them, for he recognized them as the young men with whom he had spoken a few days previous.

They at once called the old man's attention to the festive appearance of the sheik's house, and asked him if he knew what great guest was expected.

"And you think," replied the old man, "that our sheik is giving a grand feast to his friends, or is doing honor to some great man? No; but to-day is the twelfth day of the month Ramadan, as you know, and it is the anniversary of the day on which his son was taken to the camp of the enemy."

"But, by the beard of the Prophet!" exclaimed one of the young men, "everything about the house has the air of festivity and gayety, and yet this should be to him the saddest day in the year. How do you account for so strange a contradiction? Surely the sheik's mind must be sadly deranged."

"Do not always draw your conclusions so quickly, my young friend," said the old man with an amused smile. "Your arrow was sharp and pointed, your bow-string was well-stretched, yet you have shot wide of the mark. Do you not know that to-day the sheik awaits the return of his son?"

"What! is he found?" exclaimed the young men with surprise and pleasure.

"No, and it may be long ere poor Kairam is found. But some eight or ten years ago, while the sheik himself spent this sad anniversary in mourning and lamentations, he nevertheless gave twelve of his slaves their freedom, and prepared food and drink for all the neighboring poor. Among the poor guests there was a dervis, faint and exhausted by a long and tedious journey. He was a holy man, and noted as a great astrologer, and one whose prophecies always were unerring.

"When the dervis had partaken of the food and wine so bounteously prepared by the good sheik, and was thereby refreshed and strengthened, he went up to the sheik and thus addressed him:

"'I know the cause of your grief. Is not this the twelfth day of Ramadan; and is it not the

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anniversary of the day on which you lost your only son? Be comforted.

This day of mourning shall be to you a day of rejoicing; for Pervis. know, that on an anniversary of this day your son shall return home to you.'

"So spoke the dervis. It would be counted a sin for any Mussul-

man to doubt the word of such a man. Ali Banu's frantic grief was somewhat mitigated by this promise, and he still awaits, with hope and patience, on each anniversary of this day, the return of his long-lost son. Therefore is his house now decked in festive array."

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the scribe. "How I should like to enter the house, and see all the magnificent preparations which the sheik has made for the welcoming home of his long-lost son; and especially do I wish that I could hear the stories that the slaves will, this day, relate to their master."

"Nothing easier than that," replied the old man. "The sheik's steward has been a friend

of mine for many years, and he reserves for me every year, on this day, a corner in the grand saloon where one or two strangers may remain unobserved amid the throng of slaves, and also all the sheik's friends, assembled in that spacious apartment. I will ask him to also admit you young gentlemen. You will be only four more, and that can make no difference among such a crowd. Meet me here about the ninth hour, and I will tell you if the steward has complied with my request."

The scribe and his friends thanked the old man for his kindness and went their way, anxiously wondering whether or not they would be admitted into the sheik's grand saloon.

At the appointed hour the four came to the sheik's terrace gate, and were there met by the old man. He at once told them that the steward had acceeded to his request, and that they could therefore accompany him into the house.

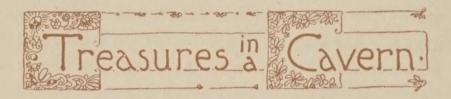
The old man conducted them, not by way of the main entrance which was so gorgeously adorned with tapestry and silks, but through a side door, which he carefully fastened behind him. Then he led them through several passages until they came to the crowded saloon. Here had already assembled a dense throng, composed of all the sheik's friends, together with his numerous slaves. At one end of the saloon, on a raised platform, sat the sheik, surrounded by the chief rulers and most distinguished men of the city. His face was buried in his hands, and his friends seemed in vain to pour forth their words of comfort. Although on each such anniversary he had some hope of then again seeing his long lost son, yet, as the day passed slowly on, and still his son did not appear, his grief and despair were even more pitiable than on other days.

Just opposite to the sheik's platform sat twelve men, some old, some young, all dressed in the garb worn by Ali Banu's slaves. The old man explained to his young friends that these were the twelve slaves whom the sheik would that day set free. One among them was, apparently, a Frank. He was very young. The old man called the scribe's attention to the exquisite beauty of this young slave. Only a few days previous the sheik had purchased him, at a fabulous price, of a slave-dealer from Tunis. Yet, this day he intended to give the young slave his freedom, because the sheik believed that the more Franks he set free and sent to their native land, the sooner the Prophet would return to him his dear son.

When the crowd had all partaken freely of refreshments — handed around by the slaves — the sheik made a sign to the steward. Perfect

silence reigned throughout the room. The steward then stepped up to where the slaves who were that day to be freed were seated, and said in a loud voice, "Ye men, who this day will be made free by the generosity of your master, Ali Banu, sheik of Alexandria, do now, as ye know is the custom on this day in this house — commence your narratives." The twelve slaves whispered together for a few moments, then one of them, an old man, began his tale:





Many years ago, on a rocky island just off the coast of Scotland, two fishermen lived together in perfect harmony. They were both unmarried. Moreover, neither of them had any relatives then living. Each worked for the other as much as for himself; and all money gained by their labors was held in common for their joint support. The older they grew the more fond they became of one another; although in appearance and disposition they were as unlike as an eagle and a seal.

Kasper Strumpf was a short, stout man with a broad, full-moon face and good-natured, honest-looking eyes. He seemed never to have known care or sorrow. He was not only fat, but also somewhat dull and lazy. To him, therefore, fell the work of their hut, the cooking, and the mending of the fishing nets. Also a large part of the sowing and tilling of their little field.

Quite the opposite in every respect was Kas-

per's companion, Bill Falke. He was tall and thin, and had a hook nose and sharp eyes. Moreover, he was known as the hardiest and most skillful fisherman and successful bird-catcher, the most industrious field-worker on the island, and the shrewdest monger in the market. However, as everything he offered for sale was the

best of its kind, and he never cheated, except in asking too high a price, he always had a large custom for all that he had for sale.

Bill Falke, in spite of his

avaricious disposition, willingly shared with his friend, Kasper Strumpf, his hard-toiled-for earnings; and the two companions not only had sufficient to support them comfortably, but were on the road to wealth. Moderate wealth, however, was not all that Falke aspired to; he wished to have an enormous fortune. Therefore as he soon saw that the untold riches for which he longed could not well be acquired simply by following his simple trade, he at last began fully to believe that he would one day have his desire gratified by some extraordinary and sudden streak of luck. When once this idea had taken possession of his impetuous, imaginative mind he could think of nothing else. He soon began to speak of it to Kasper Strumpf as an event which was sure to happen sooner or later.

Strumpf, who regarded whatever Falke said as Gospel truth, repeated all to his neighbors, and soon the report was circulated that Bill Falke had either sold himself to the Evil One for gold, or else, at least, had received some offer from the Prince of Darkness.

At first, indeed, Falke laughed at this report. Gradually, however, he began to find pleasure in the thought that some spirit would one day give him great treasures; and at last he ceased to contradict the tale about himself which his neighbors had invented and continued to circulate. He still, indeed, pursued regularly his daily work, but with less ardor than formerly; and he often wasted a large part of the day in which he might have been fishing, or engaged in some other useful work, in vainly seeking for some adventure whereby he might suddenly be made rich. It was his misfortune that one day as he stood alone on the shore looking out over the broad water, wondering whether it would be from land or sea that his fortune would come, a large wave dashed up on the beach just at his feet, imbedded in matted sea-weeds, a huge mass of yellow metal — a solid mass of gold.

Falke stood gazing at the precious metal as one in a trance. "So all my hopes were not

empty dreams," thought he. "The sea has really washed up on shore and rolled to my feet gold, fine gold." He thought probably it was a piece, broken off by the waves, of some immense bar of gold which lay at the bottom of the water. From that hour Falke was seized with a sure conviction that at some time, somewhere on that coast, a richly laded ship had been wrecked;



that all the valuables must be lying at the bottom of the sea not far off, and that he was destined to discover and take possession of these vast treasures.

This thought from that day on engrossed Falke's whole time and attention. The finding of the gold mass and the hope of discovering other greater treasures he kept a close secret,

even from his friend Strumpf, fearing lest others should, if they heard of his luck, follow in his steps, and so become sharers of his fortune. He spent all his time on the coast casting his nets by day and by night, not indeed for fish, but for a rarer haul—for gold. The only reward that he had for this constant toil after gold was poverty; for while thus engaged he caught no fish, and so earned no money; and Strumpf's well-meant, but lazy efforts could not bring in enough to support them both. While seeking greater riches, not only was the already gained treasure—the mass of gold—but also were all the savings of the two companions spent in providing the necessaries of life.

Strumpf, however, as he had formerly allowed, without remonstrance, Falke to earn by far the greater part of the money for their joint support, now bore in silence their poverty which each day increased, and did not reprove Falke for his foolish waste of time and energy.

But the silent patience of his friend only made Falke more anxious and more determined by some means, fair or foul, to discover the vast treasures which he felt convinced lay hidden somewhere on that coast, and so have it within his power to repay his faithful friend. Moreover, what made him still more energetic in his search was that whenever he lay down to rest, and closed his eyes in sleep, something whispered in his ear a word which he heard quite distinctly, and which always seemed to be the same word, and yet when he awoke he never could recall it. He could not indeed see how these whispers were in any way connected with his one great desire, but the occurrence of anything so mysterious was sure to prey upon such an imaginative mind as Bill Falke's; and these ghostly whispers even strengthened him in his firm belief that he was destined to find great treasures.

One day as Falke stood on the coast near the spot where he had found the mass of gold, a storm came on; and it raged so violently that the fisher was obliged to seek shelter from its fury in a cavern near by.

This cave, known to the inhabitants of the island as the Cavern of Steenfoll, consisted of one long subterraneous passage, with a mouth at either end opening on the water's edge, so that it formed an uninterrupted channel from one end to the other, through which the foaming waves dashed continually with a loud, roaring noise. The cavern had only one accessible entrance, and that was a fissure in the rocks above. It was, however, seldom indeed that any one, unless it were some very venturesome boy, entered that cave; for added to the great danger in scrambling down the steep chasm, there were dismal

sounds coming forth from the bottom of the cavern resembling, to one of a fanciful mind, the cries of the ghosts of men, who had, perhaps, there perished, or been murdered.

With great difficulty Falke scrambled down the chasm about fifteen feet, and landed on a large projecting rock, sheltered by a smaller rock jutting some feet above. Here, with the foaming waves roaring beneath him, and the storm raging overhead, he sat, thinking as he did at all times, night and day, of the wrecked ship; what size she most likely had been, how she had looked, and what had been her name; for, in spite of all his inquiries, he had not been able to learn anything of the ship which he felt quite sure had once been dashed to pieces on those very rocks; although the oldest inhabitants of the island could not remember even a small bark having ever been wrecked on that coast.

Falke knew not how long he had been within the chasm; but when at last he awoke from his reverie, he perceived that the storm had ceased, the sky above his head was clear, and he had already begun to clamber up the rough rocks when a voice from the depth of the cavern rang out, and he distinctly heard it pronounce the word, "Car-mil-han." Much startled, Falke stopped and looked down into the dark abyss below.

"Oh! horror!" cried he, "that is the word which haunts me in my sleep. What can it mean?" "Carmilhan" sounded once more from out the depths, just as the fisher had reached the top of the chasm; and, with the word still ringing in his ears, he ran with the swiftness of a deer, not stop-

ping until he had reached

his own cottage door.

It was only the suddenness with which the mysterious voice had broken in upon the stillness of the gloomy cavern that had so startled and frightened Falke, for, indeed, he was no coward, and his greed for gold was too great to allow him to be terrified by only an appearance of danger into giving up his perilous search after He therefore freriches. quented the coast as regularly as before.



One night as Falke was fishing for treasures by moonlight, he cast his net into one of the mouths of the Cavern of Steenfoll, and its meshes became entangled in something which held it firmly. The fisher pulled and tugged with all his might, but that which held the net seemed immovable. In the meanwhile a strong wind had arisen, the sky had grown dark with clouds, and Falke's little boat was tossed violently to and fro, threatening every moment to capsize. Falke, however, was not alarmed, but pulled until that which had resisted all his strength finally yielded. But as there now seemed to be no weight attached to the cord he was hauling in he thought that either his line or the net must have broken.

Just as the gathering clouds had closed over the moon, Falke noticed at a short distance from him some dark object floating on the surface of the water, and from it suddenly the word, "Carmilhan" rang out quite distinctly. He hastened to grasp it, but as often as he stretched out his hand towards the dark object it disappeared, whither, in the darkness of the night, Falke could not tell; and before long the heavy rain which began to fall compelled him to give up the chase, and take shelter under the nearest projecting rock. Here he fell asleep from exhaustion, and was tormented anew with dreams of wrecked ships and hidden treasures, so that he found no refreshment in sleep, even as when awake his ceaseless search after riches allowed him no rest.

When Falke awoke the first rays of the rising sun were shining on the now smooth surface of the water. As he started up, to again begin his weary search, he saw in the distance a boat, and in it sat the figure of a man. But what attracted his attention, and indeed puzzled Falke was that the bark steered itself without sail or oar, pointing steadily towards the shore, and apparently without the figure sitting within once touching the helm, if indeed there were one on the boat, which seemed not even to have a rudder. The bark drew rapidly nearer and soon stopped close beside Falke's boat. The fisher could now see that the person in it was a little, shriveled old man, dressed in yellow buckram, his head enveloped in a nightcap, his eyes closed, and his whole body as motionless as a corpse.

Falke having in vain called to and well shaken the old man, was about to fasten a rope to the strange boat and draw it after his, when the little man opened his eyes and began to move in a manner which made the bold fisher shudder.

"Where am I?" asked the little stranger in Dutch, drawing a sigh of drowsiness.

Falke, who had learned some Dutch from the Holland herring mongers, told the man the name of the island and then asked who he was and what had brought him thither.

- "I have come to seek the Carmilhan," answered the old man.
- "The Carmilhan! What is that?" asked the eager fisher.

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Man.

"I give no answer to such short questions," replied the stranger.

"Oh! pray tell me what the Carmilhan is," begged Falke.

"The Carmilhan is now nothing, but was once

a most beautiful ship laded with more gold than any other ship ever carried," replied the man.

"Where was it wrecked and when?" asked the now excited fisher.

"A full hundred years ago; exactly where I do not know. I have come hither to seek the place and to fish out the buried gold. If you will help me, we will share the

"With all my heart," returned Falke. "Only tell me what I must do."

treasures," said the old man.

"What you will have to do requires courage," replied the little man. "Just before midnight you must betake yourself, accompanied only by one companion and a cow, to the most unfrequented spot on this island. There you must slay the cow, and yourself get into the fresh hide; your companion must then lay you down and leave you quite alone, and before the clocks strike one you will know where the treasures of the Carmilhan lie."

"So would one surely lose himself both soul and body. You are the Evil Spirit; go where you belong," cried out Falke with an angry oath, at the same time rowing swiftly away from the stranger's boat.

The Hollander abused and cursed the fisher in return; but Falke was soon out of hearing.

The discovery, however, that the Evil Spirit sought to use to his own advantage the fisher's avarice, and also with a golden bait to entrap him in his net, did not cure Falke of his greed for gold. On the contrary he hoped to be able to make use of the Hollander's communication without giving himself up to the Evil One.

As Falke continued to daily fish on the deserted coast for gold, neglecting entirely the profitable fishing in deeper water, he felt day by day more keenly the pangs of poverty, until finally he was often in need of the necessaries of life.

Strumpf, without once upbraiding his friend for the want and misery which by his foolishness and avarice he was bringing upon them both, worked with all his strength to provide food for himself and companion, for he was now fully aroused by the urgent need of activity from his lazy habits.

Falke, however, was driven on to continue his search for gold in part by the hope that he would soon be able to reward his faithful friend. He was still haunted in his sleep with the word,

"Carmilhan," and false expectations and avarice led him to turn a deaf ear to the voice of reason; so that he at last determined to follow the instructions of the little old Hollander, although he well knew that by so doing he would yield himself up to the Prince of Darkness.

In vain were all Kasper's remonstrances; for the more he argued against his friend's committing so wrong and foolish an act, so much the more did Falke seem bent on carrying out the Hollander's plan. At last, finding all opposition worse than useless, the good-natured, but weak friend, Kasper, was persuaded by Falke to accompany him in his midnight enterprise.

Falke fastened a cord to the horns of a beautiful cow, the only thing of value that they now possessed. They had thus far put off selling her from time to time, because they hated to see their favorite cow, which they had owned since it was a little calf, pass into a stranger's hands. But now the evil spirit which had taken full possession of Falke's heart had driven thence all feelings of affection and pity, and Kasper dared not thwart his friend while in such a mood.

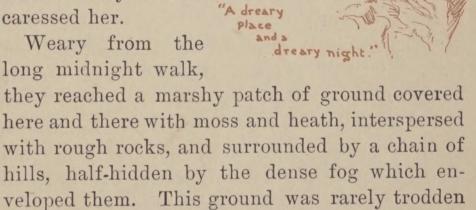
It was in September, and the long nights of the Scotch winters had already set in. Heavy clouds were moving over the sky, hastened onward by a strong wind, the ravines between the ragged clefts of rocks seemed filled with mysterious shadows, while the waves roared and crashed against the rocks with a dismal noise. It was a dreary place, and a dreary night.

Falke led the way and Strumpf followed, shuddering at the thought of his own boldness in accompanying his friend, and tears filled his eyes whenever he glanced at the poor cow follow-

ing her master with full confidence, quite unconscious of the death which she was so soon to meet with by the hand that had hitherto only fed and caressed her.

Weary from the long midnight walk,

by the foot of man.



In the center of the marshy ground there was a large flat rock from which, as the fishermen approached, a frightened eagle with a loud scream flew up and soared rapidly away.

The poor cow bellowed piteously, as though

she were aware of the dangers of the place and of her impending fate.

Kasper turned his head away to conceal the fast-gathering tears. When he again glanced towards his friend, Falke had already bound the cow with cords, laid her on the flat rock, and stood with the axe raised to strike the fatal blow. Kasper threw himself upon his knees before his friend and cried out, "In the name of Heaven, William Falke, save yourself ere it is too late. Spare the cow, spare yourself and me this pain; be careful of your life, lose not your soul, and if you are determined to tempt Heaven, and try this scheme of the Evil Spirit, at least wait until morning and slay some other beast rather than our gentle cow."

"Kasper, are you mad," cried Falke, with an oath. "Shall I spare the cow, and myself hunger?"

"You shall never hunger while I have hands," replied Strumpf. "I will work for you from morning until night; only bring not a curse upon your soul by this wild scheme, and let the poor beast live."

"Then take the axe and sever my head from my body, for I will not leave this spot until I have learned that which I so long to know," cried out Falke in a voice of desperation. "Can you raise for me the treasures of the Carmilhan? Can your hands earn more than what will buy for us the bare necessaries of life? But those hands can end my misery. Come, let me be the sacrifice in the place of the cow."

"Bill Falke, kill the cow; that is but a slight matter to consider. It is for your soul that I am concerned. Ah! this stone is indeed an altar to the Evil One, and the sacrifice which you wish to offer is truly to the prince of the world below."

"I know nothing of that," replied Falke with a laugh, as one who was determined not to listen to any argument which might deter him from his purpose. "Kasper, you are mad and you make me so; but here," continued he, throwing down the axe, and seizing a knife from the stone, as though he would stab himself, "you shall have your cow, but not me."

In an instant Kasper was at his side, wrenched the deadly weapon from his hand, seized the axe, swung it high over his shoulder, and let it fall with such force upon the neck of his favorite that the cow died at her master's feet without a single struggle.

A flash of lightning and a loud peal of thunder followed this hasty act, and Falke stood motionless staring at his friend as a man might gaze upon a child who had committed some daring deed which he half-feared to do himself.

Strumpf seemed to heed neither the burst of

thunder nor yet the dumb amazement of his companion; without speaking one word, he knelt beside the cow and began stripping off the hide.

When Falke had somewhat recovered from his surprise, he began to help Strumpf with his task, apparently with much distaste for the work.

While the two companions were thus engaged, the storm which had for some time been gathering, began to rage; loud peals of thunder were re-echoed from every rock, vivid flashes of lightning shot through the sky, while the wind howled with ever-increasing violence.

When the fishers had succeeded in skinning the cow, Strumpf in accordance with Falke's earnest entreaties, assisted him to crawl into the hide and then fastened it securely around him.

When this painful work was completed, Kasper was the first to break the long silence, as gazing with sadness and pity upon his foolish friend, he asked with a trembling voice, "Can I do anything more for you, Bill?"

"Nothing more," answered Falke. "Fare-well."

"Farewell," replied Kasper. "May Heaven forgive you, as I do."

These were the last words that Falke heard, and in the next moment his friend had disappeared in the darkness.

The rain now descended in torrents, and the

most fearful storm ensued that Falke had ever witnessed. Huge pieces of rock were broken off by its violence and came rolling down so near to where the fisher lay that he was in danger of being crushed. In an instant when the whole sea was lighted up with the glow of a vivid flash of lightning, Falke thought he discerned a ship near the coast; but in the next moment the blackness of the night had obscured it and every other object from his sight. The torrents of rain pouring down on all sides from the hills, formed a deep pool where Falke lay; and had not Kasper before he left rested his friend's head upon a high stone, Falke would surely have been drowned. The more he struggled to free himself from the cow-skin, the tighter the hide seemed to cling to him. He called in vain to Kasper, who was then far away; and he dared not ask help from Heaven, for he felt that he had sacrificed that privilege and given himself up to the powers of darkness.

The water now had reached his ears and was fast covering his face. "I am lost," he cried out, as he felt a stream of water pass over his mouth and eyes. Instead of increasing, however, the rain seemed now to abate. Falke's head was again above water, the sky grew bright, and the fisher felt a glimmer of hope return to him, although he had indeed given up to despair.

However, notwithstanding that he had been saved only in the very moment of his death struggle, and now wished most earnestly that he might be freed from the hide, yet Falke was by no means cured of his avarice, and when once the immediate danger of losing his life was over, his greedy longing for riches returned with undiminished force. Feeling sure that to obtain the information he desired, he must remain confined in the hide for a while longer, Falke lay perfectly still, and in a short time, although cold and wet, he fell asleep from exhaustion.

It was about an hour before Falke awoke. found that he was lying just at the foot of one of the hills which surrounded the marshy ground, and he felt so stiff and bruised, after his dangerous exposure during the violent storm, that he could not move without pain. As he lay there he heard sounds of music like the chanting in some far-off church; but the notes were at first so faint that he thought it must be only his imagination. The music, however, sounded ever nearer and more distinct, and at length Falke thought he recognized the melody as a psalmtune which he had once heard on board of a Dutch fishing-ship. He soon could distinguish the different voices, and hear distinctly the words of the song. He knew now that the voices were quite near to him, and as he with some difficulty raised his head, he saw approaching a long procession of human figures, singing their mournful chant. Grief and pain were painted on the faces of the figures, and their garments were drenched, as though they had been marching through the waves.

The procession was headed by a band of musicians, next came a number of mariners; behind these came a large, strong-looking man, attired in an old-time, but magnificent costume. A sword hung by his side, and in his hand he carried a large gold-headed cane; and by his side was a young slave, who carried a long and elegant pipe, which from time to time he handed to his master. Behind this man marched a number of men, women, and children, all in handsome attire; and a long file of Dutch sailors brought up the rear.

Now they had reached the spot where Falke lay, and their song ceased. The figure with the sword, who was evidently the captain, stood at Falke's feet, and the whole procession formed in a circle around the fisher. The captain, taking the pipe from his slave, began to puff out great clouds of smoke; and, following his example, the whole assembly commenced to smoke their long pipes. Nearer and nearer the circle closed in upon Falke, while at every moment the clouds of smoke grew more dense and stifling.

Falke was a bold, fearless man, and he had expected to meet with some strange adventure, but for such an one as this he had not been prepared. As he saw the crowd pressing ever closer upon him, as though they would capture and make him one of their number, his courage indeed failed him; but what was his horror, when



upon turning his eyes upward, he saw, standing close to his head, the little Hollander in the yellow buckram. Cold drops of sweat stood upon the fisher's brow, and he thought he must surely die from the agony of his fright.

Unable to bear longer the silence and dread suspense, Falke, addressing the captain, cried out, "In the name of the powers whom

ye serve, I adjure thee to speak and tell me who ye are, and for what purpose ye have come hither."

The large man answered in a loud, deep voice as follows:

"I am Alfred Franz Van Swelder, captain of the ship Carmilhan, from Amsterdam, which, on her homeward way from a distant land, was wrecked on this coast, and every living being on board was drowned. These were my officers, these my passengers, and those my brave sailors, all of whom were drowned with me. Why hast thou called us forth from our graves beneath the sea? Wherefore hast thou disturbed us from our rest?"

"I should like very much to know where the treasures of the Carmilhan lie," replied Falke, with a trembling voice.

"At the bottom of the sea," was the answer.

"Where?" asked the fisher.

"In the Cavern of Steenfoll," replied the captain.

"How may I obtain them?" said Falke.

"A goose dives in the water after a herring; are not the treasures of the Carmilhan worth even as much to you?" the captain answered.

"How much will I obtain?" inquired the avaricious fisher.

"More than you will ever have use for," was the reply.

The little Hollander in the yellow buckram grinned broadly at these words, and the whole crew broke into a loud laugh.

"Have you finished questioning us?" asked the captain.

"I have," replied Falke; "farewell."

"Good-by until we meet again," replied the Hollander, as he turned to leave.

The musicians went first, and the whole procession followed, and marched away in the same

order in which they had approached, singing the same solemn song, which sounded ever softer and more indistinct as the procession moved on, until at last it was quite lost in the distance.

Falke now made every effort to release himself from the cow-skin. He at length succeeded in freeing one arm, and then it was an easy matter to draw off the hide. Without waiting to glance around he hastened back to his hut, and found poor Kasper lying on the floor stiff and unconscious. With great care and perseverance Falke succeeded in restoring his companion to consciousness. Kind-hearted Kasper cried for joy when he saw beside him the friend of his youth, who, he had believed, was lost forever. This ray of joy, however, quickly vanished when Strumpf learned from his companion of his wild determination to go down into the Cavern of Steenfoll.

"I would rather hurl myself down the chasm, and be lost, soul and body, than to remain here in this bare hut and endure any longer the misery of suspense. You may follow or not; I am going."

With these words Falke seized a torch, a tinder-box, his net, and a long rope, and hastened off.

Kasper ran after his friend as fast as he could, but did not overtake him until Falke had reached the chasm over the Cavern of Steenfoll, and was preparing to let himself down into the abyss below by means of the rope, which he had already securely fastened to a rock.

When Strumpf found that all remonstrance was vain, and that his rash friend had fully de-

termined to descend into the cavern, he attempted to follow him; but Falke bade him remain where he was, and steady the rope.

Falke's mad avidity gave him the courage and strength which it required to scramble down that perilous descent. He at last rested on a solid projecting rock near the bottom of the cavern, over which the roaring, foaming waves dashed unceasingly.

Falke now glanced eagerly about in search of treasures, and presently espied something which the waves were dashing to and fro, near where he stood. He laid down his torch, leaned over the rock, and seized hold of something so heavy that it was with great difficulty he succeeded in dragging it up. It was an iron chest, full of gold pieces. He at once called up to his friend and told him what he had found, but would not listen to Strumpf's entreaties that he would therewith be content, and with it ascend from the cavern. Falke hoped that this was only the first reward for all his toil and trouble. He de-

scended yet a little lower—loud laughter arose from beneath the water, and Bill Falke was never more seen; although a fisherman claimed that one stormy night he had seen a strange ship near that coast with the name Carmilhan painted on her side, and that he had recognized among her crew Bill Falke.

Kasper Strumpf went home alone, and was sad indeed at the loss of his long-loved companion. He was, however, fully aroused by the trying ordeals through which he had lately passed, from his former sleepy and lazy habits. He toiled day by day with his net, not indeed for gold, but to earn his livelihood; and soon, by hard work and careful saving, he became again the most prosperous fisher on the island, and lived in comfort to an old age.

When the old slave had finished his story, the sheik, Ali Banu, ordered refreshments to be given to him and the other slaves; and while they ate, the sheik conversed with his friends.

The scribe and his three companions were extravagant in their praise of the sheik, his house, and everything about the mansion and grounds.

"Truly," said the young scribe, "there is no more pleasant mode of passing away time than to listen to stories. I could for days sit so, with

legs crossed, and reclining on these soft cushions, listening to the slaves' tales, and, perhaps, a long pipe like the sheik's in my hand. I can picture to myself nothing better as the life we shall live in the gardens of Mohammed.

"So long as you are young, and can work," said their friend, the old man, "you cannot be in earnest in wishing to spend your time in such a lazy way. Yet, I own that there is a peculiar fascination and allurement about story-telling which attract alike young and old. Even at my age, and I am now in my seventy-seventh year, and although I have in my lifetime already heard so many tales, nevertheless, I still relish a good story, and enjoy being among the listeners when some exciting adventure or wonderful fairy tale is related. We feel at times as though we had really seen and talked with the fairies, magicians, and other of those supernatural beings whom we cannot meet in our every-day life. Then, also, we have stored up in our minds material wherewith to pleasantly pass away an hour or so when alone and idle, or with which to amuse companions while taking some tedious journey through the desert."

"I never thought before," replied one of the young men, "of it being of any use to me in the future, when I listened to tales; but, as with you, marvelous tales have a great attraction for

me. I can well remember, while quite a small child, when restless or unruly, I could at once be quieted by some short fables being told to me. At first, it mattered not what the story was about, only so that something new was related to me. How often have I listened with interest to those fables written by the wise Æsop, in each one of which he has laid a grain



Companions in the desert -

of his wisdom under the color of a pleasing tale. 'The Fox and the Raven,' 'The Lamb and the Wolf,' and many others, all about animals endowed with speech. When, how-

ever, I grew older, these short tales satisfied me no longer; I wished then to hear more lengthy stories, not about beasts, but of men and their wonderful adventures."

"Yes," said one of his companions, "I remember well, when we were traveling together across the desert, how in the evenings you would always persuade that old slave, who took care of the camels of the caravan, to relate to us some wonderful adventure, either real or fiction, and how we used to listen to them by the hour."

"And," replied the scribe, "those tales of wonder opened to us a new world—the land of genii and fairies, filled with wonders; palaces

brilliant with emeralds and rubies; gigantic slaves, who, when a magic ring is turned or a wonderful lamp rubbed, appear, bearing upon massive silver trays sumptuous repasts. imagined ourselves partakers of the feasts; we seemed to travel with Sindbad in his adventurous journeys, and to walk by night with Haroun al Raschid, the Commander of the Faithful, and Giafar, his grand vizier. In short, we lived in those stories, as one does in a dream, and no hour of the day was to us so pleasant as those in the evening, when, resting on soft cushions in a large tent, we could listen to the old slave's marvelous tales. But, pray tell us, sir, wherein lies this peculiar power which these tales have of drawing and holding the attention of most mortals?"

"I will tell you," replied the old man. "The human mind is yet more fickle and variable than the waves of the sea, which every moment change their shape and place. The mind is as free and unfettered as the air, and, like that element, the higher it ascends from earth the lighter and purer it becomes. Hence it is that every man has within him an ardent desire to rise above the ordinary, the commonplace every-day occurrences, and to live in some higher sphere, amid supernatural beings, be it only in dreams. You yourselves, my young friends, have said, 'We

lived in those stories, we thought and felt with those men.' And therein lies the charm of fairy stories, or tales of adventure. You cannot always be occupied with sober thoughts of duty or business. Your brains require a change. So entirely do you enter into the spirit of the story, that you are for the time yourself the one, as it were, who is meeting with the wonderful adventures. Thus your mind is raised to the sphere wherein the story lies, above the ordinary routine, and drawn out of the present time, which to you is not so beautiful, not so alluring, as olden times, when fairies seemed to be as plentiful as men. Thus your spirit seems to move in strange worlds, sublimer, grander than our present earth. The tale becomes to you a reality, while reality seems but a tale."

"I do not quite understand all that you say," said the young merchant, "but you are certainly right in asserting that we live in the tales, while our real life seems to us for the time but a dream. I yet remember well the happy time of childhood, when we boys had little else to do but play. We dreamed while awake. We would imagine ourselves in a desert, or shipwrecked on some dreary island. We would then plan how we could best provide the necessaries of life. Often have we built huts of mud or reeds, and many a time made a meal of wild fruit when within a hun-

dred yards of home, where we could have had the choicest viands; yet we enjoyed our rustic food more, because it was all a play. Yes, there were times when we really expected some good fairy or malicious dwarf to appear and speak to

us. As they did not come, we would imagine that we saw them, and that in an instant all the surroundings were changed; the reed hut would become a palace of crystal, and I a prince.

The young friends laughed at these recollections of their childish plays, admitting, however, that what their companion said was quite true.

"There is also," said the old man, "a very delightful kind of story in which appear neither fairies nor magicians, castles of crystal, nor genii; no fairy fishes nor enchanted horses; a different sort from what is generally known as a tale."

"I do not understand you," said one of the young men. "Explain to us more clearly what you mean."

"I think," replied the old man, "a distinction must be made between a tale and a narrative. If I say to you that I will tell you a tale, you would expect to hear related some adventure or story deviating from the commonplace occurrences of every-day life, and moving in a sphere

Or, to be plainer, you would look for the appearance in the tale of other beings besides mere human men, while you would expect the fate of the person who figured most prominently in the story to be in the hands of some fairy or magician, a genie or ghost, and the whole tale to assume an extraordinary and marvelous aspect. Do I make my meaning plain to you?"

"I think I understand what you say so far," said the scribe, "but do us the favor to continue your explanation."

"Such tales," resumed the old man, "fabulous, mythical, extraordinary, because they deviate from our real life, are generally laid in some faraway land, or told as having happened in years long gone by. Every nation has such tales and legends peculiar to its people, and differing in some respects from all others. The Turks, as well as the Persians, the Chinese, and the Arabs. Even the nations in Northern Europe have their own. But those Northern tales cannot be compared with ours; for instead of beautiful fairies who dwell in magnificent palaces, they have old women whom they name witches - malicious, ugly creatures, who dwell in wretched huts, and instead of traveling through the blue sky in a beautiful crystal chariot drawn by griffins, they ride on a broom-stick through the fog. They have, also, in their stories, gnomes and goblins, who are represented as dwarfs with misshapen features and strange appearance, and are supposed to be the guardians of treasures buried deep in the earth. All these are tales.

"Quite different, however, are the stories distinguished by the name narrative. These confine themselves to the natural things of earth and deal with ordinary life. Their lure consists in the narrating of the wonderful fate of some man who, not through magic curses or fairy apparitions, as in tales, but by his own actions, or by some unlooked-for occurrence, becomes rich or poor, unfortunate or lucky."

"True, indeed," said one of the young men.
"Such narratives are to be found in the famous stories of Scheherizade, known as 'The Thousand and One Nights.' In most of these stories the caliph, Haroun al Raschid, and his grand vizier, figure prominently. They go about disguised in the hours of the night, and discover foul schemes and unravel the deepest mysteries without supernatural aid."

"You will admit," replied the old man, "that these stories are among the best of those contained in 'The Thousand and One Nights,' and yet how different are they in every respect from the tale of 'The Enchanted Horse,' 'The Story of The Three Calenders,' or 'The Fisherman and the Genie.' Nevertheless, they both have one common origin and one purpose. They both alike have that irresistible charm; namely, that through them we experience something novel and extraordinary. In the tale this novelty lies in the interference with man's ordinary life and fate, of some fabulous magician or fairy, while in the narrative the attention is held by occur-



rences which entirely concord with the laws of nature, but yet happen in some surprising and unlooked-for manner. In the tale the miraculous powers are so prominent that the man seems a mere machine in their hands, without an individual will or character; whereas in

the narrative the character and individuality of each man is brought out clearly."

"Surprising," exclaimed the scribe, "that hitherto we have made no distinction between these natural events and the supernatural occurrences in tales."

"Truly, you have explained your meaning well," said the young merchant. "I never before have taken the trouble to look so closely into the matter. Hitherto I have only felt the difference, and thought no more about it. I have always listened to tales with delight, while often

I have found narratives tedious, without knowing exactly why. You, however, have given us the key to the riddle. Your explanation affords us a touch-stone for the future, wherewith we may always see a clear distinction between the two."

"Learn always," replied the old man, "to think over all you hear, and the pleasure and benefit which you will receive from so doing will amply repay you for the trouble."

The steward now called for silence in the room, and another slave arose and began his tale.





His name was Olaf, but he was generally called Ole, because that was more quickly and easily pronounced. He was only a poor young clerk in the employment of the lord of a large manor, and not of sufficient consequence to be mentioned, but for one noteworthy fact, namely, that he was desperately in love with his master's only daughter, Rosalie; and more than this, he fully expected to marry her. There was also one characteristic of Ole which must be mentioned; he always walked with his eyes wide open, and what others had discarded he did not despise. Whatever he spied by the wayside or road that others had cast away, he would pick up and put it in his pocket, saying, "Everything is of some use."

One evening, on his way to the manor, after having taken a long stroll, he noticed a piece of strong cord lying on the roadside. "Everything is of some use," said Ole, as he coiled up the cord and pushed it into his pocket. "It is better there than around my neck, for then I could not marry Rosalie, and that I will do in spite of every obstacle."

When he had walked on a little distance he spied something yellow lying on the ground. He found that it was a large piece of cheese-crust which some servant from his master's house must have thrown away; for at the manor food was choice and plentiful, and most of the servants ate only the center part of a cheese, and

"Everything is of some use," said Ole, and put the cheese-crust into his pocket.

threw away the remainder.

When Ole entered the manor garden he met Rosalie, who had just been to the poultry yard; for the little chickens were her special pets, and it was a great pleasure to her to feed them. This evening, however, Rosalie did not look happy, and judging from her moist eyes, she must have been crying. Ole noticed this at once, and it distressed him greatly. He, nevertheless, met her with a cheerful smile and said, "Why do you look so sad, my own Rosalie? Now that I have come will you not smile?"

"O, no, dear Ole, my joy is at an end now; for to-morrow I must wed that stern old baron," answered Rosalie, weeping afresh.

"I will be there too," cried Ole, and with these words he embraced Rosalie and kissed her.

Now, however, there was great confusion at the manor; for the father had seen the act from the mansion window, and he, the bridegroom, all the relations and friends, and even the servants came running to the garden. Ole was summarily dismissed from his situation and ordered to come there no more.

"Come soon again," whispered Rosalie, for she felt, as they were parted, that Ole was her best friend.

"When I come it shall be like a man," exclaimed the young clerk, trying to look cheerful, although tears were fast filling his eyes.

It was now late in the evening, and there being no place in that neighborhood where he could seek a night's shelter, Ole sauntered slowly away. Towards midnight he found that he had wandered deep into a dark wood, for he had not heeded whither he went; all his thoughts were with Rosalie, who was to be married the next morning; and, as he was not to be the bridegroom, nothing else could have happened to make him feel so miserable as he now did.

Suddenly Ole heard close to him a voice exclaiming as if exhausted, "Oh, my! oh, my!" As he looked in the direction whence the sound proceeded, the clerk saw an old man holding a

buck by the horns. The buck was butting and jumping, while the old man was trying his best to manage the unruly animal, and panting from the exertion.

"Is it your buck, father?" asked Ole.

"Yes, truly," answered the old man. "It wandered off this morning into this wood, and now I must take the beast home; but it struggles so with me that I shall never reach my house uninjured. Oh! if I could but have a little rest!"

"Rest you shall have," replied Ole, and drawing the piece of cord from his pocket, he fastened the buck securely to a tree.

"A thousand thanks," said the old man, wiping the sweat from his brow. Then seating himself on a large stone, he sighed, "Ah! it would all be well now, if I only had some food to refresh me."

"That I can easily provide," replied Ole, and diving his hand into his pocket, he pulled forth the large piece of cheese-crust.

The old man seemed well pleased with the food, and when he had eaten the cheese, he said:

"Now I could wish for nothing more had I only a draught of water to quench my thirst."

"That I can get for you," replied Ole, and hastening to a brook near by, he filled his cap with water. When, however, he returned, the

old man had already arisen, and loosened the buck from the tree.

"There on that stone lies my stick, and also my cap," said the old man; "I give them to you in return for your cord and cheese. The stick beats all those, and those only, who deserve a cudgeling, and he who has on that cap sees every one as he really is, and knows his inmost thoughts. Now return to the manor, for Rosalie awaits you." With these words the old man went on his way with the buck.

"Everything is of some use," said Ole, and he stuck the cap into his pocket, and used the stick as a cane. He then wandered on, and reached, soon after sunrise, the highway leading to the manor.

"One must have a little finery on when he wishes to be a bridegroom," thought Ole to himself, as he neared the manor, and so he pulled out the cap which the old man had given him, for it was made of fine red cloth, and placed it upon his head. At this time the wedding guests were just arriving, and Ole was scandalized by what he now saw and heard. The cap possessed, certainly, a wonderful magic power. Two gaily-dressed damsels seemed to the young clerk to be a pair of gray geese, and he seemed to hear their most secret thoughts as though they had been spoken aloud. They were thoughts of envy, be-

cause Rosalie was to be married and they were not.

Next arrived a pompous major, but in Ole's eyes he appeared to have an ass's head. Then came an old lady, and she seemed to have the features of a parrot, and when, last of all, the parish clerk came riding thither, Ole could

scarcely refrain from laughing aloud; for the thoughts of that worthy were not of the solemn ceremony in which he was to take part, but of the sumptuous repast of which he was to be a partaker; and he was wondering what he would receive as a requital for his services, and whether it would be possible, unperceived, to slip a bottle of fine wine into his coat pocket.



As the parson approached, Ole as usual raised his cap as a mark of respect due to his pastor, and at the same instant all the ridiculous features of the guests' characters vanished. Ole's eyes were at once attracted to the parish clerk (who now stood by the side of the parson) by his solemn mien and the pious expression of his countenance. But when Ole replaced the magic cap upon his head it was difficult for him to check his laughter.

Within the mansion all due preparations for the wedding had been made, and as soon as the guests had assembled, and the parson and parish clerk had taken their places at one end of the grand hall, the bride from one side, and the bridegroom from the other, were ushered in. At the same instant, however, Ole appeared in the doorway. He stepped boldly forth, and said, "I crave pardon for the interruption; but I am the right bridegroom, for I am the one whom the bride prefers."

All the guests were dumfounded at this speech, but the father was beside himself with rage. He rushed up to Ole, and seizing him by the collar, said, "Had I a stick, I would punish you for your presumption."

"Put yourself to no trouble to procure one, master; you may borrow mine," answered Ole, at the same time handing to the lord of the manor the stick which the old man in the wood had given to him.

The indignant host had scarcely grasped hold of the stick when it raised itself; but instead of coming down upon Ole's back, it went in quite another direction. First the bridegroom, the ugly old baron, received a sound cudgeling, and then the stick began to spring here and there about the room, dealing to each one just so many blows as he or she deserved. The terrified guests

hastened with all speed from the mansion. The host, much exhausted — for the stick had clung to his hand and dragged him along as it danced about the room — threw himself into a chair by an open window, and the stick fell from his hand. "Oh! my poor head; everything in the

room seems to swim before me," groaned he, as he wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"Master, you must be careful; you are sitting in a draught," said Ole, placing the magic cap upon the host's gray head. Thereupon his dizziness seemed to pass away; he leaned out of the window, and looked

down upon the wedding guests, who were still lingering in the garden. He now saw them in their true colors, and said, "Truly, the stick has fallen on those who deserved it." Then, as the host's eyes fell upon the bridegroom, who was crouched in a corner of the room, he cried out, "Pah! that man has the face of a fox," and when the magic cap discovered to him the baron's secret thoughts he exclaimed, "Now I understand it. You only wished to marry Rosalie because of my wealth. Just wait a second."

"Here is the stick," said Ole. When the baron heard the mention of the stick he went flying out of the mansion with unbecoming speed.

As now Ole stretched out his arms toward Rosalie, she could remain silent no longer, but running up to him she said, "I knew that the right bridegroom would come."

The lord of the mansion only laughed at the joy of the happy pair, for owing to the wonderful power of the magic cap, he knew that Ole was the right bridegroom; and looking into the young clerk's inmost thoughts he saw that Ole's only desire was to make Rosalie happy, and to take care of him in his old age.

When Ole related to them how he had become possessed of the cap and stick, Rosalie said, "I will never wear the cap, for one is happier in seeing only the good traits of fellow-men."

Rosalie's father, however, said, "The stick I will keep; it will be useful to me, for it is light and easy to use."

Then the parson, the parish clerk, and all the guests were sent for, and there was a joyful wedding; and the parish clerk could not complain, for he had more than plenty to eat and drink.

When the second slave had finished his tale the old man said to his young companions, "The steward has told me that yonder handsome young slave will speak next, and that instead of a tale he will relate a narrative, a large part of which will be laid in France. He has lived there for some years, although by birth he is a Mussulman."

"The one sitting at the end of the first row?" asked one of the young men. "It really is a shame for the sheik to set him free. He is the most beautiful slave in this whole land. Only see what a spirited face. What bright, intelligent eyes, and such a manly form. The sheik could give him only the lightest work. He could bear the fan, or his master's pipe or sherbet. Such employment is but pastime, and, truly, that slave would be an ornament to any mansion. You said that the sheik only purchased this slave three days ago, and yet now he sets him free! It is madness, sheer madness!"

"Do not criticise him who is the wisest man in Egypt," said the old man, with a grave face. "Have I not already told you that the sheik sets him free because he hopes thereby to gain favor in the sight of Allah? You say yonder stripling is handsome and well built, and that is true; but the sheik's lost son was a beautiful boy, and must now be as tall and well developed as that youth. Shall the sheik then spare his gold, and offer unto Allah some cheap, misshapen slave, and hope in return to have his dear boy brought safely home again? Remember, always, whatsoever you do through life, to do it with all your heart and fully, or not at all."

"But see!" exclaimed the young merchant, "the sheik's gaze seems always fastened on the young slave. I have noticed it all the evening. Even during the most interesting parts of the tales his eyes would wander from the speaker, and rest on the noble features of the young freedman. It must be pain to him to free such a treasure."

"Judge not men so quickly,"
said the old man. "Think you
that the loss of a few thousand
gold pieces can give pain to him
who daily receives treble that
amount? But when his eyes rest
upon that youth may it not well
remind him of his own dear son
who, perchance, is even now pining
away in some foreign land, and may
he not wonder whether in that land
there is some merciful man who will

release Kairam and send him back to his own home?"

"You may be right," replied the merchant, "and I now see with shame that I always put the meanest and most ignoble constructions upon the actions of others, while you invariably connect with them some beautiful sentiment. And yet men in general are full of mean intentions and actions. Have not you found it so?"

"Just because I have not found it so, do I the

more gladly think kindly of all mankind," answered the old man. "In days of yore I used to think as you do now. Everywhere I went I heard men slandering their neighbors; I myself learned to speak and think evil of my fellows, and at last began to consider all men as wicked creatures. Suddenly, however, it occurred to me that Allah, who is as righteous as he is wise, would not allow a wholly reprobate race of beings to inhabit this beautiful earth. I thought carefully over all that I had ever seen and that I had ever experienced, and lo! I found that in all those past years I had only noticed the evil in my fellows and entirely neglected to look into their better, nobler natures. I had not noted the acts of charity and mercy performed by my neighbors, and when entire families had lived in righteousness and virtue I had not heeded it. Yet whenever I had heard of wickednesses or crimes, these I had noted carefully and stored them in my mind. I then began to look on the world with very different eyes. I was rejoiced when I saw that virtue and goodness were not so scarce as I had at first thought, and perceived that evil and vice were less abundant than I had formerly imagined. Thus I learned to love mankind and to see in all their actions some good motive, and I have found in many years' experience that I more rarely erred in speaking kindly

of a fellow-man than when I judged him to be avaricious, mean, or wicked."

The old man was now interrupted in his conversation with his young friends by the steward approaching and addressing him thus: "Master,

the sheik of Alexandria, Ali Banu, has with much pleasure noticed your presence in the saloon, and now invites you to come and sit beside him."

The four young men were not a little astonished at this honor conferred upon the old man, who, they had thought, was only one of the steward's friends. When he had

left them to go to the sheik, the scribe called the steward back, and said to him, "By the beard of the Prophet, I entreat you to tell us who this old man is with whom we have spoken, and whom the sheik so esteems."

"What!" exclaimed the steward, raising his hands in wonder, "you do not know that man?"

"No," answered the merchant, "we know not who he is."

"But," replied the steward, "I have already seen you several times talking with him on the street, and my master, the sheik, has also noticed this, and said not long ago, 'Those must be noble youths with whom such a man deigns to converse so often."

"But tell us who he is," exclaimed the scribe, with the utmost impatience.

"Get you gone," said the steward, "you only wish to be fool me. None may enter this saloon who are not expressly invited, and to-day your aged friend said to the sheik that he wished to bring into the saloon some young men if it were agreeable to him, and Ali Banu answered, 'You may always do whatsoever you will in this house.'"

"Keep us no longer in suspense," answered the scribe. "So truly as I live, we know not who the old man is. We only became acquainted with him by accident."

"If that be so, then you may indeed consider yourselves lucky, for you have conversed with a learned and illustrious man. He is verily Mustapha, the learned dervis."

"Mustapha! the wise Mustapha who educated the sheik's son, who has written many celebrated books, and who has traveled through all parts of the globe?" asked the scribe with incredulity. "Have we spoken with Mustapha, and spoken as freely as though he were one of us, in no wise showing him the deference due to such a man!"

The young men felt not a little honored by such an old and distinguished man having deigned to talk so long with them, and to be seen in their company. They were yet discussing the strange occurrence when the steward again approached and invited them to follow him to the sheik, who wished to speak with them. The young men's hearts throbbed indeed at this intelligence, for they had never before spoken with any one of the sheik's high rank; not even alone, much less amid such an assembly of distinguished elders. They, however, determined not to appear foolish by demurring, and so followed the steward to the sheik's platform.

Ali Banu was seated on richly embroidered cushions, sipping sherbet. At his right hand sat the old man; his garments, now resting on costly cushions, were rusty, and the sandals on his feet, which were placed upon the finest Persian carpet, were indeed shabby; but his magnificent head, and his eyes, bespeaking virtue, dignity, and wisdom, showed that he was worthy to thus sit beside the sheik.

The sheik looked sad and downcast, and Mustapha seemed to be speaking to him words of encouragement and comfort.

The young men thought it more than probable that the old man had induced the sheik to send for them, perhaps hoping thereby to divert the mournful father from his sad thoughts.

"Welcome, young men, to Ali Banu's house," said the sheik. "My old friend here deserves my thanks for bringing you hither, yet he is somewhat blamable in that he did not sooner introduce you to me. Which one of you is the young scribe?"

"I am, my lord," said the scribe, crossing his arms and bowing low before the sheik.

"You delight in hearing tales related, and in reading such books as are filled with beautiful verses and maxims? Is it not so?" asked Ali Banu.

The young man colored and answered, "My lord, of all things I, for my part, know of no employment equal to that, with which to occupy

the day. It cultivates the mind and enlarges the ideas, while it also passes away the hours most pleasantly. But, every one according to his taste, and of course I do not blame those who "—

"You are right, you are right," interrupted the sheik with a nod of approval, and beckoned to another to come nearer, saying, "And who are you?"

"Master, I am by profession an assistant physician, and have already cured not a few patients."

"Well," replied the sheik, "and you are one

who loves good living. You would like well, now and then, to have a feast with some good friends. Have I not guessed correctly?"

The young man felt much ashamed at these words. He thought that the old man must have been telling the sheik of his conversation outside of the terrace gate, and he was mortified at his avidity thus being made public. He, however, took heart, and answered, "Truly, my lord, I do count it among the pleasures of life to be able, now and then, to make merry with one's friends. My purse, however, is not heavy, and I can afford to entertain my friends with nothing more choice than water-melons, or some equally cheap fruits. Yet, we are merry over them, and naturally we would enjoy ourselves still better had we more sumptuous fare."

The sheik was pleased with this frank answer. He then asked, "Which one of you is the merchant?"

The young merchant bowed himself low before the sheik with easy elegance, for he was a wellbuilt young fellow, and all his movements were light and graceful.

"And your greatest pleasure," continued the sheik, "is to hear fine performers sing and play, or to watch graceful damsels whirling in the maze of some fancy dance. Have I not judged correctly?"

The young merchant answered, "I see clearly, O master, that the sage at your right hand has disclosed to you, for your diversion, all of our foolish wishes, which we made amongst ourselves one day, outside of your terrace gate. If he succeeded thereby in entertaining your lordship, I am most happy in having contributed to the amusement. But, concerning the music and dances, I confess that there is scarcely anything else that gives me so much pleasure. Yet, believe not, O master, that I in any sense blame those who do not equally"—

"Enough, say no more," exclaimed the sheik, waving his hand, and at the same time laughing. "You would say, 'Every one according to his own taste.' But there is yet another one, he who wishes to travel. What is your profession, young man?"

"I, my lord, am an artist," replied the fourth young man. "I paint principally landscapes, sometimes on the panels in the walls of handsome saloons, and sometimes on canvas. Above all things I have long wished to visit foreign lands. There all manner of beautiful scenery may be viewed, which can be reproduced with the brush; for what one copies from nature is, as a rule, far sublimer, and more superb than that which he takes only from his own imagination."

The sheik now gazed for a time at the four

young men; his countenance grew grave and sad, and at last he said:

"I had once a son, and now he would have been as tall and well developed as any one of you. Were he here you should be his friends and companions, and each one of you should



have your wish fulfilled through him. With the scribe he would read, with one enjoy music and dances, with another he would make merry with some good friends, and the artist he would accompany on journeys to all the most beautiful spots not too far distant. But Allah has not so

decreed, and I should submit to his all-wise will without a murmur. Nevertheless, it is within my power to fulfill your wishes, and you all shall leave Ali Banu's presence with glad hearts."

"You, my learned friend," continued the sheik, turning to the scribe, "dwell from this day on in my house, and use freely all my books. You may purchase and add to the library any other books you wish, and your only task will be whenever you have read something very beautiful and striking to come and tell it to me.

"You who love best to feast with your friends, you shall be purveyor in chief of my house. I, indeed, live alone, and without feastings; but it

is one of the duties of my office often to entertain guests. You shall, in my stead, provide for them proper refreshments, and may invite your friends to feast with you whenever you wish. See, however, that you furnish them with something more choice than water-melons.

"The young merchant, of course, I would not take from his profitable business which brings to him both money and reputation; but, my young friend, every evening musicians, singers, and dancers shall be at your disposal, and you shall be entertained to your heart's content.

"And you," said the sheik, turning to the artist, "shall visit foreign lands and sharpen the eye by experience. My purse-bearer will provide you with a thousand gold pieces, two horses, and a slave, for your first journey, on which if you wish you may start to-morrow. Travel whither you will, and when you see some very beautiful landscape, paint it on canvas for me."

The young men were speechless with wonder, joy, and gratitude. They would have prostrated themselves before the generous lord, but he prevented them, saying, "If you have any one to thank, it is the wise man at my side, who has told me of your wishes; and he has also given me great pleasure by introducing to me four such worthy young men."

The dervis Mustapha, however, interrupted their flow of gratitude, saying, "See how wrong it is to form an opinion too hastily, and judge another's actions rashly. Have I spoken to you of this noble man in terms higher than he deserves?"

"Let us now hear another of the slaves, who to-day are free, relate his story," said Ali Banu, interrupting the conversation, and the young men went again to their seats at the other end of the room.

The young slave who had attracted general attention and admiration by his shapely form, the beauty of his countenance, and the intelligence and courage beaming from his eyes now arose, bowed low before the sheik, and in a sweet, musical voice began to speak:





My lord, those who have spoken before me have told wonderful tales which they had heard in foreign lands. I must confess, to my shame, that I know by heart no tale worthy of holding your attention. Yet, if it be not wearisome to you, I will relate the strange history of one of my friends.

On board of that ship from Tunis, from whose captain you generously bought me, there was a young man of my age who seemed to me not to have been born to wear the slave's garb in which he was attired. The other bondsmen on the ship were either rough men with whom I could not associate, or foreigners whose languages I understood not. Therefore, whenever we had a little spare time for recreation, I always went the more willingly with this young man. He called himself Almansor, and his speech was that of an Egyptian. We passed away the time right pleasantly together, and one day we agreed

to relate to each other our own histories. My companion's narrative was somewhat uncommon, and it is that which I wish now to relate before you.

Almansor's father was a distinguished man in one of the chief cities in Egypt. His name, however, my friend did not mention. The days of Almansor's childhood had been full of joy and



happiness, and he had always been surrounded by every comfort and luxury which earth affords. He, however, had not been allowed to spend his days in idleness, and care had been taken to improve his mind from an early age; for his father was a wise man, and himself instructed the boy in all the doctrines of his religion, and instilled into his mind the strictest ideas of virtue

and of truth. Moreover the boy had as his instructor a very celebrated and learned sage, who taught him everything that a youth should know.

When Almansor was about ten years old, the French, who had some time previous crossed the sea, were still waging war with the Egyptians. The father of the boy must in some way have especially displeased the French, for one day,

just as he was leaving his house to repair to the mosque for his morning prayers, they came thither, and at first demanded to have his wife given to them as a hostage, to prevent him from doing anything to aid the Mamalukes against them. As he stoutly refused to comply with their demand, they took by force his little son, whom they dragged away to their camp.

When the young slave had proceeded thus far, the sheik covered his face with his hands, and a murmur of displeasure swept through the saloon. "How can the young man be so foolish," exclaimed some of the sheik's friends, "thus through such a story to rend afresh the sheik's deep wounds, instead of healing them? How can he thus redouble his generous master's grief, instead of trying to assuage it?" The steward also, was very angry with the thoughtless youth, and ordered him to be silent. The slave, however, seemed much surprised that his words had given offense, and turning to the sheik, he asked if there were anything in the narative that had aroused his displeasure.

At these words the sheik uncovered his face and said, "Friends, do not vex yourselves. How could this youth be expected to know of my misfortunes, when he has been scarcely three days under this roof? Among the outrages committed by the French may there not be a case similar to mine? Therefore, my good youth, continue your story." The young slave bowed, and resumed his narative.

So the young Almansor was kept at the French camp. He fared well there; for the commanding general took a great fancy to him, and was much amused at his quick answers, which were interpreted to the general by a dragoman. He therefore did not want for food or clothes, but the longing again to see his father and mother made the boy miserable. He wept bitterly for many days, but his tears did not move the hearts of those men.

At last the camp broke up, and Almansor thought that now he would be allowed to return home; but his hopes were vain. The army moved here and there, waged war with the Mamalukes, and wandering tribes of Arabs, and wherever they went they took poor Almansor with them. When he appealed to the officers, and besought them to send him home, they refused, saying they must keep him as a pledge to insure his father being loyal to them. So he was on the march sometimes for days.

Soon after, little Almansor saw preparations being made for departure from Egypt, and now his heart throbbed high with joy; for he felt quite sure that when the French returned to their own land, he would again be free. The army now marched towards the coast where their ships lay at anchor, and they halted not until they had reached the shore. The officers embarked

their troops without loss of time, yet night came on before all were on board.

Little Almansor had watched eagerly all their movements, expecting each minute to be set at liberty. Before night, however, he had fallen into a deep sleep, and he thought the soldiers must

have drugged his food that day with some sleeping potion, for when he awoke the sun was shining, and he found himself in a very tiny room, and not where he had fallen asleep. He sprang from his couch, but as he reached the floor he fell; for it seemed to be rocking to and fro, while everything he looked at seemed to be dancing here and there. He pulled himself up, and steadied himself against the wall while he made his way towards the door of the apartment. The air seemed filled with strange sounds as of great waves splashing and roaring. Almansor knew not whether he was awake or dreaming, for he had never before seen or heard the like.

At last the boy reached a flight of narrow steps.

With great difficulty he ascended, and lo! what did he behold? Turn which way he would there was nothing to be seen save sky and sea. He found he was on a ship. At this discovery he began to cry bitterly, then becoming desperate he would have thrown himself overboard and attempted to swim ashore, but the soldiers held him firmly. Then one of the officers called Almansor to him, and promised the boy that if he were good, he should soon return to his father's house, and explained to him how impossible it would be to take him home then, when they were so far out at sea, and that if he attempted to swim home he would be drowned in a few moments.

The officer, however, was only deceiving the boy; for the ship sailed on for many days, and when at last they landed, it was not on an Egyptian coast, but in France.

Almansor had, while in their camp, and during the long voyage, learned to understand and speak the language of those French, and it was well for him that he had, for in that land no one understood his native tongue.

For some days they traveled on land, farther and farther from the coast. Wherever they marched the people flocked to see the boy; for the soldiers made them believe that he was the son of the sultan, who had sent him thither to complete his education. This the soldiers told the people, to make them think that they had conquered Egypt, and yet were on the most friendly terms with the sultan.

At length they reached a large city, and they were at their journey's end. There the boy was given to a physician, who took him to live in his house, and taught him with the utmost

precision all the customs and manners

of that land.

First of all the boy was dressed in a suit of French clothes, which were tight and stiff, and not half so graceful as his Eastern garments. He was no more allowed, with crossed arms, to make a low obeisance, but, when he would salute his elders, he must with one hand lift from his head a tall hat of black felt, the kind worn by all men there, and, with the other hand by his side, draw his right foot back a pace. He could no longer sit with crossed legs as is the oriental custom, but must sit upon high-legged stools, with his feet dangling, or resting flat on the floor. The manner of eating, also, was to him equally distasteful, for whatever he wished to put into his mouth, he must first stick it on a metal fork.

Moreover, the doctor was a severe, harsh man, and was unkind to little Almansor. Whenever

the boy forgot, and said to a visitor, Salem aleicum, the cruel man would strike him with a cane, for he should have said, Votre Serviteur. Worse than all, he was not allowed to speak or write in the Eastern language, and he would surely have forgotten his mother tongue, had it not been for one man who lived in that city and who was a great help to the stolen boy. He was an old, but very learned man who understood many of the Eastern tongues; Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and even Chinese. He was considered in that land a paragon of wisdom and deep learning, and he received large sums of money for imparting his knowledge of some of these languages to others.

Once every week little Almansor spent the day at this wise man's house. There he was entertained as though he were in his dear native land. The kind-hearted sage had a suit of clothes made for the boy such as he had worn at his own home. As soon as Almansor came, he would send him with an attendant to the little room where these clothes were kept, and where, with the valet's assistance, the boy was attired in his Eastern costume; he would then go down to a large apartment, which the old man called "Little Egypt."

In this apartment he had planted a variety of our trees. The palm, the bamboo, the cedar, and others. A large number, also, of Oriental flowers were growing there in pots and boxes. The floor was covered with Persian rugs. There was no French table or stool to be seen in that room, but around by the walls were placed soft cushions. On one of these sat the old professor, who on these days was attired in a full Eastern costume, from the sandals to the turban; he even had hung by his side a saber, and a dag-

ger in his girdle. He smoked a long hookah, and his attendants, also, were attired in Eastern grabs.

At first it seemed strange to Almansor to see in that foreign land a place so resembling his native country, but he soon perceived that hours spent in the company of such a man would be of the greatest service to him. At the doctor's he dared not utter a word in the Egyptian tongue, but when with the old sage, he was not allowed to speak in the French language.

As he entered the room the boy with crossed arms would make a low obeisance, to which the professor always replied with a cordial nod and smile, and then beckoned to Almansor to come and sit beside him. They then would converse together in the different Oriental tongues; Per-

sian, Arabic, Coptic, and others, for the boy had been taught all these languages by his old instructor in his father's house. Next came the time for studying, with the help of lexicons and other valuable books of information. this work was over they had refreshments, all served in the Eastern style, and after that, the boy might amuse himself as he saw fit until evening. The professor had many very valuable manuscripts, and as the boy could read well, the old man would have him read them aloud for an hour at a time. It gave Almansor pleasure to do this, but the sage derived much benefit from it, for he would listen very attentively and so catch the more perfect pronunciation of the little native.

That was poor Almansor's one happy day each week, and the professor never sent him away empty handed. Often he received handsome gifts of money, or fine linen and other useful things, with which the doctor would not furnish him.

Thus Almansor lived for several years in the capital of France; but his longing for home, father and mother was not diminished by time. When somewhat over fourteen years old an event happened which enabled Almansor to escape from the doctor's grasp.

The French at this time chose the highest

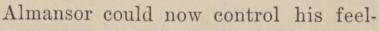
general in the army, the same one who had taken such a fancy to Almansor when in Egypt, and in whose tent the boy had lived, to be their emperor. Almansor knew, indeed, that a ruler had been elected, and himself participated in the general jubilee, but he never thought of the emperor being the same general whom he had known so well in Egypt, and who looked so young.

One day as Almansor was crossing the bridge which is built over the Seine, a large river dividing the city, he noticed a man dressed in the usual uniform of a general, leaning on the railing of the bridge, looking down at the water. There was something in the face and carriage of the man that attracted the boy's attention. It seemed to him that he had often seen him before. He stood still and recalled to his mind all the places where he had been, and people he had seen in the last few years, and as his thoughts reverted to Egypt, it flashed into his mind that this man was the French general with whom he had so often conversed in the camp there, and who had always been so kind in providing for his wants. He could not recall the officer's name, but remembering how he had heard some of the soldiers speak of him among themselves, he mustered up all his courage, approached nearer to the man, and with crossed arms made a low Eastern bow, at the same time saying, "Salem aleicum, Petit Caporal."

The man looked around with great surprise, gazed fixedly at the youth for some moments, seemed to be thinking deeply, and at last exclaimed, "Heavens! can it be possible! You here, Almansor? Where is your father? What

has happened in Egypt? What brings

you here?"



ings no longer, and began to cry bitterly. "So you did not know what those wicked men, your countrymen, did with me, *Petit Caporal?* You do not know that I have never seen my father since I was taken to your camp?" sobbed the boy.

"I cannot believe," said the

man, and his brow contracted, "that they carried you away from your native land."

"Ah! truly," replied the boy, "on the day your soldiers embarked, I saw my own dear country for the last time. They brought me hither by force, and a captain who felt some compassion for me in my grief paid a physician to take me and bring me up; but this doctor is a cruel man, who beats me, and keeps me half

starved. But, Petit Caporal, it is well that I have met you here; you must help me."

The man laughed, and asked how he could help him.

"It would be unreasonable," said Almansor, "were I to ask you to help me with money, because I know that you are a poor man; for when in Egypt you were never dressed so gaily as the other officers, and now, also, judging from your clothes, your fortune cannot be great. But the French have lately chosen an emperor, and doubtless among your acquaintances there is at least one whose petition he would heed. Is it not so?"

"Well — yes, I think so," answered the man, "but what then?"

"Through this friend," replied the boy, "you could speak a word in my behalf, and entreat the emperor to set me free, and furnish me with sufficient money to defray the expenses of the journey from here to my own home. But above all, you must promise me not to mention to the doctor, or to the professor, what I have said to you."

"Who is the professor?" asked the man.

"Oh! he is a wonderful man; I will tell you about him another time; but if either of them heard of my scheme, I should never be able to get free. Will you do what you can to have

me sent home? Tell me frankly, I beseech you!"

"Come with me," said the man, "perhaps I can help you now."

"Now?" exclaimed the boy. "Oh! I dare not, I must hasten back to the doctor's house, or he will punish me severely."

"What have you in your basket?" asked the man, placing his hand upon the boy, to detain him.

Almansor colored, and at first would not answer, but finally he said, "See! Petit Caporal, I must here do the work of a slave. The doctor is a close, mean man, and sends me every day to a fish and vegetable market, which is an hour's walk distant from his house. There I must deal with the lowest hucksters, because the things are a few centimes cheaper than in our part of the city. See! for these miserable herring, this handful of lettuce, and this bit of butter I must go a two hours' walk every day. Oh! if my father knew it."

The man to whom Almansor thus spoke was touched by the boy's emotion, and replied, "Be comforted. Come with me. The doctor shall not punish you, even if he does not have any herring and salad for his dinner. Take courage and come with me." With these words he took Almansor by the hand and led him on.

Although the boy's heart throbbed when he thought of the doctor, yet he had confidence in his friend, and determined to follow him. So, the basket still on his arm, the boy walked through many streets by the side of the soldier. He noticed with surprise that all the people took their hats off as the little general passed, and stopped to look after him. He asked his companion why they did so, but the soldier only laughed, and made no answer.

They at length reached a splendid palace, and as the boy saw that his guide was about to enter the building, he asked with surprise, "Do you dwell here, *Petit Caporal?*"

"Yes," answered the man, "this is my abode, and I am going to take you to see my wife."

"In this beautiful palace?" exclaimed the boy.

"Surely the emperor must give you apartments here free of charge."

"You have guessed well," replied the soldier, "the emperor does furnish me with these apartments."

He then led the boy up a broad flight of marble steps, and bidding him set the basket down in one of the halls, conducted him into a magnificent room where his wife was seated on a costly sofa. The man spoke with her for some minutes, in a foreign tongue. She seemed much amused at what he told her, and after a little while she

turned to the boy and began asking him questions about Egypt, speaking to him in the French tongue.

Presently the soldier said to the boy: "I know now what will be best to do. I will take

you myself to the emperor, and speak

a word in your behalf."

Almansor at first feared to be taken into the emperor's presence, but when he thought of his misery

in that land, and of the home he so longed to see, he summoned up his courage and said, "Allah gives strength to the weak, in the hour of need, and I believe

he will not forsake me, a poor, unhappy boy. I will, therefore, do as

you say. I will go with you to the emperor. But tell me, *Petit Caporal*, what must I do when I come into his presence. Must I fall down on my knees before him? Shall I bow my head to the ground? What must I do?"

The two laughed afresh at these questions, and assured the boy that no such actions were necessary.

"Is he majestic and formidable in appearance?" asked the boy. "Has he a long beard? Has he keen eyes?"

The soldier with a hearty laugh answered: "I

would rather not describe his appearance to you, Almansor. You shall see for yourself. One thing, however, I will mention that will enable you to know which man is the emperor. Every one in this palace will, when in his presence, stand with uncovered head. He who keeps his hat on in the grand saloon is the emperor." So saying, the man took the boy's hand in his, and led him to the emperor's grand saloon.

The nearer he approached the louder throbbed Almansor's heart, and his knees began to tremble as he neared the entrance. An usher ran before them and threw open the doors. Within, there were about thirty men standing in a semicircle, dressed elegantly, and decked with gold trimmings and stars, as is the custom among the French officers and nobility; and Almansor thought that his kind friend must be lower in rank than any officer present, because his dress was so much plainer than that of any other. The heads of all were uncovered, and the boy commenced to look in all directions for the one who still wore his hat, for he knew that one would be the emperor. His search was vain, and he began to think that the emperor could not be among them, for all had their hats in their hands, when his eye suddenly rested on the man who had led him thither. Lo! this man's hat was still upon his head.

The boy was for a few moments dumb with amazement. He gazed attentively at his guide, and then said, as he lifted off his own hat, "Salem aleicum, Petit Caporal. So far as I know I am not the French emperor, therefore it becomes not me to keep my head covered. But you are the only one who now has on his hat. Petit Caporal, can you be the emperor?"

"You have guessed," replied the sovereign, "moreover, I am your friend. Ascribe not your misfortune to me, but rather to an unhappy mistake on the part of some of the soldiers, in the confusion of re-embarking; and be assured, that you shall return to your native land with the first ship sailing to the East. Go back now to my wife, and tell her about the learned professor, the doctor, and whatever else you choose. I will have the herring and lettuce sent to the doctor; you are to remain in my palace so long as you are in France."

Almansor dropped upon one knee, kissed the emperor's hand, and begged pardon for not recognizing sooner his high rank.

"You are in no wise blamable," replied the ruler, laughing, "but when a man has only been emperor a few days, you cannot expect to find the title inscribed upon his brow." With these words he motioned for the boy to leave.

From that day Almansor lived in happiness

and luxury. He still went sometimes to visit the wise professor, but the cruel doctor he never saw again.

Some weeks later the emperor sent for the boy, and informed him that the ship on which he would send him to Egypt, then lay at anchor.

At this news Almansor was beside himself with joy, and a few days later with a light and thankful heart, a purse well lined with gold, and himself loaded with precious gifts, he took

a grateful farewell of the kind-hearted sovereign, and embarked for his native land.

But it pleased Allah to prove the boy's faith still farther; he chose to try his spirit yet longer with adversity, and so willed that he should not then return to his father's house.

Just at this time another European nation, the English, were hostile to the French, and waged war with them on the

sea, attacking every French vessel they met. So it happened that on the sixth day of the voyage, the ship on which Almansor was traveling was attacked and overpowered by an English manof-war. The captain was forced to surrender, and all the crew and passengers were placed on a small vessel which followed the war-ship.

The sea, however, is as unsafe for travelers

as the deserts, where bands of robbers suddenly fall upon the caravans, killing the men, and plundering the wagons. A pirate ship from Tunis overtook the little vessel, which had been separated, by a storm, from the large man-of-war. Every man on board was captured, put on the pirate ship, conveyed to Tunis, and there sold as a slave.

The slavery there, however, was not so hard for Almansor as the thraldom in France; because these men were good Mussulmans. Yet, now all hopes of again seeing his dear father, mother, and home were crushed. There he lived with a very wealthy master. His work was light and pleasant. It was to plant and cultivate the flowers on the terrace. Five years later, however, the master died, leaving no heir. His possessions, therefore, were divided amongst his kinsfolk; his slaves were sold, and Almansor fell into the hands of a slave-dealer. man soon after chartered a ship, embarked all his slaves, and set sail; because they would bring larger prices elsewhere. I was also one of this man's slaves, and came on the same ship with Almansor. There we learned to know one another, and there he told me his strange history. But when we landed, I was struck with the wonderful disposition of Allah; for it was the coast of Almansor's native land, and the market where we were offered for sale was in the city where he had been born. And, O, master, to tell it in few words, his own dear father bought him.

When the young slave had thus finished his narrative, the sheik, Ali Banu, sat lost in thought. He had followed the whole story with intense interest. Throughout the narrative his breast had heaved, and his eyes glistened with tears, and often it seemed as though he would interrupt the slave with some question; yet the happy termination of the narrative seemed in no wise to assuage his anguish.

"He is now over twenty years of age, according to what you say, is he not?" asked the sheik.

"Master, he is just my age — nearly one and twenty years old," answered the slave.

"And what city did he name as his birthplace? You have not told us yet," inquired the sheik.

"If I mistake not, it is this city, Alexandria," replied the young man.

"Alexandria!" exclaimed the sheik, "it is my son! Oh! where is he now? Did you say his name was Kairam? Had he dark eyes and brown hair?"

"He had, my lord, and in hours of special grief I have heard him call himself Kairam and not Almansor," said the young man.

"Allah! Allah! But, tell me yet again, his father bought him before your eyes, you say? Was he sure it was his father? If so, it was not my son," said the poor sheik.

The young slave replied: "He said to me, 'Allah be praised, after so long an exile, this is the market-place of my native town.' After a while a distinguished-looking man came walking slowly through the market-place. Then my friend cried out, 'Behold the goodness of Allah, for my eyes again behold my own dear father.' The man approached us, looked at this one and that one, and at last bought him, whose history I have just related. Then he gave thanks to Allah, and whispered to me, 'Now I will return at last to my home, and dwell again in my father's house.'"

"Then it is not my son, my Kairam," cried out the sheik, now utterly overcome with grief and disappointment.

The young man could bear no longer to see his father's grief. With tears of joy in his eyes, he threw himself upon his knees before the sheik, and cried, "Yet it is your son, Kairam Almansor, and you are he who bought him."

"Allah! Allah! a miracle, a wondrous miracle," exclaimed all those present, pressing nearer to catch every word. The sheik stood speechless with excitement, gazing at the beautiful counte-

nance before him. "My friend Mustapha," said he at length to the old dervis, "before my eyes hangs a veil of tears, so that I cannot see whether the features of Kairam's mother are engraven on this face, as I know they were upon my

athers

son's. Do you step forward and examine his countenance."

The old man came nearer, looked at him attentively, laid his hand upon the young man's head and said, "Kairam, what was the maxim which, on the day you were taken from your home, I repeated to you and bade you remember while in the French camp?"

"My dearest tutor," answered the youth, as he raised

the old man's hand to his lips, "it ran thus: 'He who serves Allah faithfully and has a quiet conscience, is not alone, though in a desert, or on the broad sea; and even if he be for a time overwhelmed with misery and misfortune, yet there is one who is ever by his side ready to defend and comfort him.'"

Then the old man raised his eyes towards Heaven as he murmured a prayer of thanksgiving, embraced the youth fervently, and placed him by his father's side, saying, "Take him to your heart, for so surely as you have for ten long years grieved for your lost boy, this is your son, Kairam."

The sheik was beside himself in the ecstasy of his joy. It seemed as though he could never tire of studying the face of his newly-found son; and the longer he gazed the more clearly did he see in every feature the likeness to the dead mother, and the little boy Kairam.

Every one present shared in the sheik's joy, for they all loved the good man, and it was to each one as though he himself had received a long lost child.

Now again music and laughter filled those halls as in days long past.

The youth had to tell again much of his story, and they all praised the learned professor, the emperor, and every one who had been kind to Kairam. It was midnight before the assembly broke up, and when his friends at last took their leave, the sheik presented each with some handsome gift, that they might always remember with pleasure this day of rejoicing.

The sheik then called to him Mustapha's four young friends, presented them to his son, and invited them to visit Kairam whenever they wished. So it happened as the sheik had said, that with the scribe Kairam read, with the artist he took short journeys, the merchant shared with him

the music and dances, and the young physician superintended the preparations for all the feasts, and himself partook freely of them. They also received handsome gifts, and left the sheik's house with hearts full of joy and gratitude.

"Whom have we to thank for all this," said one of them, "whom else but the old sage? Who could have dreamed, as we stood outside of the terrace gate, criticising the good sheik's actions, that such luck awaited us?"

"Who could have imagined that we would have received so much valuable imformation and such wise instructions from that man, when we hailed him on the terrace path; for he looked so plain and his dress was so shabby," said another. "Above all, who would have dreamed that he was the wise Mustapha!"

"Oh! wonders that have no equal!" exclaimed the scribe, as they passed through the terrace gate. "Was it not on this very spot that we uttered our wishes? One wished to travel, one to enjoy music and dancing, another feasts and merrymaking, and I to read rare books. Have we not all had our wishes fulfilled? May I not read all the sheik's rare books, and buy others when I choose?"

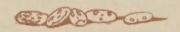
"And may not I order the sheik's singers and dancers and musicians to perform whenever I wish?" said the merchant.

"And I," exclaimed the physician, "when I wish to make merry with my friends I may order the most sumptuous refreshments at the sheik's expense and invite whom I please to partake of the dainties."

"And I," said the artist, "previous to this day, was so poor that I could not afford to once leave this city; yet now I may travel wheresoever I will, as often as I like."

"Truly," said they to one another, "it is well for us that we made a friend of the old man. Who knows what will come of this day's adventure?"

So spake the four together, and went home rejoicing at their good fortune.



THE KING WHO COULD NOT SLEEP.





King Gorm's castle was so great and large that it was equal to a whole city. Especially magnificent was that part of the castle where the king had his own private apartments. Here, on the outside of the walls, hung the shields of all his knights. Some were of gold, some of silver, and some were of the finest steel. Their glitter as the golden rays of the sun fell upon them was blinding. But when in the hours of the night the moon cast her bright beams upon the shields they shone like thousands of silver lights, illuminating all the surrounding grounds; and the sight was gorgeous to behold.

On account of its magnificence and brilliancy King Gorm's castle was known of far and wide. His long train of courtiers were all gorgeously attired, and within the outer courts and halls there were thousands of soldiers arrayed in their steel armor; for Gorm was a warlike king, and

often made inroads into the neighboring kingdoms that he might increase his possessions.

King Gorm had everything that a man could wish for in the way of riches and power. lives of his subjects hung on his word. When he felt so inclined he gave great feasts in his



castle or in his fine parks. had bards to sing to him, and beautiful damsels to dance before him when he wished amusement in the evenings. In spite of all these luxuries, however, Gorm was not happy, for he had been troubled for some time past with a sad disorder. The poor king could not sleep. When in the

night all the courtiers were fast asleep, and the soldiers in the court were snoring loudly, Gorm would lie in his own room sighing, or cursing with impatience, as he watched the night passing on so slowly while sleep fled from him.

At length King Gorm gave the command that every physician in his kingdom should try to cure him of this malady, and those who failed in finding a remedy should lose their right hands. A large number of the physicians upon hearing of this decree hastily fled from that land, but some volunteered to come, and others were caught by the king's soldiers and dragged to the castle.

Many of the physicians prepared sleeping draughts which they administered to the king. Then, however, the monarch was tortured in his sleep by frightful dreams and agonizing nightmares. No doctor was found who could afford the king one night's quiet sleep; therefore Gorm ordered an executioner to cut off the right hands of all those physicians. But from that day his malady grew even worse, and he writhed upon his soft couch like a worm in agony.

At last becoming desperate, King Gorm issued another decree, stating that any one who could cause the king to sleep through the night in peace and quiet should receive half the kingdom as a reward. But to prevent quacks from administering useless and harmful doses, and so tampering with his life, the king added in the decree that whosoever attempted to cure him and failed should lose his life.

One evening a little shepherdess, clad in ragged garments, came to the castle and asked to see the king.

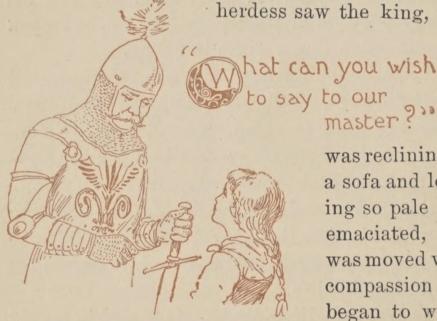
"What can you wish to say to our master?" asked one of the soldiers at the gate.

"I wish to cure him of his sickness," answered the little maid.

The soldiers at first laughed at her, but as she repeated her request, they sought to turn her from her purpose, for she was beautiful in spite of her poor clothes, and they felt that it was sinful to expose her to certain death.

At length, however, as she persisted in her first request, they were obliged to lead her to the king, for he had given a peremptory command that any one who came to cure him should be brought before him, no matter who it was.

> When the little shepherdess saw the king, who



was reclining on a sofa and looking so pale and emaciated, she was moved with compassion and began to weep.

"Who are you and what is your name?" asked the king.

"Signa is my name, and I am a poor shepherdess from the farthest frontier of your kingdom," answered the child.

"Why, then, have you come hither?" said Gorm.

"To cure you of your sickness," replied Signa. The king shook his head and answered, "It would be better for you to return home, for here nothing but death awaits you."

The little maid, however, would not go, but begged to be allowed to speak to the king in private.

When the soldiers had retreated, she stepped up to Gorm and said, "Oh! that I may not have come too late to help you, my king."

"Where is your remedy?" asked the monarch.

"Come with me, and I will show you," Sigma answered, moving towards one of the open windows looking out on the garden.

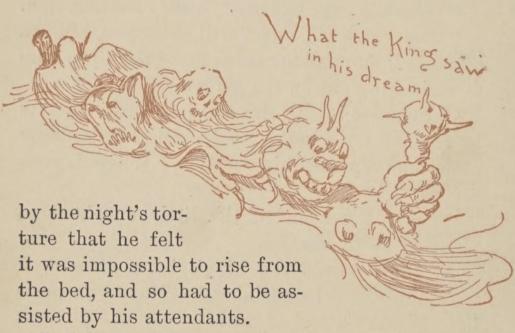
Gorm arose in surprise and followed her. As he reached the window he looked threateningly at her and repeated his question, "Where is your remedy?"

"There!" responded the little shepherdess, pointing up to Heaven.

At these words the king's brow grew dark with anger, and he exclaimed, "Have you come here to make a fool of me?"

"Oh! no," replied Signa, "I have come hither to teach you to pray."

When Gorm heard this answer his face grew pale with rage. He called in his soldiers, and commanded them to cast Signa into the tower, and have erected a scaffold in the garden just facing his windows, for he intended himself to see her die the very next evening at sundown. That night was the most terrible that Gorm had ever spent. Not for one instant did sleep close his weary eyelids; the heaviest nightmare pressed on his chest until he could scarcely breathe, as he lay tossing on his couch; and hideous pictures of times past flitted before his gaze like phantoms from beneath. When at length morning dawned the king was so weakened



Before evening drew on the scaffold in the garden was completed, and as the soldiers led Signa towards it Gorm took his seat at the open window.

When the king's eyes fell on the child, smiling sweetly as she walked bravely on between the two rows of armed soldiers, such a strange sensation crept over him that he turned away

his head as she ascended the scaffold. He had not the strength to lean out of the window but for a short time, and so sat waiting until he should hear the gloomy thud of the axe as it struck the block.

Suddenly the ringing tones of a sweet, clear voice struck his ear. Gorm leaned his head out of the window, and saw Signa kneeling at the scaffold with up-turned face, her gaze fixed on Heaven. It seemed as though the stars casting down their bright luster formed upon her brow a crown of light, and the king heard every word that came forth from her lips.

"Gracious God and Father, teach him to come to Thee in humility, and ask forgiveness for all his crimes, so that he may again have peace and rest within his soul." Thus prayed Signa, but at the same instant the executioner stepped forth, and grasped the little maid by her long hair.

Gorm, however, was seized with an unspeakable horror at the sight of this act, and he cried out with a loud voice: "Touch her not! Release her! She may go free."

When the people heard this they all rejoiced greatly, for none had wished the innocent little shepherdess to be killed, although in obedience to their sovereign's command the officers had prepared to take away her life.

Before Signa left the garden she bent her gaze

towards the king's window, looked at him with tear-stained eyes, made her farewell courtesy to him, and was soon out of sight.

In the night that followed, King Gorm was certainly restless and in pain; yet, for one hour he slept in undisturbed peace and quiet; and then it seemed to him as though Signa stood in the garden below looking up at him with her sweet, mild eyes.

When morning came Gorm ordered that Signa should be brought again before him, but the servants soon returned saying that no one knew whither she had gone. In vain the king sent messengers to all parts of his kingdom in search of the little maid. They all returned sooner or later, and reported that no one had either seen or heard of her.

Time passed, and Gorm became by degrees more kind-hearted, and more gentle. evening as he stood alone by the open castle window he seemed to see the beautiful little shepherdess standing by his side, and with outstretched arm pointing up to Heaven; and it was as though he heard her again utter the one word, "There!" So it happened that one night Gorm clasped his hands as Signa had done in the garden at that moment of trial, and although no words passed his lips, yet in his thoughts he formed a prayer.

From that hour the king was as another man. No unjust sentence or blood-thirsty edict was passed by him thenceforth, and what evil he had done before he now sought to rectify. Of all those whom he had ever injured he begged forgiveness, and showed his true repentance by his actions. What he had already taken from his subjects he now gave back to them, the houses which he had caused to be burned down he ordered to be re-erected, the children whose

fathers he had killed he now provided for carefully.

For each good deed which the king performed his malady diminished, and soon he slept all night as soundly and peacefully as a little child. The sallow hue of his skin disappeared, and the king became again strong

and hearty. One evening at sundown Gorm, as usual at that hour, knelt by the open window, his hands clasped, breathing forth a prayer. He prayed with all humility and fervor that he might be allowed again to see Signa, who had shown him

the right path, and so cured him of his sickness. He closed his prayer with the words: "O, Lord God, take from me everything that I possess; my wealth, my kingdom, my power, and all earthly splendor, if Thou wilt; only give to me the one that I love." Lo! as he uttered the last

word, he saw Signa standing by his side; now no longer a child, but a most beautiful young maiden. "I have come," said she, "to see if

you have used the remedy aright."
At these words the king was

overjoyed, and all the people, who now loved their sovereign, rejoiced with him. Gorm had promised half the kingdom to the one who should cure him of his terrible disease. Now, however, the king not only offered to Signa that which was hers by right, but he besought her to share with him the throne, and to be-

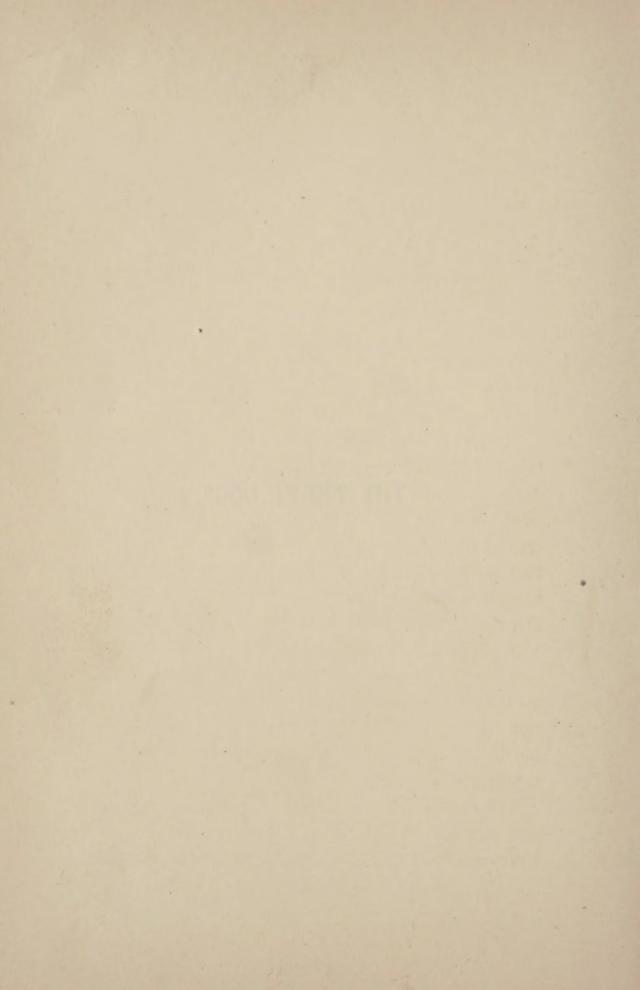
come his bride. But while the wedding feasts were being prepared with all splendor and magnificence, the maiden begged the king to send out messengers to escort thither her old mother, who was sitting at home in solitude, awaiting

the return of her only child. "And," said Signa, "her it is that you have to thank for the return of peace unto your soul, for she taught me as a little child, saying, 'Forget not to pray, little Signa, if you would have quiet sleep and sweet dreams."





THE THREE DOGS.





A Long time ago there was a king who reigned over a great kingdom, and he had married a very beautiful princess.

When after a time a little princess was born, there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom, for all the subjects loved their king, because he was always so just and kind. But on the day the child was born there came an old fortune-teller to the palace. Nobody in the kingdom had ever seen her before, neither knew any one whence she came or whither she went. She prophesied concerning the king's daughter and said, "The princess must not be allowed to go outside of the palace into the open air until her fifteenth birthday has passed, else she will be in danger of being stolen by a dreadful mountain ogre."

When the king heard this he was frightened, and set guards at all the palace doors, so that the princess might not by any mistake get out. eller

Some time after, a second daughter was born. Now again there was a great rejoicing throughout the kingdom; but in the midst of it there came the same old fortune-teller, and she warned the king to keep this daughter also within the

palace walls until after her fifteenth birthday had passed.

Not a very long time elapsed before another child was born.

At the birth of this third princess the old fortune-teller appeared as before and prophesied that this child also, like her sisters, would meet with a sad fate if she went

outside of the palace doors before her fifteenth birthday.

The king now felt sad at heart, for he loved his children above everything in the world. He therefore gave the strictest command to all the guards, nurses, and maids, that they should always keep the three princesses indoors. He then felt that the children must be quite safe, for he knew that no one would dare to disobey his command.

Years passed by, and the three princesses grew; to be the most beautiful maidens that had ever been heard of, far or near.

Now war broke out in the land, and the king, their father, went out to the battle. While he was on the battlefield, the three princesses sat at a low window looking out on the garden. As they sat there, watching the sun shining on the little flowers, a great desire seized them to play in the open air and the warm sunshine with the pretty blossoms. They begged their nurse-maids to allow them to play around in the garden, only just for a very little while.

The maids did not dare to acceed to this request, for they feared the king's anger. The king's daughters, however, begged so very sweetly that at last the maids could not resist their entreaties, and so allowed the children to go out.

The princesses now felt very happy, and ran out into the garden in great glee.

Alas! their enjoyment did not last long, for they were scarcely in the open air a minute when suddenly they were enveloped in a cloudy mist which bore them away.

All efforts to find the children were useless, although search was made for them in every kingdom.

The whole land mourned and lamented the loss of the three beautiful princesses, and the king was almost frantic with grief when he returned home and heard the sad news. But as the proverb runs, "That which is done cannot easily be undone."

Now as the king could get his dear children back in no other way, he had it proclaimed far

and wide that he who would rescue the three princesses from the mountain-ogres' caves and bring them safely back to the palace, should receive one of the princesses for his bride, and also half the kingdom.

When this proclamation was made throughout the whole land, a great number of knights and venturesome youths set out at once with their steeds and weapons to seek the young princesses. Two foreign princes were at this time at the king's court. They, also, set out to try their luck in finding the princesses. They attired themselves in the most costly armor, provided themselves with all useful weapons and fine steeds, and boasted proudly that they would not return without the king's three daughters.

Far, far away from this king's court, in another country, there lived in a thick forest an old widow. She had one step-son, whose daily duty it was to mind her three swine. While he was thus engaged in the wood, he amused himself by making from a good-sized twig a very fine flute. It was his greatest pastime to play upon this flute, and he piped so sweetly that it gave pleasure to all who heard him. Moreover, he was a large, strong, and well-developed lad, so that he was not easily frightened by anything in the world.

One day as the boy sat in the wood playing

roclamation

on his flute and minding his step-mother's three swine, an old man passed that way. He was very old, and his long white beard reached far below his girdle. The old man had with him a large dog, which looked very strong and savage.

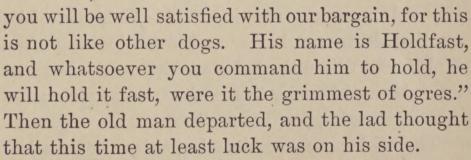
When the boy saw the dog he said to himself, "I would like well to have such a dog to keep me company here in the woods."

As the old man heard his words he turned and

said, "I have come hither to see

if I could exchange this dog for one of your swine." The lad was quite ready to make the bargain, so he received the handsome dog, and gave in exchange one of the three swine.

Before parting the old man said, "I think that



Towards evening the lad called the dog and drove the two swine home. When, now, the old woman saw that her step-son had exchanged one of her fat swine for a dog, she grew furious.

She could not sufficiently express her wrath with words, but she also dealt the lad many a hard blow. He tried to pacify her, but in vain; she only beat him the more.

When the lad found that his step-mother would not stop, he at last called to his dog and said, "Holdfast, come to my rescue." Instantly the dog rushed forward and seized the old woman, and held her so firmly that she could not move. The old woman was now obliged to promise her step-son to strike him no more, but she felt that the greatest of all misfortunes had befallen her in losing one of her large swine.

Some days after, the lad went with his dog and the two swine again into the same wood. There he sat down and commenced to play on his flute, as was his custom. Thereupon the dog began to dance so gracefully that it was quite wonderful to see. Suddenly the lad saw the old man approaching. He had with him another dog, even larger and finer looking than Holdfast. When the lad saw the beautiful animal he said to himself, "He who possesses such a dog must indeed be happy."

The old man, overhearing him, approached nearer and said, "I have come for the purpose of exchanging my dog for one of your swine."

Now the lad did not think twice, but gladly gave a swine for the noble dog.

At parting the old man said, "You cannot but be pleased with the exchange, for this is no ordinary dog. His name is Rend, and whatsoever you shall command him to destroy he will tear it in small bits, were it the fiercest of ogres."

The old man thereupon went his way. The lad was delighted beyond measure, and thought himself lucky indeed, although he knew well that his step-mother would not be contented with the exchange.

When the lad went home towards evening the old woman was not less angry than on the preceding day, but this time she did



not attempt to strike her step-son, because she feared his large dogs. As, however, her long-continued lamentations brought her no comfort, the step-mother had at last to become reconciled to this second loss.

A third morning the lad went again to the same wood with the one remaining swine and his two dogs. He felt in a very gay mood, so he seated himself on a log and played on his flute, as he was wont to do when alone. The two dogs then began to dance, and they danced so comically that the lad nearly split his sides with laughter. While the youth was thus amus-

ing himself he suddenly spied the old man coming that way. This time he had a third dog with him, which was even larger and more beautiful than the other two dogs.

When the lad saw this magnificent animal he said to himself, "Any one possessing such a dog must be envied by all who meet him."

The old man then stepped up to the lad and said, "I have come here to offer my dog to you in exchange for your third swine, for I knew that as soon as you saw him you would wish to possess him."

The boy eagerly accepted the old man's offer, took the beautiful animal, and gave in return his step-mother's last swine.

At parting the old man said, "I think you will be more than pleased with our bargain. There is no other dog equal

to this one. His name is Quick-ear. His hearing is so acute that he can hear the slightest sound, were it miles away. Indeed, he can hear quite distinctly the trees and the grass growing." With these words the old man disappeared.

The lad now was quite happy, for he felt that he had such powerful and faithful companions that he had no cause to fear anything in the world.

Towards evening the lad went home, and the old woman was grieved beyond measure when she saw that her step-son had bartered away all

her live-stock. The lad, however, begged her not to be so sad about her loss, for he would more than make it up to her.

Early next morning before sunrise, the lad called his three dogs and went hunting. When he had secured as much game as he and the three dogs could carry, he went to the nearest town. Here he sold all the game at a good price. With the money he then purchased six fat swine, all much finer animals than his stepmother's three which he had exchanged for the dogs. These he drove home in the evening and gave to his step-mother in place of her first three. The lad then bade farewell to his step-mother, who had never treated him kindly, and with his three dogs started out into the world to seek his fortune.

The lad now traveled over mountains and many unfrequented paths, and came at length to a thick wood. Suddenly he was met by the same old man who had brought him the three dogs. The lad was much delighted to see him again, and greeted him with the words, "Good-day, father, many thanks for giving me such good bargains."

The old man answered, "Good-day! Whither are you bound?"

The lad replied, "I am going out into the world to see what luck awaits me."

The old man then said, "Keep straight on in

this path until you come to a king's court. Your luck lies there." With these words the two parted.

The lad kept straight on in the same path as the old man had bidden him. Whenever he came to an inn on the roadside he would play upon his flute while his dogs danced to the music. He never failed in return for thus entertaining the people to receive food, a night's shelter, or whatever else he needed.

When the lad had thus traveled on in safety for a long time, he came at length to a city where all the streets were crowded with people passing to and fro. Wondering what could be the cause of the commotion, the youth kept straight on until he came to the place where the king's herald was proclaiming that he who would free the three princesses from the mountain ogres should receive one of the princesses for his bride and also half the riches of the kingdom.

Now the lad understood what the old man had meant by saying that luck awaited him at the king's court. He called to his dogs to follow, and went on until he came to the king's palace.

There had been nothing but mourning and lamentations at the palace since the day when the three princesses had disappeared. The king and queen especially could think of nothing save of their great loss.

The youth went to the great palace hall, and there asked permission to play and show off his dogs before the king.

The courtiers were much pleased at the suggestion, for they thought the amusement might divert the king's thoughts from himself and his sorrows.

Now when the king heard the wonderfully sweet music, and saw how the three

dogs danced, he grew quite merry and laughed heartily, which no one had seen him do before for full seven years, since the day on which he had lost his three daughters.



When the youth stopped playing the king asked him what reward he desired for giving him so much amusement.

The lad answered, "Your Majesty, my heart yearns not after gold or lands. One thing only I ask—that is, your permission to go forth and seek the princesses who are confined in the caverns of the mountain ogres."

When the king heard this he again grew sad, and said, "You cannot hope to free my daughters, for men more able to meet danger than you are have already failed. But, be sure, if any one,

high or low, shall free my daughters I will keep my promise."

The youth was quite satisfied with this answer. He took a respectful leave of the king and went his way. He determined within himself to rest not until he had found what he sought.

The youth now traveled through many lands without meeting with any adventure worthy of note. Wherever he went his three dogs accompanied him. Quick-ear ran ahead to hear and tell his master if they were approaching one of the ogres' caverns, or if any danger were nigh; Holdfast carried the basket of provisions; and Rend, who was the strongest of the three, carried his master when he was tired.

It happened one day that Quick-ear came running back to his master and said that he had been to a high mountain and had heard the king's eldest daughter spinning within it. But the ogre was not at home.

At this intelligence the lad was delighted, and hastened with his dogs to the mountain. When they reached the cavern in the side of the mountain, Quick-ear said, "We have no time to lose, for the ogre is only ten miles from here. Already I hear the sound of his horse's gold-shod hoofs ringing against the stones."

The youth then ordered the dogs to beat open the cavern door, and they did it with a

will. Then, entering the first apartment of the cavern, he saw a most beautiful maiden sitting at a golden spinning-wheel, spinning golden yarn. The lad approached and saluted her.

Now the princess was surprised indeed, and asked, "Who are you that dare to enter the ogre's cavern? In the seven long years which I have spent in this mountain I have never before seen any one save the ogre. But in the name of Heaven, depart with speed, before the ogre returns home, else it will surely cost you your life."

The lad, however, was not concerned about himself, and said he would remain and meet the ogre.

While he yet spoke the ogre came riding up to the cavern on his prodigious steed. When he saw that his door was open he was filled with rage, and roared out so that the whole mountain shook, "Who is it that has broken into my abode?"

The lad answered boldly, "That I have done, and now I will turn on you. Holdfast, seize him; Rend, and Quick-ear, tear him into a thousand pieces."

Scarcely were these words spoken before the three dogs leaped upon the ogre and tore his body into small bits.

Then the princess was overjoyed, and exclaimed as she threw herself into the arms of her rescuer, "Heaven be praised! now I am freed."

gres

Treas.

The youth did not remain long in the cavern. He collected all the ogre's horses and laded them with the gold and valuables which he found in the monster's treasure-vaults, and then

started again on his journey, taking the princess with him.

> They now traveled on for some time, and the youth made everything as comfortable as possible for the beautiful princess, and saw that she wanted for nothing.

It happened one day
that Quick-ear, who had gone
ahead of the procession to learn
what he could concerning the king's
other two daughters, came running
back to his master at full speed. He
said that he had been to the top of
a high mountain and had heard within
it the king's second daughter spinning,
but the ogre was not there.

The youth was much pleased, and hastened on with his dogs. As they neared the mountain Quick-ear said, "We have but a short time, for the ogre is but eight miles from here. I already hear the sound of his horse's goldshod hoofs as they strike against the stones." The youth then ordered the dogs to force open the door of the cavern in the mountain's side, which they did without loss of time. There the youth saw a lovely maiden sitting at her golden spinning-wheel winding golden thread on a golden spindle. He entered the apartment and greeted the sweet maiden. When she saw him she was amazed and said, "Who can you be that ventures into the ogre's cavern? In all the seven years that I have been confined in the mountain I have never before seen any one except the ogre. But, for the sake of all that is dear to you, hasten hence, before the ogre reaches here, otherwise you must surely die."

The youth, however, bade her fear nothing, but he would await the ogre's return.

Before the last words were uttered the ogre dismounted from his huge steed at the entrance of his cavern. When he saw that his cavern door was open he was furious, and roared out so loudly that the whole mountain quaked. "Who has dared to open my door?" asked the ogre.

The youth answered shortly, "I have done that, and now I will make an end of you. Holdfast, seize him; Rend, and Quick-ear, tear him into small bits." Thereupon the three dogs fell upon the ogre, and crushed his bones into a thousand pieces.

The princess was rejoiced, and cried out,

"Heaven be praised, I am at last freed." Thereupon she embraced her deliverer in her gratitude. The youth then led the princess to her sister, and their joy at again seeing one another can scarcely be imagined. He then took from the cavern all the gold and treasures, and collecting the ogre's huge horses he laded them with the treasures, and so traveled on in company with the king's two elder daughters.

They now wandered on a long way, and the youth spared himself no trouble to make the journey as comfortable and pleasant as possible to his two royal companions.

One day Quick-ear, who as usual had been running on ahead, came rushing back to his master, and told him that he had been to the top of a high mountain and had heard within it the king's youngest daughter spinning, but the ogre was nowhere near.

Rejoicing at this news, the youth hastened with his three dogs towards the mountain. As they reached the door of the cavern which was in the side of the mountain, Quick-ear said, "We have no time to spare, for the ogre is now but five miles from here. I can hear quite distinctly his horse's gold-shod hoofs striking against the stones."

The youth at once had the door forced open by the dogs, and saw within a maiden sitting at a golden loom, weaving gold cloth from golden thread. The maiden was more beautiful than any one that the youth had ever seen, or even imagined could be found in the world. He entered the apartment and bowed low before the lovely princess.

She was astonished beyond measure and asked, "Who art thou, brave youth, who darest to enter the ogre's cavern? I have

been here for seven long years, but in all that time I have never seen a mortal here except the ogre. But, by all that is sacred, speed thee hence before the ogre comes. If not, your life is lost."

The youth, however, was not easily affrighted, and said he would await the ogre's return.

While they thus spoke together the ogre came riding home on his warlike steed, and alighted at the cavern door. When he entered the cavern and saw there the uninvited guests he was much frightened, for he knew well of the sad fate of his two brothers. He considered it therefore the best policy to appear friendly, and to conquer the youth by means of subtility, and the use of such enchantments as he had power to cause, for he was something of a magician. Moreover, he dared not enter into open combat with the youth

while the three dangerous dogs were near. The ogre, therefore, greeted the youth cordially. He at once bade the princess bring forth food wherewith to refresh the stranger. With this deceit the ogre completely fooled the youth, so that he forgot to be on his guard, and the two sat down at table together. The princess, however, wept incessantly, and the dogs were very restless, but the youth paid no heed to these signs.

When the ogre and his guest had finished their meal, the youth said, "I have now appeared my hunger, give me also something wherewith I may quench my thirst."

"Gladly would I do so," answered the ogre.
"There is a spring near the top of the mountain, out of which flows the clearest wine, but, unfortunately, I have no one at present whom I can send to fetch it hither."

"If it be not too far," replied the youth, "one of my dogs can go to the spring."

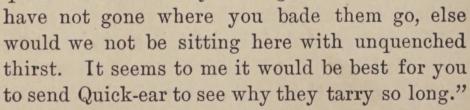
At these words the ogre laughed to himself, for he wished nothing so much as that the youth would send his dogs on some errand, so as to get them separated from their master. Then the youth bade Holdfast go to the spring and fetch the wine; and the ogre reached the dog a great jug.

The dog obeyed his master, but it was evident that he went most unwillingly. Time passed, but still he tarried and did not return. When they had waited a while the ogre said, "I am surprised that your dog loiters so on the way. Perhaps it would be well for you to send another dog to help him, for the way is long and the jug heavy to carry."

So the youth, suspecting no foul play, followed the ogre's suggestion, and ordered Rend to go and see why Holdfast did not return. The dog wagged his tail in response, but would not leave his master. The youth, however, did not heed this sign, but drove him out of the door. Thereupon the ogre's false heart rejoiced, but the princess wept still more, and Quick-ear stood with drooping tail

and ears. The youth took no notice of these things, but was gay and merry, without thought of danger.

Some time passed, but still neither of the dogs returned. Then the ogre said, "It is quite evident that your dogs



The youth agreed with the ogre, and commanded his third dog to hasten to the spring. Quick-ear, however, would not obey, but crouched, whining pitifully, at his master's feet. There-

upon the youth grew angry, and drove the dog off, bidding him do as he was told.

The dog was now forced to obey, and ran with all speed up the mountain side. But as he ran, it happened to him as it had to the other two dogs. A high wall seemed to rise suddenly from the ground, and surrounded him, and he was thus confined through the enchantment of the ogre.

Now, when all three dogs were gone, and the ogre saw that his plan had worked well, he rose up and seized a great sword which hung on the wall. "Now," said he, "I will avenge the death of my two brothers, and you shall die without mercy, for you are in my power."

Thereupon the youth was terrified, and repented indeed having sent his three faithful dogs from him. Then he made answer to the ogre thus: "I do not beg for my life, for at all events I must die at some time, and cannot die but once. Only one request I make; let me say a prayer, and play one hymn upon my flute, as was my custom every night in my native land."

The ogre granted his request, but said he would not wait long.

The youth then fell upon his knees, said reverently and earnestly one last prayer, and began to play a mournful hymn upon his favorite instrument. The sweet notes of the flute sounded over mountain and valley, and in the same instant the ogre's magic lost its power, so that the three dogs were again free. They came now like a whirlwind bounding into the cavern. The youth sprang up and cried, "Holdfast, seize him; Rend, and Quick-ear, tear him into a thousand pieces." The three dogs sprang upon the ogre and rent his body into so many bits that they lay scattered on the ground like leaves in the autumn.

The youth now harnessed the ogre's finest horses to his golden chariot, seated the princesses in it, and then collecting all the goods and treasures from the subterranean vaults and lading therewith all the ogre's powerful horses, he traveled on with the princesses towards the king's palace.

Now the king's daughters were glad and light at heart, and thanked the brave youth for freeing them from their long captivity.

Meanwhile the youth was filled with most heartfelt admiration and affection for the youngest princess, who was by far the most beautiful of the three lovely sisters. He felt that her alone in the wide world he could really love. He paid all knightly attention to the comfort and ease of the three princesses. On the way they each fastened securely to the youth's long

locks a golden ring, as a souvenir of their gratitude.

One day as they were thus journeying on they saw two travelers approaching their procession. The garments of the two strangers were tattered,

and they were foot-sore and weary, and it could be plainly seen from their whole appearance that they had traveled far, and met with many an adventure.

The youth stopped the horses and asked the wanderers who they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound. They answered that they were princes who had set out some time since in search of the three stolen princesses. But they had been unlucky in all their adventures, so that they now had to return on foot and in rags, more like beggars than like king's sons.

When the youth heard this he had compassion on the unfortunate young men, and he invited them to join his procession, which invitation they thankfully accepted. So they traveled on together, and reached at length the land over which the princesses' father reigned.

As the two princes heard how the youth had freed all three of the princesses, their hearts were filled with envy. They consulted together how they might, by fraud or violence, themselves gain the honor and reward which the youth had

won for himself by his untiring perseverance and bravery. Having planned it out together, at the first favorable opportunity the two princes threw themselves upon the unsuspecting and unarmed youth, and before he could call his dogs they seized him by the throat, throttled him, and threw him in among some brushwood, supposing him dead. They then threatened the three princesses with instant death if they did not swear solemnly never to reveal what had happened, nor mention the youth who had freed them.

Now as they were completely in the power of the two wicked princes, the three sisters were obliged to swear to keep silence on the subject of their freedom, and of their brave deliverer's cruel fate. But they mourned for the youth, who by rescuing them had lost his own life. The grief of the youngest princess especially was so great that she wept day and night.

After the princes had thus disposed of the youth they traveled merrily on to the king's court. There the joy was unbounded when it was known that the king had recovered his three long lost children.

Meanwhile the poor youth lay in the brushwood as if dead. But his life was not quite extinct. His ever faithful dogs came to him, laid themselves close to their master, and thus warmed his cold body, while they licked his wounds; and they rested not until they had aroused their master from his death-like sleep. When he had quite recovered his strength and vigor he began to travel slowly towards the king's palace, which he reached after a wearisome journey. Within the palace all was noise, merriment, and rejoicing, and from the great hall came the sounds of dancing, music, and laughter. The youth was surprised, and asked the cause of such rejoicings.

A servant standing near answered, "Surely you must have come from afar, if you do not know that the king has recovered his three lost daughters from the power of three wicked ogres. Moreover, the two eldest daughters are to-day to be married."

The youth then inquired if the youngest, also, was yet betrothed.

The servant thereupon replied that she would accept no offer of marriage and wept continually, although no one could find out the cause of her great grief.

At this news the youth was greatly rejoiced, for he now knew that the one whom he loved so dearly had not forgotten him. He then sent word to the king that a stranger had arrived who craved permission to enter the great hall and show off his wonderful dogs. The king

was pleased to have some new amusement for his guests, and sent for him to come in.

When the youth with his three dogs entered the great hall all eyes turned towards him. His bold, manly carriage, his eyes flashing with

fearlessness and determination, and his handsome form and features riveted the gaze of the wedding guests, while all agreed that they had never before seen so comely a youth. The three princesses, however, recognized him as he entered, and rushing forward they greeted him with

The two wicked princes would now gladly have been many miles away. The princesses then told everything,—how the youth alone had freed them, and how the princes had attacked him in a lonely path, and they showed their three gold rings still fastened securely to the youth's long locks.

the fervor of gratitude.

When the king heard of the villainy of the two princes he was very angry, and had them driven from the court with blows and hisses.

The brave youth was treated with great honor and gratitude by all the assembly, and that very day he was married with pomp and splendor to the youngest princess, who fully returned his warm love for her.

After the king's death the noble youth was unanimously proclaimed king of the whole land. And the three faithful dogs to this day keep guard over their master and his kingdom.

THE GREEN ISLAND.



THE GREEN ISLAND.

By the side of a roaring cataract stood a handsome palace owned by a wealthy nobleman, and surrounded by acres of finely cultivated fields.

On the outskirt of these grounds a poor daylaborer had built himself a hut. The nobleman's palace was shaded from the sun by mighty oaks, and luxuriantly foliaged elms. Near the hut of the laborer grew only one tree, a crab-apple-tree, which afforded but little shelter from the scorching heat of the sun. The peasant, however, was very thankful for this slight shade, and valued the tree above anything he possessed.

In the midst of the foaming waters of the falls, just opposite to the palace, there was a green island whose beauty and freshness were unequaled. Thither the nobleman often bent his gaze, and sorely was he vexed because he could not add it to his possessions, for on account of the rough sea and wild waves which surrounded it on all sides no one had ever been able to reach the island.

Many times this lord had attempted to have a bridge built connecting his grounds with the island, but in every case, although the strongest piles which could be procured were used, they were always washed away by the clashing currents before the bridge was half completed. In vain had he consulted necromancers and witches, the island was, and remained beyond his reach.

One day the nobleman passed by the laborer's hut and heard him singing merrily while he sat contentedly at work. This made the nobleman envious of his poor neighbor, for he himself was low-spirited and discontented, because he could not get possession of the verdant island. He therefore commanded the laborer to build a bridge connecting the palace grounds with the green island within half a month, or else he should be driven from his hut, his only home; for the ground on which it stood belonged to the nobleman.

"With the Lord's help I will try," said the peasant, and began at once to cut down the trees in the neighboring woods and set to work with all his strength and will.

Already one half of the bridge was completed, and the nobleman looked with pleasure on the fast progressing work which was soon to bring the much longed-for island into his possession when the middle pile gave way, and the laborer, together with his work, fell into the foaming waters beneath.

The lord of the palace stood on the shore and cursed the peasant, in his rage and disappointment, for not having chosen a stronger pile on which to rest the center of the bridge. Soon, however, the peer saw the peasant standing be-

Great was his surprise and amazement, as none before had ever been rescued from the angry waves of the conflicting currents which met in a violent whirlpool, and the laborer and his

work had fallen into the very midst of the whirling waters.

"The merman led me by the hand," said the peasant, upon being asked how he had escaped, "and he

told me that I must sacrifice that which I valued most, for only by so doing could I succeed in completing the bridge; and I will gladly give up that which to me is most precious if thereby I may cause my lord to be happy."

The peasant then returned to his humble abode, and with a willing heart and hand felled the wild

apple-tree which in a measure shaded his hut from the hot rays of the sun in summer, for he well knew that this tree was that which was dearer to him than anything else he possessed. He stripped the trunk of its green branches, and took it for the center pile of the new bridge.

"If your work succeeds, one fourth of the island shall belong to you," promised the nobleman to the peasant, and he strengthened his words with a solemn oath.

"I will try my best to complete the work, with the Lord's help," answered the laborer.

At the very center of the bridge, just where the water raged and swelled most strongly, the peasant planted firmly the trunk of his wild apple-tree, as the heaviest pile on which to rest the bridge; and it resisted all the force of the foaming waves and clashing currents. The second half of the bridge was soon completed, for the nearer the island the calmer were the waters.

"With the Lord's help I have succeeded," sang out the peasant, as he set foot on the beautiful green island, and with a grateful heart bent the knee, to thank his God for the help which He had been pleased to grant him.

Radiant with pleasure and satisfaction, the nobleman crossed the bridge to examine his new possession. On the island he met the laborer, who addressed him thus:

"Most gracious master, the reward which you have promised me is too great for one in my humble sphere. Point out to me only a small, shady spot where I may build myself a hut and live in peace and quiet the remainder of my life."

"How could you believe that I was in earnest

when I promised to reward you with such a gift," answered the nobleman with a laugh, for now that he had become possessed of what he had so long wished to call his own he had no idea of sharing it with another. "You may be thankful to me for my kindness if I allow you to remain in your old hut."

"Gracious sir," replied the laborer, "at least allow me to take with me yonder young wildapple-tree which grows at the foot of this hillock. I should like to plant it by the side of my hut in the place of the one which I hewed down to support the bridge."

"Impudent peasant," exclaimed the nobleman. "Would you rob me of my precious possessions? Be off with you instantly, and never let me see you again."

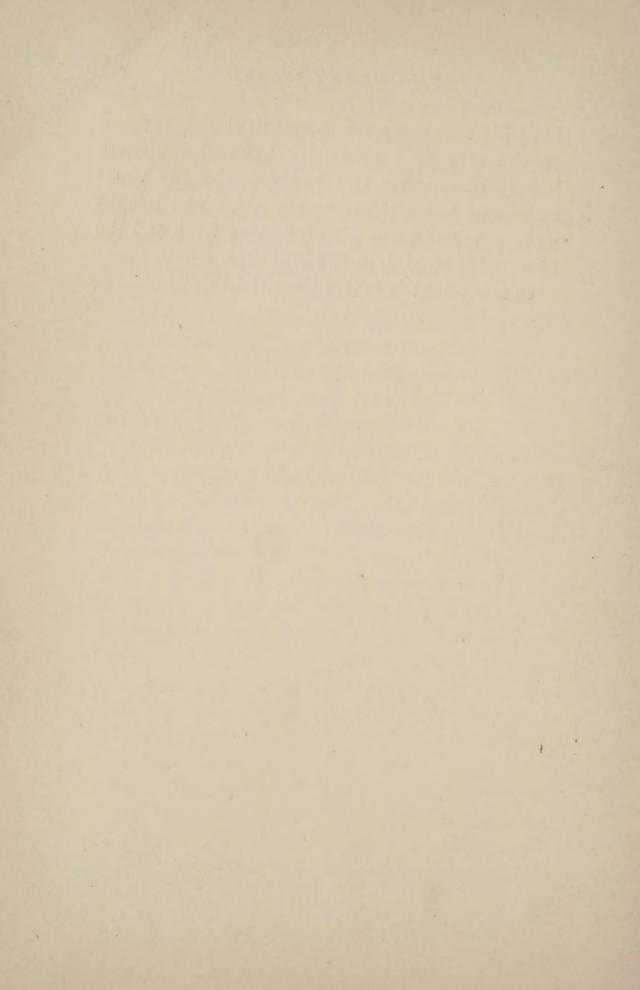
The peasant turned sadly away and wandered slowly on towards his hut. But as he reached

the spot on the bridge which was supported by his dearest treasure, his disappointment was so great, together with the remembrance of the hard words of the nobleman, that a hot tear dropped from his eye and fell upon the trunk of his dear wild-apple-tree. This hot tear acted upon the beam like fire. The laborer had scarcely reached the shore of the mainland when the great center pile, the trunk of his wild-apple-tree, bent, cracked—and fell—and down went the bridge which had cost the peasant so much labor, and was washed away by the foaming waves of the falls.

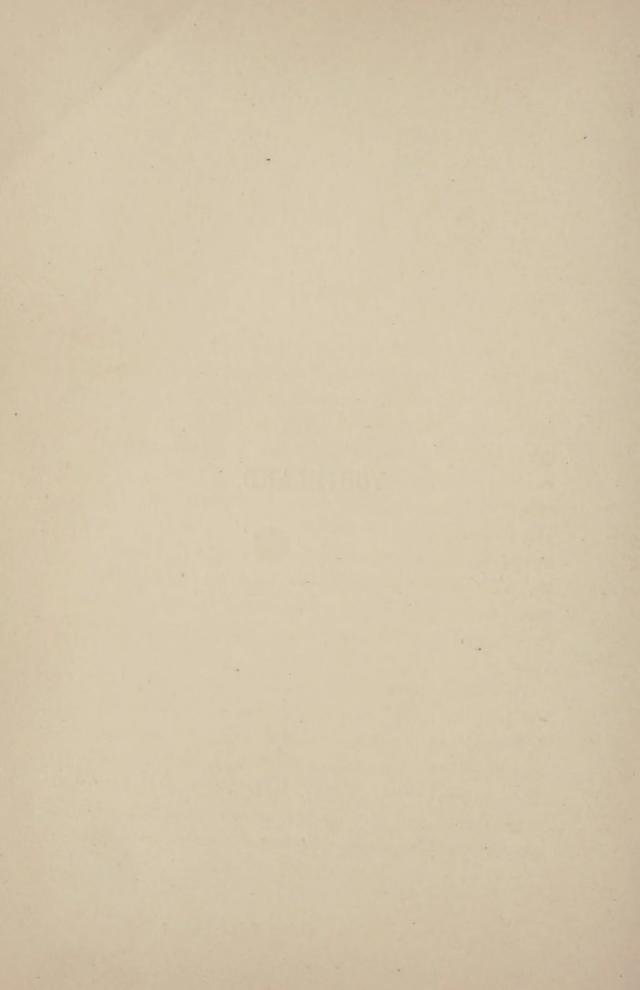
From out the troubled waters, from the same spot where the wild-apple-tree had been so firmly driven in, rose the merman. He raised a threatening hand towards the island, and his voice could be heard above the wild thundering of the cataract, "Ungrateful man, enjoy now the island which for years you have so longed for; enjoy it alone, and forsaken, until your last hour on earth." Then turning to the peasant the merman said in a soft and kindly voice, "You, who have sacrificed that which you prized most in the world to give your master pleasure, go thither, and take possession of his palace. That is the reward for your hard labor and untiring zeal."

"A much smaller reward will content me better," answered the laborer, and went on towards his own lowly hut. Lo! in the place where he had built his hut, there was a beautiful cottage; and on the very spot where the old crab-apple-tree had stood another tree had grown, many times taller and fuller than the old one. The boughs were weighed down with tempting fruit, and the birds were singing in the branches.

Contentment is better than riches.



YOUTHLAND.





Long, long ago there lived a king who reigned over a mighty kingdom. He was brave in battle, wise in council, and all his undertakings were attended with success. But as years passed he grew old, his hair turned white, and he felt that he had not much longer to live. Then he became sad, for he had always enjoyed his life. He therefore consulted all the wise men of his kingdom, hoping that they knew of some means by which death could be delayed. The wise men held council together, and racked their brains to think of some remedy for old age, but they could not.

One day there came to the king's palace an old fortune-teller who had traveled far over land and sea, and was celebrated for her wisdom. The king asked her to tell him the latest news. She answered, "O, king! the latest that I know is that you fear greatly to die, and now that you are old you seek some means whereby you may

yet live for many years. I have come hither to tell your Majesty how you can again become possessed of youth and health."

The king was well pleased with these words, and asked how he could gain such a blessing.

The old woman replied:—

"Far, far away, many thousand miles from here, there is a land called Youthland. In this land can be found a water possessed of miracu-



lous virtues, and there also grows a rare kind of apple. Whosoever shall drink of this water and eat one of these apples shall become again young and strong, were he ever so old. But few there are who succeed in obtaining these treasures,

for the way is long and full of danger."

When the old king heard this he was overjoyed, and rewarded the aged woman handsomely for her information, and then she departed.

The old king now thought over how he could best obtain the magic water and apple. After some consideration he determined to send one of his sons to fetch them. He therefore summoned his eldest son, furnished him handsomely

with money and other necessaries, and bade him start on the journey.

When the prince had traveled a long distance, he came to a city which just suited his fancy. There he forgot entirely the errand on which he had been sent, lived in luxury, amid pleasure and gayety, and never more thought of the magic water which he had promised to bring to his old father from the distant land.

A long time passed, and the old king grew impatient for the return of his son. But he could hear nothing of him. At length the monarch was weary of waiting, and furnishing his second son with a large sum of money and whatever else he needed for the journey, he sent him also to seek the far away Youthland.

When the prince had gone a long distance he came to the city where his brother still tarried. Now it happened to him as to his elder brother. He quite forgot the object of his journey, spent his money in riotous living, and never once thought of the solemn promise that he had made to bring his old father the priceless water and apple.

When after a great while had elapsed neither of the princes returned, the old king became more and more infirm, through worry, as well as increasing years.

Then the youngest prince went to his father

and begged to be allowed also to go forth and seek the far-off Youthland. As the king had now only the one son with him he was not willing to consent to this proposal, and begged the youth to remain at home. But the young prince persisted in his request, and at length gained his father's consent.

The king then furnished his youngest son with clothes and money for the journey, and the prince started on his travels.

The old king now sat in the palace alone and downcast, awaiting with great impatience the return of at least one of his three sons.

The young prince traveled on until he came to the same large city where his two elder brothers had stopped. These two elder princes there met him, and begged that he would remain with them, and think no more of the old king at home. But the young prince would not break his word for the sake of pleasure. He therefore took leave of his brothers, and traveled through many great and far away kingdoms. He inquired of every one whom he met the nearest way to Youthland. But no one could direct him thither, or give him the slightest clue to finding the far off land.

One day the prince came to a large forest. Towards night, as he looked about him to find some place in which to rest, he perceived a

small light which shone through the trees from the distance. The prince made his way thither, and came to a small mud hut in which dwelt a very aged woman. The prince asked her to allow him to spend the night in the hut, to which request she consented. When they had spoken together a while the old woman asked the prince whence he came, and whither he was bound. The prince answered that he was a king's son who had started out in search of Youthland, and he asked the old woman if she could direct him thither.

Then she answered, "I have lived here three hundred years, yet no one has ever told me of the land which you name. But I reign over the beasts of the forest. Perhaps there may be one among them who knows the way. By times in the morning I will inquire among them."

The prince thanked his hostess for her kind promise, and slept that night in the hut.

At dawn of day the old woman went out and blew a loud blast with her bugle. Then there was a great confusion in the forest, and there came running from far and near all kinds of animals, great and small.

When they had assembled and paid homage to their queen, she asked if any among them knew the way to Youthland.

Thereupon the animals held a long consulta-

tion together, but none among them knew the way thither.

Then the old woman turned to the prince and said, "I cannot serve you further. But I have a sister who reigns over the birds of the air.



"A very little mud hut"

Carry to her my greeting, perhaps she can help you." The old woman then commanded a wolf to carry the prince to her sister's dwelling. The king's son placed himself upon the wolf's back, and was borne swiftly over mountains and meadows, through woods and valleys, and many unfrequented paths.

Late in the evening when it was quite dark they reached a forest. Here the prince noticed a faint light which glimmered from afar through the branches of the trees.

"Now we are at our journey's end," said the wolf, "for in this forest lives the sister of my queen." The prince then dismounted, and the wolf ran back to his own forest. The prince wandered on in the direction of the light, and soon came to a very little mud hut, in which dwelt an aged dame. When she saw the prince she asked who he was, and on what errand he had come.

The youth greeted her from her sister, and

answered that he was a king's son traveling in search of Youthland.

The aged dame replied, "I have lived six hundred years, yet I have never before heard of the land which you name. I, however, reign over the birds of the air. Perchance, some among them may know the way thither. In the morning I will make inquiry."

The prince thanked the dame for her good-will, and remained over night in her hut.

At daybreak the aged dame stood at her hut door and blew two blasts through her bugle. The sounds were echoed and re-echoed from every tree, and there came flying thither all the birds of the heavens, large and small, from far and near.

When they had all assembled and saluted their queen with all due respect, she asked if any among them could show the prince the way to Youthland.

The birds held a long council together, but at last they had to confess that not one of them had ever even heard of such a land.

The aged dame then turned to the prince and said, "There is no other way in which I can help you, but I have a sister who reigns over the fishes of the sea. Go, and carry to her my greeting. If she cannot help you, no one can." She then ordered an eagle to carry the king's son thither.

The prince mounted the eagle's back, and away

it flew like a rush of wind, over the green meadows, and over the dark blue ocean.

Late in the evening the eagle alighted at the entrance of a forest. Here the prince perceived a dim light which could be seen flickering here and there between the trees.

"Here our journey ends," said the eagle, "for in this forest lives my queen's sister." He then took leave of the prince, and flew back to his queen's hut.

The prince proceeded towards the light, and soon saw a quite tiny mud hut built on a coast. He entered, and asked if he could there find shelter for the night.

Within the hut dwelt a very ancient dame, who asked who the youth was, and why he had traveled thither.

He answered that he was a prince traveling in the hope of finding Youthland. He then greeted her from her sister who ruled over the birds of the air, and asked if she could tell him the way to that land.

The old dame answered, "I have lived nine hundred years, yet never before have I heard of such a land. But I govern the fishes of the sea, and it may be that one of them can show you the way thither. To-morrow at dawn I will question them all."

The youth thanked the very ancient dame for

her interest, and remained that night in her hut.

Long before dawn the aged dame blew three loud blasts upon her bugle. The notes sounded far over the deep waters, and the sea grew dark and rough with the multitude of fishes, from the largest even to the smallest, that came swimming towards shore in obedience to their queen's summons.

When they had all assembled and saluted their queen, she asked if any one among them knew the way to Youthland.

For some time the fishes consulted together, but at last they were forced to answer that none had ever before heard of Youthland.

Thereupon the dame was much displeased, and asked, "Are you all here? I do not see the old whale."

At that moment a great noise and disturbance was heard in the waters, and the old whale was seen hastening towards the shore, plunging through the great billows, and splashing the water far and wide.

The queen asked why he had not come with the others.

The whale excused himself, saying that he had had a long way to swim.

"Where have you been?" asked the dame.

"Indeed," replied the whale, "I have been

many thousand miles from here, to a country which is called Youthland."

When the old dame heard this she was well pleased and said, "As a punishment for your tardiness you shall swim again to Youthland, carry this youth with you, and bring him safely back hither." Then she bade the young prince farewell, and wished him good luck on his journey.

The prince seated himself firmly on the whale's back, and was borne swiftly away through the waves.

Thus they traveled the whole day. Late in the evening they neared the coast of the long-sought-for Youthland.

The whale then said, "I will now give you some good advice which you must follow exactly, if you wish your undertaking to succeed. Everything in the enchanted castle falls into a deep sleep at the hour of midnight. Go into the castle, take one apple only, and one bottle full of water. Beware that you tarry not, but hasten back hither with all speed. If you loiter within the castle beyond an hour after midnight it will cost us both our lives."

The prince thanked the whale for his prudent counsel, and promised to follow his instructions in everything.

Exactly at the hour of midnight the prince

hell

Lagons

started for the enchanted castle, and found everything as the wise fish had foretold. Before the castle door lay bears, lions, and grim dragons, but all were fast asleep, as indeed was everything about the castle. The prince entered, and wandered from room to room, each more magnificent than the last. He was dazzled by all the splendor which surrounded everything. Finally he came to a great hall whose walls and ceiling

were overlaid with gold and silver. In the center of this grand hall grew a tree which bore the priceless apples. By the side of the stately tree was a spring whose water sparkled like the finest gold, and as it trickled over the stones it sounded like the sweetest

music.

The prince now saw that he had at last found what he had so long sought. He joyfully filled his bottle with the wonderful water, and then turned towards the tree. Here he quite forgot the whale's instruction, and instead of taking one apple, he filled all his pockets with the tempting fruit.

The prince should now have returned to the

shore, but he could not resist his strong desire to spend yet a little while in examining the enchanted castle. He therefore wandered from room to room, and from hall to hall.

At length he came to an apartment which was more magnificent than all others, for the ceiling, walls, and floor were covered with gold and silver, inlaid with precious stones. Above the door was the inscription, "The enchantment over this castle will lose its power when the princess marries the prince who shall enter this room."

When the prince had read these words he entered. In the center of this apartment stood a bed of white ivory, and the pillows and coverlet were of blue satin. On the bed a most beautiful maiden was sleeping. She was more beautiful than any other maiden in the world. At this sight the prince's heart bounded with love and admiration. He forgot his aged father, the warning of the whale, and all else in the world save the beautiful face before him, which he kissed many times. He took from her fair hand a diamond ring, and placed in its stead his own ring, and cutting a long lock of his hair he tied it around the princess's finger. He then wrote on the wall of the apartment:

"I, prince Venius of Octland, have been here and exchanged rings with you. I love you with

all my heart, and unless you will be my bride I will never marry. The enchantment over this castle will be broken if you marry me. I cannot enter this castle except at the hour of midnight, when everything here is enchanted with a heavy sleep. If you consent to be my bride, send word to me where and when I may meet you with safety."

Then Prince Venius hastened to leave the castle. It was high time, for scarcely was he

outside of the castle gate when everything awoke out of the deep

sleep into which they had fallen at the hour of midnight. The lions roared,

the dragons spit forth
fire, weapons were heard clashing, and the whole castle grounds
in an instant became full of life.
The prince, however, ran with

speed to the shore, placed himself on the whale's back, and they went splashing through the waves.

In a short time they entered the broad sea. Suddenly the great fish plunged under the water, carrying the prince with him. Prince Venius was so frightened that he thought his last hour had surely come.

When they were again upon the surface of the water the whale asked:

- "Were you frightened?"
- "Indeed," answered the prince, "I was never more alarmed."
- "Even so much was I alarmed when you took the many apples from the magic tree," replied the whale.

The fish then swam on for a short time, but, suddenly he dived down under the water much deeper than the first time, taking the prince with him. He remained under the water this time much longer than before, so that when they came again to the surface the prince was half-dead with fright.

Then the fish asked, "Were you alarmed?"

"Truly," responded the youth, "never before in all my life have I been so much alarmed."

Then the whale replied, "Even so much was I frightened at every kiss which you gave the princess."

Again the prince was borne safely on for some while. Suddenly the whale plunged for the third time under the water. Now, he dived so deep, and remained under water so long that the prince felt sure he was never more to see the light of day.

When they again came to the surface the whale asked, "Were you terrified?"

"Surely," said Prince Venius, "never before in all my life was I so near death."

Then the fish replied, "Just so terrified was I when you wrote your name upon the wall within the enchanted castle."

They now traveled on without further adventure until they reached the opposite shore.

The prince then took leave of the wise old whale, and went straight to the hut of the ancient dame, who had lived through nine hundred winters. When she met the youth she was much pleased to see him back in safety.

The prince said he would now repay her for the kind assistance she had given him. He then handed her to eat an apple from Youthland, and gave her a drink from his bottle of the precious water. Then was there a wonderful sight to witness, for a great change came over the ancient dame. The wrinkles vanished from her face, two rows of pearly white teeth filled out her once hollow cheeks, her bent form became erect, and she was again as beautiful a maiden as she had been in her earlier days.

The fish-queen thanked the prince heartily for the great service which he had rendered her, and then they bade farewell to one another.

But at parting the fish-queen said, "Now I will reward you for your gift. Here is a bridle. If you shake it a steed that can run as fast as the wind will come to you. He will carry you wherever you wish."

The youth now shook the bridle as the fishqueen had told him, and immediately a fine steed came rushing thither with the swiftness of the wind. The prince mounted and rode off to the aged dame who had seen six hundred winters.

When the bird-queen recognized the prince, she was very glad to see him return in health and safety.

The prince thanked her for her former kindness to him, and said he would like now to re-

pay her. He then gave her to eat an apple from Youthland, and, also, a drink of the magic water. The aged dame was in a moment changed into a lovely damsel, as she had been in the days of

her youth.

The bird queen regains her youth.

The bird-queen was very grateful for this great service which the prince had rendered her, and before

parting she said, "Now I wish to reward you for your precious gift. Here is a table-cloth which when you spread it out will immediately be filled with the choicest and most delicate food."

The prince now re-mounted his steed and rode off to where the old woman lived who was three hundred years old. The old dame was much pleased to see that he had returned in safety.

The youth then, as a token of gratitude for the kindness which she had shown him, gave her an apple from Youthland, and a drink of the rare water. Scarcely had she tasted of the apple and drunk a few drops of the wonderful water when the old woman became a young maiden, beautiful, erect, and stately.

She was deeply thankful to the prince for his priceless gifts, and at parting said, "As a token of my gratitude for the service which you have rendered me I give you this sword. Whatsoever you shall threaten with this sword it shall become docile, were it the grimmest of wild beasts."

The prince believed that now everything would go well with him, and he traveled on until he met his brothers. Now the three brothers were very glad to again meet each other. But when the two elder princes learned that their young brother had been successful in his undertaking, their hearts were filled with envy, and they consulted together how best they could deceive him, and themselves receive the praise and approval of the king, their father. They now made much of their young brother, praised him, spoke to him with many kind words, and had prepared a sumptuous repast; but in the night when the young prince lay fast asleep, the two elder brothers changed his wonderful water and the magic

apples without his knowing or even dreaming of such foul play.

Early on the following morning the young prince took leave of his brothers, mounted his steed, and rode off to his father's palace. The old king was well pleased that his youngest son had again returned, and the prince was rejoiced to find his father yet alive. He then brought forth his treasures, and asked his father to eat an apple, and take a drink of the wonderful water, that he might become again young. But the youth's expectations were not fulfilled, for no change took place in his father. The aged king remained as old and gray as before. Now the king could not but think that his own son had meant well by him, but he was terribly disappointed. The prince saw that he had been imposed upon in some way, and it grieved him sorely.

When some time had elapsed the two elder brothers returned to the king's palace. They had much to tell about their journey, and especially did they dwell upon the great dangers which they had encountered on their way to Youthland. Then they bade their father eat of the apples, and drink of the water which they had brought with them, that he might again become young. The king did as his sons wished. He ate of the apples, and drank of the water

which they offered to him. In a moment a wonderful change took place in the old man. His thin, weak form became erect and strongly built, his white hair turned brown, the arches of his mouth were filled with new, strong teeth, the wrinkles on his face vanished, and he was as in the days of his youth.

Then there was a great rejoicing throughout the kingdom, and the king praised his two elder sons for their fidelity and courage. But all the courtiers were infuriated against Prince Venius, because they thought that he had misled his father with falsehood and deceit. They therefore persuaded the king to have him thrown into a den of lions, which was accordingly done. But when the wild beasts would have torn the prince in pieces, he threatened them with his magic sword, and they did him no harm. Whenever he was hungry, he had only to spread out the cloth which the bird-queen had given him, and it was immediately covered with the choicest viands. Thus he remained in the lions' den for three full months, and no one knew that he yet lived.

We will now turn to Youthland.

When the princess awoke and saw writing on the wall, and noticed that her diamond ring was missing, and in its stead a man's ring was upon her finger, she was perplexed, but when she read the writing she understood what had happened. Anxious above everything to break the spell which had been so long over the castle, she determined to fulfill the condition of marrying Prince Venius, and so release herself and all her courtiers from the long-continued enchantment. The princess, therefore, had a magnificent ship fitted out, and sent a large embassy to find, and escort thither, Prince Venius of Octland.

Now they knew not in what direction Octland lay, and sometimes when they inquired the way they were misled, and sailed many miles in the wrong direction. So it was three full months before they reached the coast of Octland, for they had neither the magic fish to carry them through the waves, nor the steed, whose swiftness was as the wind, to bear them over land as Prince Venius had had in returning from Youthland.

Here they anchored the ship, and sent a messenger on land to the king's palace, to say that an ambassador from Youthland wished to see Prince Venius.

Now the king was troubled, for he well knew that Prince Venius had been thrown into a den of lions, and he could not think what answer he should give the messenger. He held council with all his courtiers, and at last determined that he would send his eldest son, as Prince Venius was dead. He therefore bade the mes-

senger tell the ambassador that Prince Venius would meet him on the coast, on the following morning.

Early next morning the officers on board the ship made all due preparations for receiving the prince. They had not waited long when the king's eldest son, followed by a gorgeously attired

train of attendants, came riding down to the shore.

Now the princess had given to the ambassador the lock of hair which Prince Venius had tied around her finger. This lock was of a light brown color. As the officers glanced to-



wards the approaching prince, they noticed that his hair was as black as coal. Then said they to one another, "The king is playing a trick upon us. Yonder rider is not Prince Venius, for his hair was light brown. But we will see how this youth answers our questions."

When the prince had reached the shore and saluted the officers, the ambassador asked, "Have you the princess's ring with you?"

At this question the prince was frightened, for he thought they were accusing him of stealing the princess's ring. He therefore answered, "I never took the princess's ring."

The ambassador replied, "Then you are not Prince Venius. Go, tell the king that we insist on seeing Prince Venius at once."

When the prince carried back the message, the king was much troubled. He feared if they were not pacified they might do his kingdom some harm. After consulting with all his wisest courtiers the king determined to send his second son, and so sent word to the officers on board the foreign ship that Prince Venius would meet them on the coast early the following morning.

All day preparations were made on deck for the reception of the prince. The next morning, when it was still quite early, the officers saw approaching a brilliant procession, headed by the king's second son. But as it drew nearer the ambassador said to his companions, "That is not Prince Venius, for yonder man's hair is red enough to make the cows attack him, while this lock of Prince Venius's hair is brown. Surely the king is making game of us."

When the prince had dismounted and saluted the officers, the ambassador asked, "What have you done with the princess's ring which you took from off her finger?" This prince had brought with him a costly ruby ring, which he now handed to the officers. Now the officers knew that the princess's ring was a diamond. They therefore said to the prince, "Go home, and tell the king, your father, that if he does not send to meet us Prince Venius before noon to-morrow, or, if he be dead, at least his bones, we will utterly destroy his palace, and not leave one stone of it upon another."

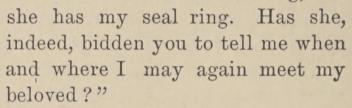
When the king received this message he was terrified, and went, with his followers, in haste, to the lion's den, to see if perchance some of the prince's bones yet remained there. What was their surprise and amazement, upon arriving at the lion's den, to see Prince Venius alive and well, sitting in the den playing with the young lions.

In haste they drew him out, and the king begged the prince to forgive him for the merciless injustice of which he had been guilty in having him thrown into the den.

Prince Venius, upon being informed of the arrival of the ship from Youthland, shook out the magic bridle, and immediately his lightning steed came prancing thither. He mounted, and rode off to the shore like the wind. When he was yet a long way off the officers on board saw him, and said to one another, "That is surely Prince Venius, for see, his long brown locks are

the very shade of the lock which the princess gave us."

When he arrived at the shore, the prince scarcely waited to dismount before he asked breathlessly, "How fares the princess of Youthland? See, I have here her diamond ring, and



When the ambassador heard what the prince said, he knew that this was the true Prince Venius, for he had with him the very seal ring of which the prince spoke.

Now there was great rejoicing on board the ship, and that very day they sailed away, bearing Prince Venius off

with them.

He was taken to the shore just opposite to Youthland, whither the princess was soon after escorted. Their nuptials were celebrated with all splendor, and in the very moment that the ceremony took place, the enchantment over the castle lost its power. The lions, bears, and dragons all disappeared, and Prince Venius and the beautiful princess reigned in peace and joy over the now disenchanted castle and kingdom.

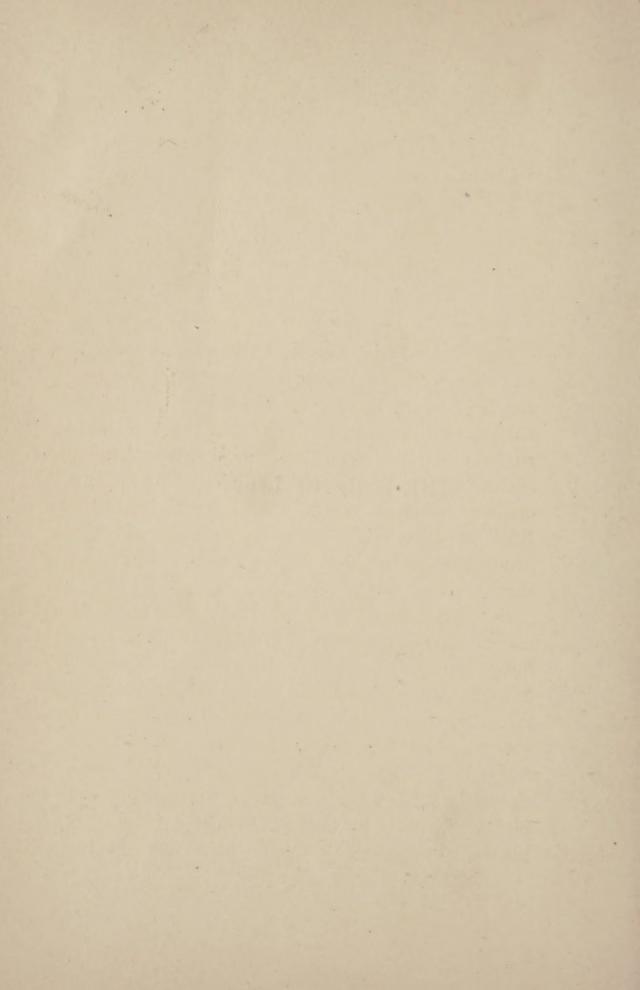
Now when the courtiers in Octland saw how

shamefully the elder princes had defrauded their younger brother of his rightful and hard-earned praise and honor, their anger was so great that they took the two princes and cast them into the same den of lions into which their younger brother had been thrown three months before; and the hungry lions were not long in devouring them.





THE BOOK OF LIFE.





The path of light between Heaven and earth was crowded with winged messengers flitting to and fro. Many flew down to earth and mingled alike with high and low, rich and poor, all the while invisible to mankind. Others flew to the realm of perpetual light, and hastened to the mansion wherein, ready opened, lay the shining Book of Life. Herein were recorded all the good deeds which the angels had seen done on earth.

One little angel stepped forth and said, "I saw a man who possessed great wealth and gave large sums of money to the poor and needy. Not to those who came to his door with outstretched hand, nor yet to those who begged him piteously by the way-side for alms as he walked in solitude. When he gave alms thousands upon thousands knew of his charity, and he had it loudly proclaimed that at his death all his wealth was to go to endow an asylum for the

suffering poor. The institution was to be called by his name, and all future generations were to know of his great charity. All men praise his benevolence, and he is rewarded by having heaped upon him all the honors which the mighty men of the earth have to bestow upon their fellows. This is the good deed which I have seen. O Master! note it in the Book of Life."

The pen, which was guided by an unseen hand, moved over the page. The good deed was written

there, but the page was then sealed with the vari-colored star of empty vanity and pride.

Then a second angel stepped forth and spoke:

"I stood one day in the cottage of a needy peasant. There was a knock at the door, and when it was opened by the peasant's wife there appeared upon the threshold a pale, thin figure with a young babe in her arms.

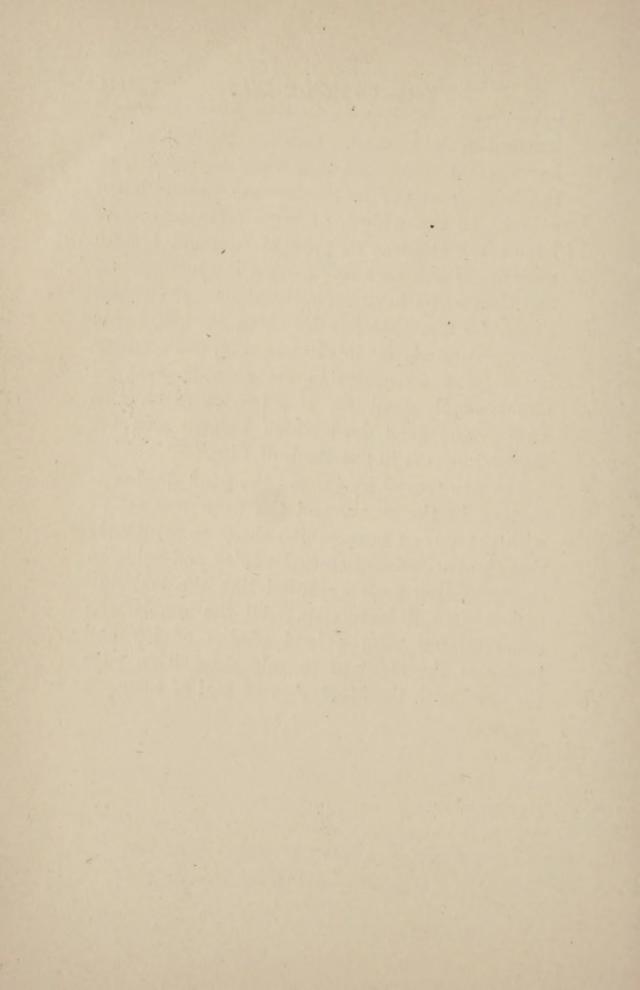
"'I lived not far from here with my husband and two children. But one day our cottage burned down. My husband first rescued me, and then my little babe from the flames. A third time he entered the burning cottage, to save our other child. I never saw him more.'

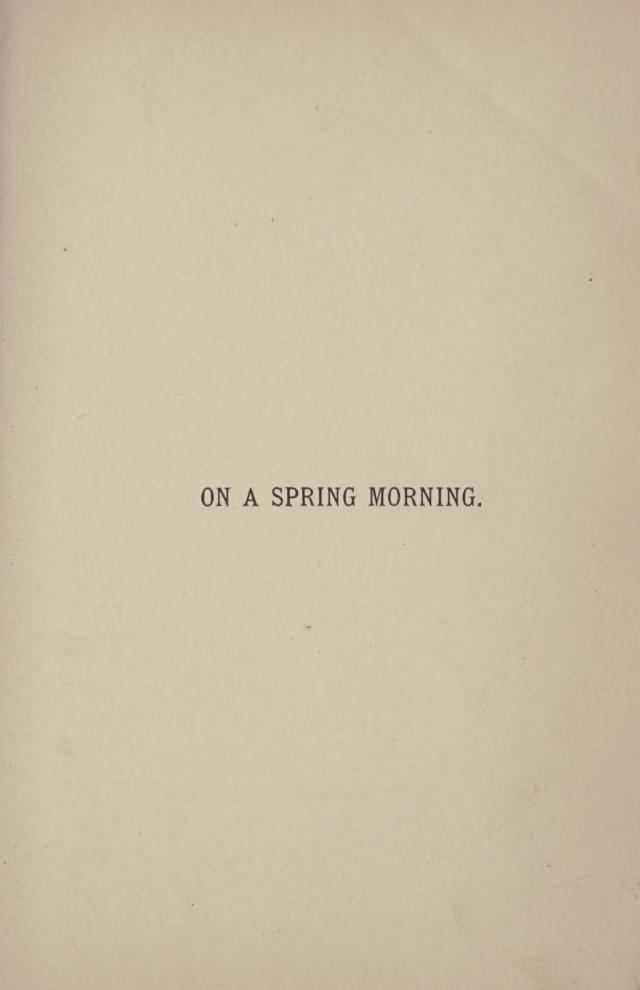
"So spake the widowed mother, and sank ex-

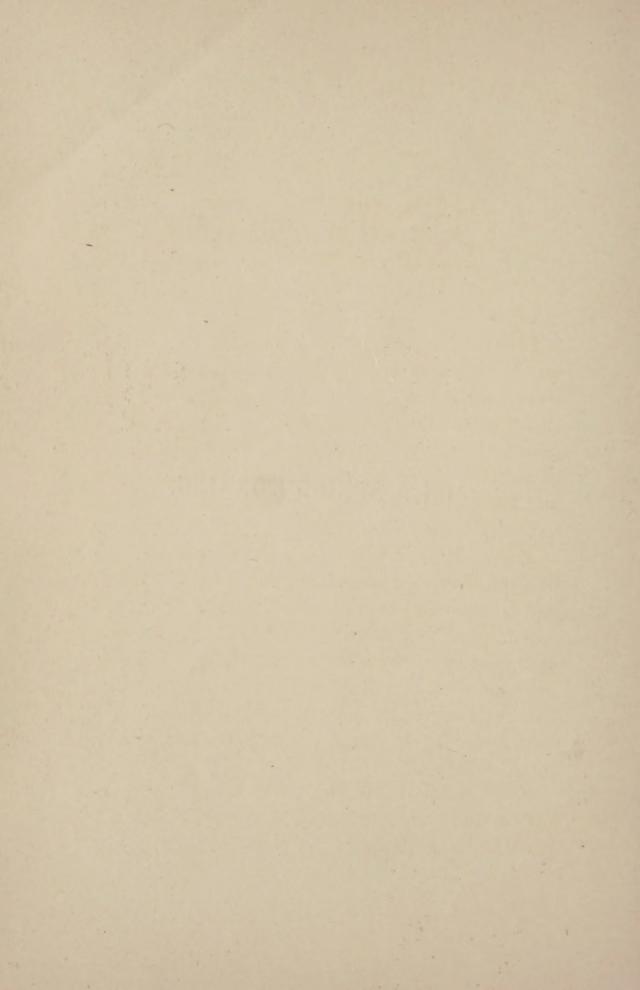
hausted to the ground. But the peasant raised her up and comforted her, while his wife took the babe from the mother's weak arms. Then said he to the widow, 'I myself am poor, and have many children to provide for; but remain with us. I will each day work a few hours more, and thus will I have sufficient to feed and clothe us all.' From that day the man worked hard; commencing earlier in the morning, and continuing his toil until late in the evening, that he might supply food for the two extra mouths. That is the good deed which I have seen. O Master! note it in the Book of Life."

The pen moved again, and the good deed was written in the Book, and the page was sealed with the star of Love, which shone so brilliantly that the vari-colored star of vanity and pride on the preceding page appeared like the last dull flicker of an oil-less lamp. All the angels who stood around sang a loud chorus of joy and praise at the sight of the clearly written page stamped with the Master's own seal of Love.











It was a beautiful spring morning; the grass on the meadows was fresh and green, the woods were decked with gay wild flowers, the sun was pouring down his bright rays upon the earth, a gentle breeze was waving to and fro the branches of the trees, the brooks rippled peacefully on, and the little birds sang out a joyful chorus of welcome to beautiful Spring.

The ringing of cow-bells and the loud barking of a shepherd dog now resounded through a wood, and frightened the happy birds away. The herd was followed by a little maid with bright blue eyes, and long brown hair which hung in ringlets over her shoulders. She was driving the cows through the wood to a meadow at the foot of a mountain not far distant, and the dog was helping her faithfully.

Soon she had left the wood behind, and the soft meadow lay before her, looking so fresh and inviting in the light of the morning sun.

The little maiden rested herself on a flat stone, and shaded her eyes with one hand. She gazed down the green slope, and up to the summit of the mountain, and far into the fir-tree forest in the distance, so full of mysterious shadows. In the valley beneath, the huge oaks stretched out their knotted boughs as though they would embrace each other, while far off as a background lay the sea, so broad that the opposite shore could only be discerned as a dark line on the horizon.

Because the little maiden felt so happy as she sat on the stone surrounded by all these beauties of nature, she put her shepherd's horn to her lips and blew three loud notes.

"Ho-la-ho," sounded from the mountain.

"What if it were a mountain giant that thus answers my notes," thought the little maid. "But no, it was only an echo resounding from the mountain side and the forest trees."

"Ho-la-ho, ho-la-ho," sounded from the wood, much louder and nearer than the echo.

The little maiden trembled, and her large blue eyes were opened wide with terror as she turned to peer into the wood. There stood a figure, yet it certainly was not a mountain giant, but only a small boy with light hair and dark brown eyes, and his appearance was not very formidable.

"How do you do?" said he.

"Good morning," answered the little maid.

Hand in hand they followed the herd up that side of the mountain which was most easy to ascend, and when they had reached the top they sat down to rest.

They sat there a short while talking and laughing together, then the boy said: "I can tell you a tale if you wish me to."

The little maiden was delighted.

"But you must not be frightened at it," said the boy, and he began: "There was once a little girl who strayed off into the wood. She wandered about all day, but could not find her way home.

"When it grew dark she sat down on the ground and cried bitterly. Suddenly, she heard a bird chirping, 'Come, come and help me, and then I will help you in return.'

"The little girl looked around, and saw that it was a very tiny bird sitting on a twig close by, but its feathers shone like gold, and illuminated the whole bush on which it sat.

"'What do you want?' asked the little girl.

"'Come, come,' sang the tiny bird, hopping from twig to twig, and from bush to bush.

"The little girl followed the bird, which at last lit on a lilac-bush that grew on yonder meadow below us. In the bush there was a bird's nest, and on a branch just over the nest a large snake was coiled. "When the little girl saw the snake she seized a stout birch twig and struck the reptile a heavy blow, but as she did so she closed her eyes and turned away her head. When she again opened her eyes, to see where the hideous creature had fallen, snake, lilac-bush, and bird had vanished; but on the same spot stood a magnificent castle, and within she heard the bird's voice chirping, 'Come, come.'

"It was now daylight, and the little girl entered the castle. There a prince met her, and said that he had been the bird, and that in the instant when she killed the snake he had been freed from his enchantment. The prince now took the little girl by the hand and led her up to the very top of the high castle, from where the country for miles around could be seen clearly. In the distance the little girl saw her poor parents standing in the doorway of their lowly cottage. The prince pointed to them and asked, 'Would you not much rather return to your father and mother than to remain in this castle?'

"'No, no,' replied the little girl, 'I would rather stay here. This castle is so splendid, and my home is so plain, and my parents so poor.' At this instant the prince was again changed into a bird, but this time his feathers were coal-black, and he struck her with his wing across the eyes.

"'The child who loves not father and mother is not worthy of this castle,' shrieked the bird, and at the same moment the little girl fell from the tower—down—down.

"In the morning a wood-cutter found the child who had strayed away from home lying on the shore of vonder sea; she was dead. In

her hand she held a twig of lilacs."

"Was it not broken from the bush on which the golden bird had rested?" asked the little maiden.

"Yes," replied the boy, "it was from that bush. The wood-cutter carried her home, and the lilac-twig was buried with her, for the mother made of it a wreath, and laid it on the child's head."

"Oh! that was a lovely tale," said the little maiden, nevertheless trembling somewhat, and drawing closer to the boy. "Who taught it to you?"

"The schoolmaster," answered the boy.

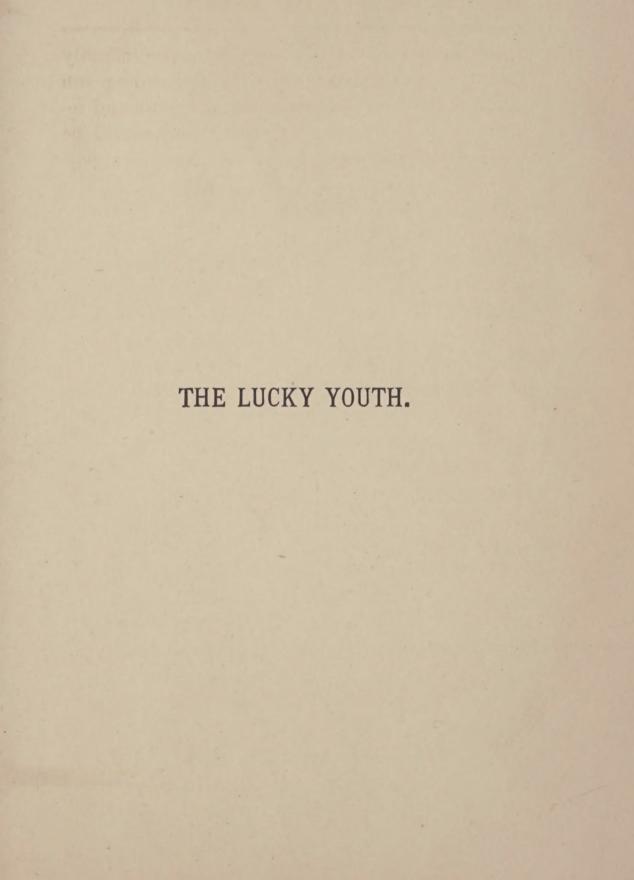
"Only think if we were to get lost," said the little maid with a shiver.

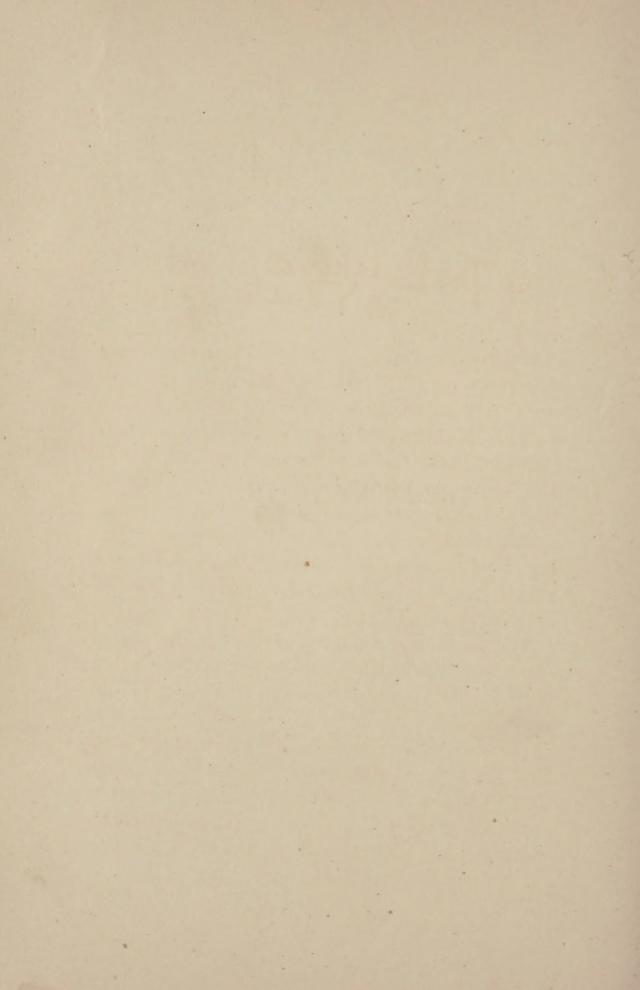
"Ah! but we would certainly ask the prince to take us home to our dear parents," replied the boy.

"Yes, surely we would," responded the little

maiden; and the two children wandered merrily over the fresh green grass until the setting sun told them it was time to collect the cows and return to their own homes, where they would be greeted by kind parents.







The Lucky & *

Many years ago there were three brothers who were as different in disposition as any three youths could be. The eldest was named Jonas. He was his father's favorite; for this youth was thoughtful and prudent, not so foolish and hasty as Josephus, and had more decided traits of character than Jeffrey.

Josephus, the youngest, was his mother's darling; for he was quick in his movements, not such a lazy fellow as Jonas, and not such a neutral character as Jeffrey.

The middle brother was Jeffrey. He was no one's pet, and neither father nor mother cared what he did or where he went, so long as he did not interfere with his brothers.

One day it was heralded throughout the land that the young queen who reigned over the kingdom in which the three brothers lived, wished to share the responsibility of the government, and therefore had determined to marry. Any one had a chance of winning her hand, were he prince or peasant, if he were only a prudent and intelligent fellow, with a sound judgment; for these qualities are necessary for one who undertakes the government of a great kingdom.

Jonas, Jeffrey, and Josephus determined to offer themselves as suitors of the young queen, for who could say that one of them might not be lucky enough to win her hand?

The father gave Jonas a large purse of silver, and the mother filled Josephus's knapsack with dainties and tid-bits for his refreshment during the journey. Jeffrey, however, received neither money nor provisions, for the father said that he was not prudent enough to be trusted with silver, and the mother thought that he needed no provisions, because when he had gone a little way he would probably see that it was much better for him to return home.

Now there was only one path leading from their father's house, and the three brothers would have to travel by this one road. Therefore, as none of them wanted to interfere with the other, and each wished to try his luck alone, they agreed that Jonas should begin his journey next morning at sunrise, Josephus should leave his home when the sun reached his zenith, and Jeffrey should take up his staff when the sun hid his face below the horizon.

"A silk obe

At the first crow of the cock Jonas bade farewell to his parents and brothers and began his travels.

"I cannot tell what kind of people I may meet by the way," said Jonas to himself when he had wandered a short distance. "If I encounter a highwayman he may rob me of my silver, therefore it will be best for me to bury it at the foot of this mountain." Accordingly, he buried his bag of money, planted a stout stick in the ground

over the spot, that he might again find his silver, and then journeyed on.

He had not walked far when he was met by a dwarf carrying on his arm a wedding robe of silk embroidered with silver.

"A silk robe is better than a woollen one," said the dwarf.

"What price do you ask for the handsome robe?" asked Jonas.

"Ten pieces of silver," answered the dwarf, "and then I will also be at your service and help you through your journey."

"That is a good offer which is well worth considering," replied Jonas, and he could not decide whether to buy the handsome robe or not. Nine times he turned back to fetch his purse, still not fully determined to make the purchase. When, however, he turned for the tenth time, and irreso-

lutely glanced around, the dwarf had vanished with the robe.

"It was stupid in me not to decide sooner to buy the robe while the dwarf was still in sight," muttered Jonas as he pursued his journey.

When he had gone but a short distance the youth was again met by the dwarf, who now carried in his hand a sword of the finest steel with a hilt of silver.

"A sword is better than a staff," said the dwarf.

"How much do you ask for it?" inquired Jonas.

"Ten pieces of silver," responded the dwarf, "and then I will also assist you in your undertaking."

"That is an offer not to be disdained," replied Jonas, and he began to weigh in his mind, whether he should or should not return, dig up his money, and buy the sword. Nine times he turned to go back, but he could not decide to give up his silver. As he turned for the tenth time, to look at the sword, it and the dwarf vanished.

"He gives one no time to consider," grumbled Jonas as he walked on.

Shortly afterwards he again met the dwarf. This time the little man was leading by the bridle a fine black horse.

"It is easier to ride than to walk," said the dwarf.

"What will you take in exchange for the horse?" asked Jonas.

"Ten pieces of silver. If you buy the horse, I will aid you in your enterprise," answered the dwarf.

"That is a fair offer," replied Jonas, "and I will consider it."

Again he turned to retrace his steps, and dig up his money, for the steed was the finest he had ever seen, and ten pieces of silver was not a high price for such a horse. But he could not quite decide, and as for the tenth time he turned, half determined to go home and ask his father, the dwarf and steed had disappeared.

Jonas now wandered on bitterly lamenting that all the good offers were snatched from his hands just as he was about to accept them. He traveled all that day and the following night, and the next morning he came within sight of the castle gate where the guards in sparkling armor and high plumed helmets marched up and down.

Tired and dusty Jonas made a halt when within a few paces of the gate and said to himself: "What shall I say to the queen when I enter the palace? That is a question to be well weighed and considered."

Accordingly, Jonas sat down under the shade of a large tree to think, and while his mind was thus occupied he fell asleep.

At mid-day Josephus took leave of his home and started out on his journey. It was very warm with the vertical rays of the noon-day sun beaming down upon him, so when he had gone but a short way he began to feel the weight of his heavy knapsack.

"I will leave my bag here until the worst heat of the day is over," said Josephus, and hanging it on a stout stick which was planted firmly in the ground he traveled on.

The youth had not gone far when he saw approaching him a dwarf holding out a wedding robe of velvet embroidered with gold.

"A velvet robe is better than a woollen one," said the dwarf.

"That is true, little man," cried Josephus, snatching the handsome robe.

"You are quick in your movements," exclaimed the dwarf.

"You may rely upon my losing no time," replied Josephus. "Wait but a minute, and I will give you my old clothes in exchange."

"You may sometime have need of them yourself," retorted the dwarf, and disappeared.

Josephus, however, putting on the velvet robe,

threw his old garments into a brook near by and continued his journey.

Soon after he again was met by a dwarf flourishing a sword of fine steel with a hilt of gold.

"A sword is better than a staff," said the dwarf.

"You are right," exclaimed Josephus, wrenching the sword from the little man.

"You are hasty in your movements," said the dwarf.

"I always am," replied Josephus, and throwing his stick towards the little man, he called out, "There is a sword that will suit you better." But at that moment

Again Josephus wandered on.

Suddenly, he saw before him a dwarf leading by the bridle a fine gray horse.

the dwarf vanished.

"It is easier to ride than to walk," said the dwarf.

"Yes, I think so," responded Josephus, seizing the bridle and springing into the saddle.

"Your actions are precipitate," exclaimed the

"I never waste any time," replied the youth.

"And now, just tell me the way to the queen's castle."

"You may learn that from some one else," responded the dwarf, and at the same instant he disappeared.

Like a whirlwind the horse went round and round, and Josephus soon saw that he could not gain the mastery over it. He attempted to turn the horse into the path and drive it onward, but instead, it plunged into a thick forest where the rough branches of the trees scratched the youth's face and tore his clothes, so that soon the velvet cloak hung in rags about his bruised body.

"If I do not kill this beast it will surely cause my death," thought Josephus in despair, and drawing forth his sword he plunged it into the neck of the horse. The animal fell just where the woods opened, and so near to the castle gate that Josephus could see the sentinels who were guarding the entrance, their silver armor shining as the bright moonbeams fell upon them. He was thrown from the saddle into a ditch where he lay for a while quite stunned. When at last the youth pulled himself out of the mire he looked around to find his sword; but, to his amazement, both sword and horse had vanished, and no trace of them could he find.

Josephus now felt an intolerable hunger and

a burning thirst. He longed to appease his appetite with the dainties with which his thoughtful mother had filled his knapsack. He soon, however, remembered that he had left it hanging on the road not far from home.

"I will find at the castle choice viands wherewith to satisfy my hunger," thought he, and went forward to knock at the gate.

"Who are you?" asked a sentinel, who was pacing to and fro.

"I am a knight, although my clothes are torn and soiled," answered the youth.

"You are a tramp," replied the sentinel, "and you shall be placed in the prison vaults."

"You shall pay for these words with your life," exclaimed Josephus in a passion, and snatching the guard's lance, he struck him a heavy blow. Thereupon, however, the other soldiers sprang forward, seized Josephus, bound him hand and foot, and cast him into the deepest dungeon.

As the last rays of the setting sun sank behind the woods, Jeffrey started from his home. He had not wandered far when it occurred to him that he had not provided himself with a staff. He looked around for one, and presently saw a stout stick which had been pushed firmly into the ground.

"That will just suit me," said Jeffrey well pleased, but he was more delighted when he found hanging on the stick a knapsack filled with choice food. As he pulled the stick up from the ground he heard below it a ringing sound as of silver pieces jingling together. He was not long in finding out whence the noise proceeded, and soon drew forth a leathern purse heavy with silver pieces. Now he proceeded on his way well provided with food and money.

When the youth had walked a short distance he met a dwarf carrying a wedding robe of scarlet satin, studded richly with pearls and precious stones.

"A jeweled robe is better than a plain one," said the dwarf, "and I will sell it to you for ten pieces of silver."

"To me a loving heart
Is better worth the price,
Than robes so gay and smart,
To hide a heart of ice,"

answered Jeffrey, and would have gone on, but the dwarf laughed, and cried after him:

"You answer well, therefore I will give you the robe, and moreover, will help you through your journey."

"If I ever obtain power and riches I will repay you," responded Jeffrey, as he put on the

handsome robe and rolled his own into a small bundle. "For," thought he, "I may not cast away this because I have now a better robe."

The youth walked on and soon met another dwarf holding out a sword of the finest steel, and the hilt was of gold inlaid with precious stones.

"A sword is better than a staff," cried the dwarf.

"Only where one can the sword well wield, And by its use some weaker person shield,"

answered Jeffrey without slacking his pace.

The dwarf, however, called after him, "You speak like a man, therefore I will give you the sword, and will also assist you in your enterprise."

"If I am lucky I will reward you," replied

Jeffrey, girding on the sword.

The youth now pursued his journey, and before he had proceeded far he met another dwarf, who was leading by the bridle a snow-white steed.

"It is better to ride than to walk," said the dwarf.

"'Tis true, where the rider is skilled in that art, So aye without danger to play out his part,"

responded Jeffrey without stopping.

The dwarf, however, stopped him and said,

"You have answered wisely, and therefore I will give you the horse, and will also wish you good luck."

"Thank you," replied Jeffrey. "If I am ortunate, I will repay you for your kindness."

He then mounted the snow-white steed and rode off towards the castle, which he neared the next day as the sun was climbing up

towards his zenith.

When the sentinels who were pacing to and fro before the castle saw approaching a rider attired in a scarlet satin robe

bright with jewels, they halted to gaze and admire, and one of them called out in a loud voice, "Who is it that comes hither?"

"Naught am I but a country lad, Although in princely garments clad,"

answered Jeffrey.

"You are a knave," exclaimed the sentinel, "and shall be confined in the tower."

Then Jeffrey replied: —

"Know, man, your threats alarm not me, I wield my sword too well for thee."

At these words the soldiers dropped their spears, and the castle gates were thrown wide open for the youth to enter.

Jeffrey was in the act of riding through the gate when his eye fell upon Jonas, who sat on the ground near by fast asleep. Jeffrey did not recognize his brother, but believing him to be a beggar, he drew forth the leathern purse full of silver and threw it into the sleeper's lap.

Upon entering the court-yard the youth heard dismal moans and cries ascending from below the castle. He therefore stopped his horse and asked, "Whence proceed these lamentations?"

"They are the cries of a tramp who came here last night and injured one of our comrades. Now he sits in a dungeon, without clothes, without food or drink, and he is shivering, for it is cold and damp in the dungeon."

"Give him, I pray you, this bundle of clothes, that he may cover himself; this knapsack, with the contents of which he may satisfy his hunger and assuage his thirst; and also this stick, that he may therewith build a small fire," replied Jeffrey.

The soldiers, although they did not wish to comply with this request, dared not thwart the bold, generous knight.

Within the palace the queen sat on her splendid throne, waiting to receive her suitors. They came every day from all parts of the land, but few had yet been able to pass the sentinels and enter the castle.

When Jeffrey reached the throne-room the doors were closed. He, however, rapped loudly. "What do you want here?" asked a voice within.

"I seek the sovereign of this land,
Who will, so have her heralds said,
E'en all who come to seek her hand,
Invite to enter without dread,"

replied Jeffrey, and thereupon the doors were flung open for the youth to pass through. He stood in the doorway for a moment, quite dazzled with the brilliancy of the apartment. On both sides of the spacious hall stood the princes and courtiers of the kingdom, while at the further end was a throne of gold glistening with jewels, and overhung with a costly canopy. Here sat the queen arrayed in a gorgeous robe of purple and gold, and the crown upon her head sparkled like a circle of twinkling stars.

Jeffrey was soon lost in admiration as he stood gazing at the beautiful face of the young queen, who smiled kindly at him and bade him welcome.

One of the old courtiers then stepped forward, and said to the youth, "You have the privilege of asking three favors of our queen."

"Most gracious queen," replied Jeffrey, "as the first favor, I beseech of you to send out messengers to search for my two brothers, who started on their way to this castle before I left my home; but they must surely have lost their way, for I have not seen them on the road, neither have I met them here."

The queen made a sign to one of her attend-

ants, who immediately bowed before the throne and said, "Most mighty sovereign, one of his brothers is now sitting by the castle gate lost in a deep reverie."

"That is my elder brother, Jonas," exclaimed Jeffrey. "I beg of you, O queen, to give him money and provisions, and



send him home, for he is my father's favorite."

"Your Majesty," resumed the attendant, "one of his brothers maimed a sentinel who was pacing to and fro before the castle gate, and for punishment he is now in the dungeon below awaiting his execution."

"That is my younger brother, Josephus," cried Jeffrey, bending the knee before the throne. "I implore your Gracious Majesty to forgive him, furnish him with necessaries for the journey, and send him home, for he is his mother's darling."

At these words the queen arose and said:

"All that you ask is for others; nothing have you wished for yourself. You are worthy to reign over my kingdom, therefore you shall share with me my throne."

The queen then placed her own crown upon his head, so the whole assembly saw that the young suitor had won the beautiful queen for his bride.

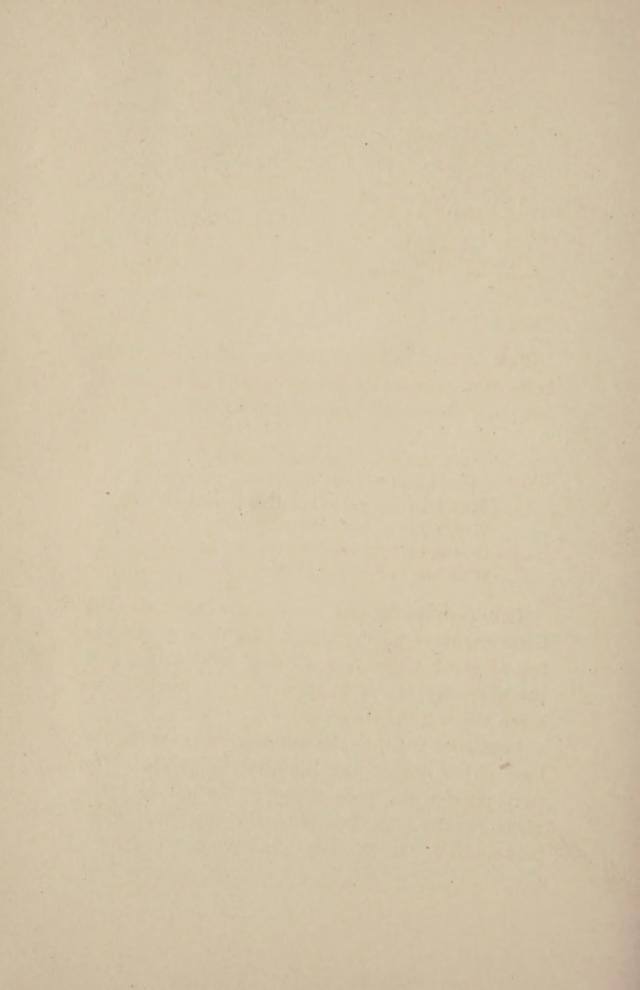
Preparations for the wedding were made with all speed, and soon the nuptials were celebrated with pomp and splendor befitting the lovely bride and the worthy youth.

Jonas and Josephus were called in to participate in the marriage feast, after which they were presented with handsome gifts, and sent home to their anxious parents.

"Yes, it is as I said," exclaimed the mother, when the sons had returned and related their adventures, "Jonas always thinks too long, and when at last he makes up his mind it is too late."

"Well," retorted the father, "Josephus is always too quick in his decisions and actions." But, as one of their sons was now ruler of the land, neither father nor mother had cause to grumble.

THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH.





FAR around in the country could be heard the bells of a little white stone church as they pealed out their sweet call and seemed to say:

"Now hearken to our hallowed tone, Come, kneel before your Maker's throne: With cheerful voice and thankful heart, Within his temple bear your part; In singing hymns of prayer and praise, With one accord your voices raise."

The people flocked in crowds towards the little country church, whose bright cross on the top of the high steeple pointed straight up into the blue sky, as if to say, "From me may ye learn the way to Heaven."

Foremost among the church-goers were the lord of the manor and his little daughter. As they passed, the people stepped aside to make room for them, curtesied to the nobleman, and many cried out as they glanced at the child,

Christine

"How sweet she is, the little lady, and how lovely she looks in her beautiful clothes." Marie, that was the little maiden's name, knew well that what the people said was true, for her hat was quite new, and trimmed with the handsomest flowers, and a feather which waved gracefully in the wind. She walked up the aisle by

next to him, near the chancel, in the soft-cushioned pew owned by

her father's side, and seated herself

the lord of the manor.

Among the last to obey
the call of the church
bells was a little ragged
child known to the
people as "Little beggar Christine," because she stretched out
her hand to all, as they
passed, in hopes of receiv-

ing alms, for her mother was ill, and unable to work for the support of herself and child.

Christine stood at the church door waiting, that she might be the last to enter. Her eyes wandered from the red velvet cushions in the front pews to the bright lamps and chandeliers, and then from one to another of the congregation; all were dressed so gayly. Then she glanced at her own ragged dress and bare feet,

and she feared to enter. She thought surely all the fine people would turn their heads to stare at her in such attire, and so she hastened out into the churchyard and sat down upon a flat grave-stone, under a linden-tree.

The organ burst forth into a joyous peal, and the congregation arose to raise their hymn of praise.

"Now you must follow the words in your hymn-book," whispered the nobleman to his little daughter, and Marie found the place in her tiny velvet book ornamented with a gold cross and clasp. But while she sang she was thinking of the flowers on her new hat, and she made so many mistakes in the words, that she gave up trying to follow the hymn. When the sermon began Marie, instead of listening, thought of what the people had said on the church steps. "How sweet she is, the little lady, and how lovely she looks in her beautiful clothes," were the words that rang in Marie's ears, and they sounded much sweeter than the words of the clergyman's sermon. She rested her face against the back of the pew, and glanced down the church, to see if every one were not looking at the beautiful roses which, nestled among green leaves, rested on the side of her hat. ple's faces seemed, by degrees, to become hazy and indistinct, while the flowers on her hat

seemed to grow, and be shooting straight up; and the stems became longer and longer, until they reached the highest arch of the church roof. But, suddenly, they threw themselves against an iron nail, and began dragging the hat up after them. Marie was terrified, and threw up both her hands to grasp her treasure. But she found the hat still on her head, and the roses had not moved from their place. It must have been only a dream, yet Marie was still so frightened that she could hear her heart saying, "Tick-tack, tick-tack," just like the great hall clock at the manor.

Meanwhile the little beggar Christine sat on a grave-stone in the churchyard. She remembered that she had come to church to pray for her mother, who lay in her hut in the wood sick and helpless.

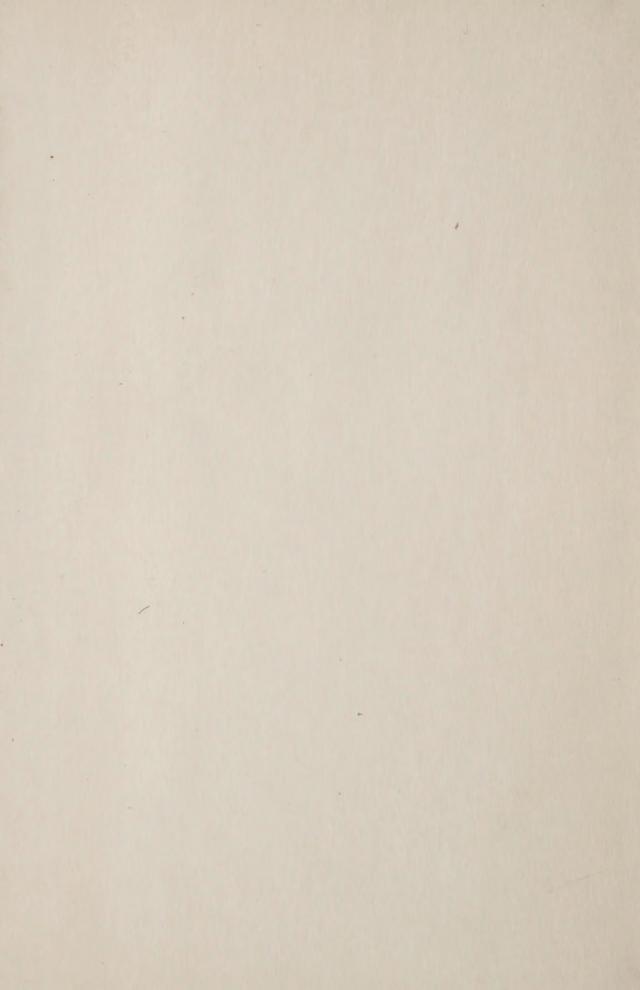
"If only I dare enter the church," sobbed Christine, but her courage failed her at the thought of all the finely-dressed people looking at her with surprise and contempt. "Yet, I will pray for my mother," said she to herself, and kneeling on the grass she closed her eyes and clasped her little hands.

The broad branches of the linden seemed to expand, the trunks of the many trees around formed pillars, while their branches met in arches, and between them hovered the silver

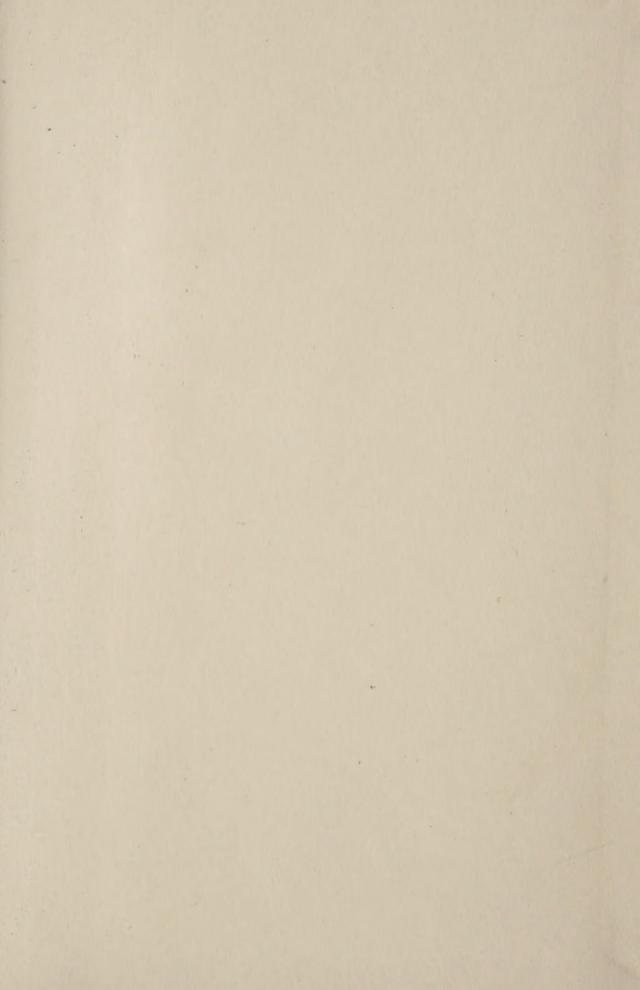
clouds, interspersed with the golden rays of the sun. From the clouds peeped the faces of little angels, who smiled at Christine. Sweet music filled the air, and the angels from the clouds sang in harmony with the solemn strain. That was a wondrous vision, as though Heaven had pushed ajar its golden gates, to show to the suppliant child a glimpse of its glory; and as the angels sang she caught the words:—

"For the innocent and holy a church is raised on that spot where, the hands clasped in prayer, they kneel, and Heaven's gates are ever open to receive their supplications."













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